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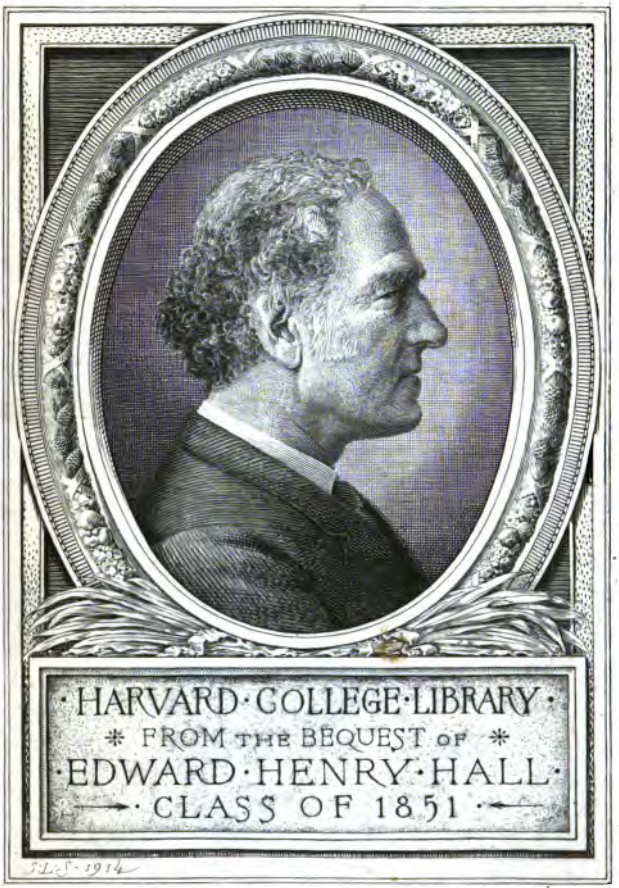

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OR,

THE STORY OF AN UNFINISHED LIFE

"Nothing resting in its own completeness
Can have worth and beauty; but alone
Because it leads and tends to farther sweetness,
Fuller, higher, deeper than its own."

Adelaide Anne Procter.

"Nor with thy share of work be vext,—
Though incomplete, and e'en perplext,
It fits exactly with the next."

BY

HENRY SOLLY,

Author of "Working Men's Clubs and Institutes," "Gerald and his Friend, the Doctor," "James Woodford, Carpenter and Chartist," "The Shepherd's Dream," &c.

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ERRATA.

Chapter I., page 9.—For "Cashiobury Park" read "Cashiobury Estate."

Chapter I., page 17.—For "littler" read "little."

Chapter I., page 21.—For "avans" read "avons."

Chapter I., page 27.—For "suit" read "suis."

Chapter V., page 132.—For "immeasuable" read "immeasurable."

Chapter VII., page 215.—For "Wickstead" read "Wicksteed."

Chapter VII., page 233.—For "ingenious" read "ingenuous."

PREFACE.

Though it is proverbially difficult for most persons to be wise by other people's experience, it is not so rare for them to be amused by it; and the difficulty even of profiting by that experience appears to be sometimes overcome, or generation after generation of wise men, heroes, and fools would evidently err and suffer in vain.

The following "Story of a Life" has been written at the request of a dear and honoured friend on the chance of its being useful to some readers and amusing to others.

The circumstances, however, which induced the writer to add to the superabundant literature of this description already in existence, will be best explained by the following extract from a letter written to him some ten years ago by the late William Henry Channing, nephew and biographer of the illustrious American author and divine, Dr. Channing, and father of Francis A. Channing, M.P., who as a representative in the House of Commons of the needs and aspirations of the "Sons of Toil" in his adopted country, is worthily sustaining, like his father, the honour of a great name.

"While reading your sketch of "Chartism" ["James Woodford, Carpenter and Chartist"], the thought came, 'Why instead of these works, interesting as they are, does not H. S. write his own autobiography, which has been a richer romance than any he could describe?' How many great, noble-spirited, generous, energetic persons you have been brought into communion with; what remarkable events, social transformations, you have witnessed; what deep lessons have been taught you by Providence concerning the trials and dangers, hopes and aspirations of the British working classes, and the actual tendencies of the British people; with what a searching spiritual discipline you have been trained by and through our Father's love. Why not tell simply the "Story of the Life" you have been led through, and the results to which you have attained?"

This letter came at a time when the author was sufficiently at leisure to respond to his friend's request, which, indeed, came to him as a call not to be ignored, though it describes in too hopeful terms what might result from compliance ; while the strong objections which can be urged to compositions of this nature—on the ground of their egotism, and morbid dwelling on the past—were met by the task being proposed and accepted in the hope that it might prove to be of public utility. Nevertheless, the quasi-private letters written to Mr. Channing, in answer to his call, were altogether unfitted – and, indeed, were not intended—for publication in that condition, but only as materials for his own use if he should attempt to put them in narrative form. Mr. Channing's deeply-lamented decease ended any arrangement of this nature; and it is only after an interval of several years that they have been taken as the basis of a biography in a more readable shape. This must, however, still be regarded as, substantially, a mere series of abridged letters—the spirit of the epistolary style being maintained though not the form, and only a selection of what seemed useful, or entertaining, being given. The unfortunate cessation of "Our Magazine" left its editor at liberty to take up the task now completed; but the difficulty of selection, compression, and rejection from a mass of somewhat abundant materials, has been greater than was anticipated.

A sentence in one of the late F. D. Maurice's noble sermons on "The Kings and Prophets of the Old Testament," furnishes a valuable hint, and a high standard, for all kinds of biographical writing. "A man should be an artist," he says, in commenting on the book of 'Amos,' "to write a biography as much as to write a romance" (Sermon xx. p. 346); and though one may have as a guiding principle a higher standard than can be uniformly acted up to, it is well to have taken it as one's guide.

Where, however, tastes and desires differ so widely, as they often do among the readers of biographies, those compositions must sometimes, undeservedly, have an inartistic appearance. Portions may be interesting or useful to some persons which are not so to others, and *vice versâ*. The remedy, in any case, is in the reader's hands. He can always skip. But the magnet can discover iron filings in the dust heap only by plunging in, and while some readers may complain that there is too much given, few will agree as to what should have been left out. More vigorous pruning would have left simply a chronicle of perhaps a few interesting incidents, and some records of distinguished persons—but that is not what the author was asked, or felt called on, to write. The fictitious stories of the lives of "Robinson Crusoe," and of the Christian's "Pilgrim's Progress," have sufficiently shown the value of such personal narratives—and it was thought that the story of a real life might be so written that its increased value as a reality might compensate for its inferior artistic power. No one will be better aware of the faults of the present composition than the writer, but if we waited till we could do our work perfectly, we should none of us get any work done at all.

The ground, however, on which (apart from personal history) it seemed worth while describing the various social, religious, and educational movements and reforms here dwelt on or referred to, is that they are still in a condition of more or less vitality, and are likely, in the future of this nation, to be active elements with which prophets, reformers, philanthropists, and agitators of all kinds, will have to reckon. While as regards a large proportion of the author's experiences during the last fifty years, it has often occurred to him that the Industrial Classes are almost a *terra incog.* to the middle and upper classes of society; and that by reporting to the latter what little he has learnt

by sojourning among the former, he would be doing some service to both. Hence he was glad recently to meet with the following sentence in Mr. G. J. Holyoake's interesting Reminiscences:—"The rich know no more of the lives of the poor, than persons on land know of the ways of fish in the sea." (Vol. II. p. 96.)—also with this critique in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, on "James Woodford, Carpenter and Chartist:"—"It affords us something like a glimpse into the working class itself, which curiously enough, though it has attracted so many investigators, is still as much of a mystery to most of us as any foreign race."

Finally—There are many old and valued friends, both of high and low degree, of whom the author would gladly have said more; but once and again he has had to be reminded that he was not writing their lives, but only his own. Especially he has had to regret the omission, among the later experiences of his life, of nearly all reference to the "passing away" of dear friends and relatives. But though these and other matters are full of interest to private individuals they are not of public interest.

The author also wishes to add that when he has not been quite certain respecting any of the facts or details mentioned in the following pages, he has generally made his uncertainty plain. But with only a few comparatively unimportant exceptions, what he has narrated is as clear in his memory as if it had happened last week. And if in spite of all the weighty considerations above mentioned, these "Recollections" still seem to some of his readers to be narrated at an inordinate length, let them reflect on the reply made by a dear little girl, who, when scolded for some childish fault, pleaded amid her tears, "Oh, mother, you do not know how much naughtier I could have been!"

H. S.

"THESE EIGHTY YEARS;"

OR,

THE STORY OF AN UNFINISHED LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

PARENTAGE AND PARENTS.—CHILDHOOD.

ACCORDING to custom, it seems proper to begin by mentioning one's ancestors. Mine were Kentish yeomen, farming their own land during some four or five hundred years, in the parish of Ash, next Sandwich, a history of which and its inhabitants, may be seen in a work entitled "A Corner of Kent," by J. R. Planché (Hardwicke). Some portion of the old estate still remains in the hands of one or two of their descendants, but none of them are now resident in that locality. According to the history in question, those old Kentish yeomen appear to have mingled, to some extent, with the County families of the district, though to what degree either party benefited thereby, the said history does not mention. A worthy Baronet figures in the genealogical tree — a Sir Henry Furness—and what is more interesting at the present time is the circumstance of the first Lord Shaftesbury having been god-father to another ancestor, a Mrs. John Solly, née Legay. In an old chronicle, also,

there are curious traces of a more interesting and remote ancestry among the chivalry of the 12th and 13th centuries. For there we find a certain Hugh Alston (a forbear of the high-hearted and excellent Governor of Usk Gaol, the late Captain Alston, R.N.), mentioned as having fought under a redoubtable Sir Geoffrey de Solly in the Crusades, who, we may hope, acquitted himself gallantly therein, for the sake of his innumerable descendants, who have since swarmed abundantly in the Isle of Thanet; though, until the middle of last century, no member of that illustrious family (doubtless in consequence of their extreme humility and contentment), appears to have ventured to establish himself anywhere else in the United Kingdom. The crest of the particular branch of these Sollys, with which I have to claim relationship (a sole fish surmounting a crescent), appears to confirm this supposed connection with the crusading knight, as it expresses in heraldic language the victory of Christianity over Moslemism—the first having been the accepted symbol of Christianity, and the crescent, of course, of Islam.

In the early part of last century, however, a certain Isaac Solly appears to have been inspired with a more adventurous or restless spirit than distinguished most of his clan, and to have migrated to London, where he laid the foundation of the large mercantile business in the Baltic timber trade, afterwards developed by his son, and greatly enlarged by his grandson, my father. On leaving the peaceful seclusion of the village of Ash, these Sollys became zealous Protestant Dissenters or English Presbyterians. My grandfather, who settled in Walthamstow, Essex, joined with a number of the neighbouring gentry (Protestant Dissent being greatly honoured, then, among the prosperous middle class), in building a modest barn-like place of worship in Marsh Street (now High Street),

Walthamstow, about the year 1730, and known as the "Old Meeting" after a new one (lower down the street) was built by a number of orthodox seceders from the original society.

My father's mother was a grand-daughter of Daniel Neal, the eminent author of "The History of the Puritans," and niece of Nathaniel Neal (who was solicitor to the Million Bank, and brother to Daniel Neal), and great niece of the no less honoured Dr. Nathaniel Lardner, author of the "Credibility of the New Testament," which valuable and learned work has formed the unfailing treasure-house of facts and testimonies relating to the Early Christian Church, and from it Dr. Paley drew the material for his masterly "Evidences of Christianity." My mother's father, Mr. Harrison, was also a solicitor, and succeeded Mr. N. Neal in this capacity at the Million Bank when that gentleman retired. I can just recollect old Mrs. Solly as a stately and rather severe old lady, attired in a magnificent yellow silk brocade, as she appeared at Leyton House on the Christmas day when I was five years old, and was led up to her to receive the golden guinea which she gave all her numerous grand-children every Christmas day till her death. Unfortunately for me, being the youngest of my father's family, she died before another Christmas day came round. The good lady had, however, given away a considerable number of guineas by that time, for she had five sons and seven daughters; all but one married, and most of them having several children. One of my uncles, Samuel Solly, F.R.S., obtained some distinction as a geologist, and in conjunction with Count Rumford and other gentlemen, took part in founding the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street.

Another of my father's brothers, Edward Solly, was an eminent connoisseur in the works of the Old Masters, and founded the National Gallery at Berlin.

He had a very fine collection of pictures himself, at one time, three of which (all that remained of the collection) were bequeathed by one of his daughters, at her death, to our own National Gallery. Another uncle, Richard, who married a sister of Sir Frederic Flood, was chiefly memorable on account of his widow, after his early death, erecting a splendid monument to his memory in Worcester Cathedral. As, however, the lady showed how happy she had been in her first marriage by marrying a second time, tradition long credited an ancient verger of the Cathedral with winding up his eulogium on the monument and its most pathetic and affectionate inscription, by a sarcastic reference to the inconstancy of woman's love, manifestly making, thereby, an unjust use of his ecclesiastical position and extended influence!*

About a month before I saw the light (Nov. 17, 1813) in my father's business town-house in the City, my uncle Edward, who, besides his artistic achievements, was a speculator in the corn trade between Dantzic and London (and like his elder brothers a fervent patriot), had gone forward in the *suite* of the English General Officer appointed to accompany the Allied Armies in their last deadly struggle with Bonaparte. During the three days' practically decisive battle of Leipzig, he was, of course, a deeply interested spectator on the field of battle; and when the momentous turning point had arrived, he obtained leave from head-quarters to race the King's messenger to London with the joyful tidings. Being a time when neither telegrams, railways, or steam-boats were available, my uncle, galloping day and night, and crossing from Holland in an open vessel, reached London 24 hours before the royal messenger. The whole of

* Tradition, or the verger, is said to have stated that she married again at the end of a year from her husband's death. If so, either tradition or the verger told a fib.

Europe was soon ringing with the news, but this intrepid patriot had arrived at my father's counting house in St. Mary Axe in time for a great, and what most people would have considered a legitimate, operation in the funds, whereby a large fortune to the operators would have been realized. This remarkable ride is mentioned in Lord Castlereagh's Memoirs, but from my uncle's long residence in Berlin the writer appears to have mistaken him for a Prussian, and to have given him a wrong name.* Naturally, a very animated discussion took place between the uncle just arrived and his two brothers in the counting-house parlour, as to what use, if any, should be made of the intelligence brought from the carnage plains of Leipzig. In a room overhead lay my mother awaiting her confinement (as according to her custom she had come up from Leyton House for the purpose), and in due course was apprised by my father that he and his partner had decided that operating in the funds, with even so tempting a result in prospect, and by means of information so legitimately gained, was not a transaction consonant with the duties and position of a British Merchant. Whether speculating on the Stock Exchange, under any circumstances, is more consistent with high principle than speculations on the turf, or in the rise and fall of useful commodities, may be a fruitful question in morals and casuistry; but I am not concerned with it here. I may, however, be permitted to admire my father's determination in the case in question, although it is evident that *some* amount of speculation in legitimate articles of commerce is not only allowable, but necessary in every merchant's and trader's regular business, or he

* The mistake was pointed out by Mr. Edward Solly's son on its appearance, and he was promised a correction in the second edition, which promise appears to have been unfulfilled.

could hardly conduct that business with reasonable profit. The vast commercial operations in the corn trade carried on by my uncle, during the war, may have been strictly reasonable, and highly useful to this country. Nevertheless the final results were disastrous enough, both to himself and my father and his partner, another brother. For being able to conduct these extensive operations only by help from the London firm to the amount of about £80,000, for which he had given security in shipping, fully covering the liabilities as was supposed, it was unfortunately found at the close of the war that these ships, on being sold, realized only £20,000, owing to the great depreciation of all such property.

On my grandfather's decease his eldest son, my father (who inherited the family christian name of Isaac, for like the old Puritans, these Protestant Dissenters seem to have rejoiced in Scripture names, four of my cousins in one family being respectively named Isaac, Nathaniel, Daniel, and Samuel) had succeeded to the management of the business in St. Mary Axe, which the wars with France and Spain, resulting in the "Expansion of England," enabled him to enlarge by obtaining immense contracts for supplying the Government Dock-yards with Polish or Prussian oak-plank and Russian hemp. In an obituary memoir of my father, who died in 1853, it is said, "Some idea of the magnitude of these operations may be formed from the fact of Mr. Solly sending orders, on some special occasion to his agent in Dantzig, to buy up the whole of the oak plank to be found in Prussia and Poland. He realized in the course of the war a large fortune, and but for the misfortunes of near relatives, would probably have remained a wealthy and influential man to the end of his days."

With the termination of the war, the opportunities also ended for making great fortunes. The miserable

"protection" policy of successive Governments, on behalf of Canadian timber, in regard to foreign timber, so grievously crippled the timber trade, as well as permanently injuring both the quality of houses then built and the building trade generally, that but little profit could be made in it. This mischief, however, would not have produced the subsequent decline and fall of my father's great firm, had not he and his partner consented to advance £40,000 to save another clever brother from bankruptcy, and their mother from a blow which would have been fatal to her life; thereby involving themselves, on my grandmother's decease, a few years later, in a harassing and destructive family law-suit. When my eldest brother was taken into the firm, at a subsequent period, and saw the wretched condition of the timber trade, he endeavoured to retrieve the declining fortunes of the house by well-planned operations in Baltic hemp and tallow, but for which a larger capital was required, when troublous times and panic came, than the above-mentioned losses enabled it to supply. The result was inevitable, and will appear subsequently.

My father had a lofty ideal of what a British merchant should be, and devoted himself to realizing it. Justly feeling "the claims that society has on the men who stand at the head of any great departments of human affairs," he willingly lent himself to the promotion of such measures as, within that sphere, tended to advance civilization and increase the sum of human well-being. As Chairman of the London Dock Company for twenty years, he helped to develope the trade and prosperity of London, and as one of the Governors and acting Chairman of the Royal Exchange Assurance Company, he occupied a position of influence in the City which he continually used for the public benefit and private benevolence. When Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham,

after the successful opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, sent up influential deputations to interest the London Merchants and Bankers in a project for uniting those towns with London and the immediate centres of trade and population by an iron level road, my father was one of the small band to welcome them, and was made the first Chairman of the London and Birmingham Railway Company then formed. This Company afterwards amalgamated with the "Grand Junction" line from Birmingham to Warrington, and is now known as the "London and North Western." The project was viewed, at first, by most of the great London Merchants and Bankers with not a little suspicion and even contempt; but Thomas Tooke, the leading partner in the great "Russian" firm of Astell, Tooke, and Thornton, and an eminent writer on Political Economy, like my father and a few other City men, saw the inestimable advantages of the scheme, and exerted themselves with admirable energy, judgment, and tact, to carry the proposals of the more enterprising Northern capitalists into effect. When, in the course of a year or two, the £100 shares went up to £240, and when some years later the "London and North Western" was at its height of glory, and the great London Banker who succeeded my father in the Chairmanship of the first Company was made a Peer, people wondered, as usual, at the blindness and folly of those who poohpoohed or opposed the undertaking in its earlier stages.* Yet the amount of hostility, to say nothing of apathy,

* None of the principal London Carriers would have anything to do with the new-fangled railway except Pickford and Co.; and I remember my father mentioning this fact, adding that their firm would now have a monopoly of the carrying trade to the North—which they had, more or less, for years, till the other carriers saw their mistake.

manifested, especially by the great landowners and the House of Peers, was marvellous; and I well recollect how it sometimes tried to the utmost even my father's usually buoyant and hopeful spirit. I remember his coming home one evening from a Board meeting, deeply indignant like the rest of the Directors, because they had been obliged to pay the Earl of Essex £30,000 for a little bit of Cashiobury Park as the price for his consent to let the Company's Bill (which the House of Lords had rejected in the previous Session) at length pass into law. There was the same indifference (with the additional opposition of scientific men) when a Company was formed in London to establish steam navigation across the Atlantic, in which my father was a firm believer. Of this Company, the first to send steam-ships across the ocean, he was also the Chairman; and its success nobly vindicated the judgment and public spirit of its promoters. It was a "red-letter-day" for me when my father took me down to Blackwall to see the "British Queen" (the second or third of the Atlantic Steamers, I think), which was then being built in Wigram and Green's yard. On another occasion he took me down to Woolwich Dock-yard, to see some experiments being made to test the strength of different shaped rails, and to my great satisfaction brought back, in his carriage, the Earl of Dundonald, whom Captain Basil Hall's fascinating "Voyages" had taught me to look up to as one of England's naval heroes.

As acting Chairman of the Royal Exchange Assurance Company he was mainly instrumental in forming, by a union of all the Fire Insurance Companies in the Metropolis, that London Fire Brigade, which has ever since done such efficient and well-known services. While, however, he threw himself heartily into enterprises which his judgment and sagacity sanctioned, his zeal was as discriminating as fervent. When strongly solicited to become

a Director and Chairman of a Company formed to construct the Thames Tunnel, while he admired the boldness of the idea as a work of science and art, he did not consider the attempt likely to be of sufficient public usefulness to warrant the enormous expenditure required, and declined the honour. But it was not commercial and engineering enterprises alone that received his support. My father was a munificent contributor to many valuable charities, often giving to them that time and attention which are more than money. Among the number were the Orphan Working School, the London Orphan Asylum, Small-Pox Hospital (of which he was for many years Treasurer), St. Thomas's Hospital, Dr. Williams' Library, the first Veterinary College (near King's Cross), and the New-England Company, founded by Act of (the Long) Parliament in 1649, for civilising and Christianising the North American Indians, and of which he was Governor from 1843 to 1853, the year of his death. He was also a large contributor to the support of worship in the Dissenting Denomination to which he belonged, and a staunch friend to civil and religious liberty, giving his help to all the liberal measures of the earlier portion of this century, and taking a leading part in the memorable Reform meetings of the City of London in 1831-32. At Mr. Grote's request, he twice proposed that gentleman for the representation of the City, and might probably himself have been elected as one of Mr. Grote's colleagues, had other claims upon his time and strength permitted. He took a warm interest in the project for a "London University." When Thomas Campbell, the poet, Henry Brougham, James Mill, Thomas Tooke, George Grote, Isaac Goldsmid, and other eminent men, united to form a Company to establish it, he was one of the first of the London Merchant-princes to help to raise the required capital, "regarding it as an important auxiliary both

to the cause of religious liberty and of academical learning."

My father specially enjoyed presiding at the annual dinners of his various Companies on account of the interest he felt in the speeches of some of the distinguished men who honoured these city festivals with their presence. I well remember the delight with which he entertained the "Lord Althorp," who led the House of Commons with such consummate wisdom and tact through the stormy debates in the House of Commons during Earl Grey's Ministry, and the passage through Parliament of the Great Reform Bill of 1830-32. The occasion, I think, was the anniversary dinner of the London Dock Company, and on his return home he told us with immense animation how Lord Althorp, in the course of his speech, when returning thanks for the Ministry and the House of Commons, had uttered the memorable words, "I know of no evil for which War is the remedy"; though he could hardly have denied that defensive war has often saved a nation from cruel oppression. On another occasion Lord Auckland had been the guest of the evening, and remained a friend of my father's up to the time of his becoming Viceroy of India, and his death.

As my father had become a total abstainer from all alcoholic drinks before he was thirty, at first in consequence of a fall from his horse and medical advice, but afterwards from choice, he had to practice a little strategy at these public dinners as well as at his own table, where he often had interesting guests. I believe a green hock glass, filled with water, generally did duty when he proposed healths, or when, according to the fashion of the day, he invited his private guests to drink with him. But in one conversation with me, he attributed, on looking back on his life, the greater equanimity and cheerfulness which he possessed, in comparison with his friends

and contemporaries, to his foregoing the "generous" wines which were drunk so freely in his day, and which he hospitably provided for his friends.

Among the visitors at Leyton House was the Secretary of the London Dock Company, Mr. Adam Cock, whom I regarded with peculiar interest, because he had been one of those unhappy *détenus* whom Bonaparte, in his unbridled wickedness, seized as prisoners on the breaking out of war, after the Peace of Amiens, and had been kept in cruel captivity for years. I did not then fully realize the nature of the French Emperor's career; but I was greatly impressed by learning that Mr. Cock had not only seen Napoleon face to face, but stood within a few yards of him at a review; and that the "Master of Legions" was as short of stature as myself! Another visitor in whose company and conversation my father, and indeed all of us, took special delight, was the eminent engineer, Mr. Palmer, who was carrying into execution the great work (as it was then considered) of forming the new basin, known as the East London Dock.

To the foregoing sketch of my father's character and work, I may add that it hardly does justice to his remarkably genial and winning manners, both in the domestic circle and among his numerous friends and acquaintances, whether in society and social intercourse, or in his business relations. It was doubtless this happy and kindly temperament, accompanied by a remarkable faculty for organization and the despatch of business, which led to his being so frequently chosen as Chairman of public companies and at meetings for various purposes. True, he had a strain of sternness and severity in his character, combined with a certain imperious and unyielding will, which occasionally, though rarely, manifested itself unpleasantly when his convictions or his will were thwarted; and I may have experienced more of this side of his

character than my elder brothers (it was never manifested to my sisters), perhaps on account of my inheriting and exhibiting something of the same tenacity of purpose, or impatience of opposition and control. I am the more desirous of doing justice to my father's lovable traits of character, because, while in my first novel ("Gerald, &c.") many of my own experiences are detailed in the fortunes of the hero, his father is pourtrayed in a light which would greatly mislead anyone who supposed it was drawn from the life, or intended to describe the character of my own father. Moreover, after his own heavy misfortunes in business, and my resolve to enter the Dissenting Ministry, nothing could have been kinder and more sympathetic than his conduct and manner, which I shall ever remember with gratitude. I ought to add that a deep though most unobtrusive piety and religious trust lay at the root of his character; though his hatred of cant, and an almost morbid aversion to any outward expression of religious feeling, carried him, perhaps, too far in the opposite extreme, and prevented those around him from realising what formed the deepest part of his character. This reticence, however, was a marked characteristic of what may be called the Liberal Christian Nonconformist School, both lay and clerical, of his day. His and my mother's friendship and honour for Dr. Priestley, Mr. Belsham, Dr. Hutton, Mr. Jevons, Mr. Acton, and Mr. Odgers (the first two when he was living at Homerton and Clapton, the others when they were Ministers of the Old Meeting, Walthamstow), were very deep and genuine. After his misfortunes compelled him to lay down his carriage, and the Old Meeting was closed, he walked to and from the New Gravel Pit Chapel, Hackney, three miles off, every Sunday, till attacks of gout compelled him to give it up.

Returning to my own humbler personality, my earliest

recollections date back to the summer of 1817, when, to my great alarm, I was immersed in the sea at Worthing, whither I see by a journal (which my mother began to keep soon after her marriage in 1795), five of my brothers and sisters and myself were sent with the governess, she says, "in the phaeton and a post-chaise, attended by three of our maid-servants, and our upper man-servant" (curious little glimpses into the life of older times are often given in these old family journals). My mother then goes on to describe the enjoyment of her children in the sea-breezes, donkey-rides, rides on horse-back, &c., at Worthing—just as she had previously described the happiness of her married life. Thus, for instance, I find her writing, in 1816, just before the great sorrow of their earlier wedded life fell upon her and my father, "The Midsummer holidays brought with them their accustomed joys." Pleasant little dinner parties and quadrille parties for the young people, it seems, were now sometimes given; "but, when disengaged, our evenings were happily passed in our own circle, when Mr. Solly generally read aloud to us [the Waverley Novels among other books] a part of the evening, and music (from the three elder children) and an occasional game of chess filled up the remainder. . . Lavinia (my youngest sister) was my scholar. She continues to grow tall and stout (*i.e.* strong). Henry was more delicate, but a remarkably sociable lively boy." Ah, that dear but flattering mother! When writing to her eldest son at Riga two years later, she says (in a letter recently sent me by a relative), after describing the delight of two other elder brothers, just home for the holidays, in ranging the fields at Leyton, that "Henry is now thought worthy to share their pleasure, and continues to be the delight of all who know him." What a pity that description did not apply during the rest of his life! But then there comes an allusion to that dark approaching shadow,

the fatal illness of my eldest sister, a lovely girl of two and twenty, who was in a decline, and had been ordered to winter at Sidmouth. So in 1817, my father and mother brought her down to Southampton, where they were joined by our little squad from Worthing, and we all proceeded along the South Coast—my mother and sisters, she informs us, "in the landau, or one of them on the coach-box" (beside my father, who generally drove his own horses), "two female servants and the upper man-servant following in a post-chaise with little Henry; the coachman and under-footman on horseback," in front, riding on in due time to bespeak accommodation at the resting place for the night.

I may here remark that my father was exceedingly fond of what was then, and still is, it seems, the fashionable accomplishment of driving his own carriage, in which, according to contemporary history, he was considered a great adept; and from the first year of his married life until he was obliged to give up his carriage altogether, his chief delight, next to reading aloud of an evening, was to take his wife and children delightful drives on summer evenings in Epping Forest, to High Beach, or Wanstead Flats, &c., and to all the pretty scenery he could find when away from home. There was plenty of that round Sidmouth, which my little sister and myself enjoyed under our nurse's care, and some agreeable society for the elders, *e.g.*, the Rev. Mr. Butcher and his wife (who was very kind to us little folk), also a Sir Christopher and Lady B—— and their charming daughter. With their names is connected the hearing my mother say that on some occasion our invalid sister had remarked, in reply to a complaint made against a certain individual, that he had a bad temper, "Oh, I don't think I should much mind that!" Whereupon Lady B. turned upon her, not a little distressed, exclaiming with so much heat, "Oh, my dear, you don't know

what you say!" that it confirmed my mother's conviction that Sir Christopher had a shocking bad temper himself, and that poor Lady B. was a great sufferer in consequence!

We remained in this place through the winter, my fourth birthday being celebrated there by the present of a little cow, though unaccompanied by the requisite pasture. But the soft sweet air of pretty Sidmouth could not renew the failing life of the beloved invalid—(Dartmoor would have been more helpful); and shortly after we had returned home in the Spring, when the younger children were all playing together in the dining-room, we were hushed into sudden silence by the appearance of my father slowly entering the room, in tears. Then, as he said "Elizabeth is taken," a strange horror fell on my little heart, for I had unluckily had a present given me of picture cards describing how a certain "Little Henry" was stolen when a child by gypsies and sold to a chimney-sweep. Hence, in spite of being carefully assured that I was not the hero of the tale, I was haunted, occasionally, for years with a fear of sharing a similar fate, so that when I heard my father's words I at once concluded that my poor sister had been forcibly taken away by these wicked marauders. When the real facts of the case became only too evident, and in the seclusion of the nursery I laid my head on a chair and sobbed aloud, I remember the relief and astonishment I experienced by hearing one of the maid-servants sympathetically murmur, "Poor little fellow." Troubles of this kind, however, soon pass from the soul of a child of four years old. But how deeply that bereavement ploughed into my mother's heart and life, her journal only too faithfully indicates. Many years later, after my mother's death, as my brother-in-law was reading her journal aloud to my two elder sisters, all three were in tears.

The next four years were among the very happiest of the little boy's life who had such a beautiful home to live in. There were large grounds and fields to roam about in, beloved dogs to play with, a pond with a boat on it, hay-making in the summer, the most delightful stories for winter evenings, with sliding and skating in due season, a carpenter's shop in the coach-yard, and even a pony to ride on! Visions of skating in winter evenings when the darkness was lighted up by a fire kindled on the ice (in the ashes of which potatoes lay roasting)—gliding up to the ruddy glow and then dashing off again into the dark and distant spaces, while Mrs. Hack's delightful descriptions of Polar expeditions lent reality to the scene—these come before my mind's eye with singular and blissful vividness as I look back on the olden days. But best of all (though I knew not then it was best) I was surrounded with love. Even the servants were always kindly behaved to me, troublesome as I must sometimes have been. The maid-servants generally were objects of my affection, for they made a great pet of me—especially my mother's lady's maid, who had been my nurse. Her kindness to and affection for me were generally so great that she was scarcely ever cross with me; but one night, when for once she had given me, what I daresay I deserved, a good scolding, and found me, a little later, lying awake in the dark, sobbing, I was immensely affected and astonished, as in a passion of pity and remorse, she showered caresses upon me, and besought me to be a good boy and go to sleep. The fidelity and watchful tenderness of that woman during my childhood, and the attachment to me all the rest of her life, I can never forget. Yes, I had much to be thankful for. Pity I did not know it. Of my eldest brother I have charming and life-long grateful recollections, beginning with the time when, on Saturday evenings, he used to come home from hunting in his gorgeous attire

of scarlet coat, white cords, and top-boots, and I used to rush down from the nursery to meet him, shouting in childish treble, as my little legs scampered across the hall, "Killed the fox? killed the fox?" for somehow I could not conceive how he and others could drive twenty miles to the "meet" on a dark winter's morning and then gallop furiously for half-an-hour in pursuit of that animal, if it were not a matter of supremest interest and importance to kill him at last!

The youngest of ten children (one of whom died before I was born and two others before I was eight years old), it has long seemed to me as I look back after nearly eighty years, as if I were incessantly receiving marks of affection from the kindest of mothers and of elder sisters, as well as from elder brothers, servants, gardeners, &c., together with all sorts of joyous surprises and lots of fun from two of my brothers nearest to me in age, when they were home from school; while my youngest sister, about a year and a half older than myself, was my beloved playfellow and confidante. These formed a galaxy of radiant outward circumstances well fitted to make existence happy and beautiful; while a buoyant temperament, with an active imagination, a receptive mind and, I suppose, a readiness to respond to kindness, enabled me to enjoy and profit by my blessings. I did not realize then, but I have since, what it was to enjoy such advantages, especially to have a mother who was both deeply devotional and passionately fond of poetry. I can remember to this day the delight with which, when I was about seven or eight years old, I listened as she expounded to me Mrs. Barbould's beautiful "Address to the Deity," and Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church Yard." It would seem strange that I could then have understood these and other pieces of poetry, were it not that I distinctly remember her explanations of the more difficult words and passages,

and can see the beautiful expression on her countenance as she made me understand and enjoy their meaning. Among other delights must be reckoned the presence of frequent visitors to Leyton House, which, to my mother's great delight, I enjoyed immensely, and from whom I always received agreeable and often lively attentions. Perhaps one of the greatest of all these early enjoyments was reading Miss Edgeworth's charming tales—"The Parents' Assistant," "Frank," and "Rosamond," "Harry and Lucy," "Popular Tales," "Moral Tales"—also Mrs. Hofland's. The memory of those writers is blessed.

My mother used to read sermons aloud to my youngest sister and myself on Sunday evenings, in her boudoir, and taught me to learn various hymns and pieces of poetry by heart. There, also, I often had very delightful and confidential conversations with her, which were continued on Sundays and holidays, long after I had gone to school. In one of these *tete-a-tete* conversations, when I was about seven, I told her that, having heard her reading aloud one evening in the drawing-room about a young gentleman deeply in love, having made a list of his faults which he had carelessly left under a tree where he feared his beloved might have seen and picked it up, I thought I also would make a list of my faults, and produced it from my pocket, telling my mother what it was about, and then, ashamed of my doings, threw it into the fire, to the intense vexation of my mother. When I saw how much this hasty proceeding disappointed her, I strenuously endeavoured to recall the various items on the list, but after much effort, could succeed only in confessing to one of them, namely, "that I said 'Devil' too much!" My excellent parent was, doubtless, considerably amused; but I well recollect how she tried to take it seriously, and gently remonstrated with me on this tendency to profane language.

Among the chief of my childish amusements, indoors,

was playing with a "Noah's Ark," not, indeed, from its interesting connection with the primal Deluge, but because it admitted of being turned into a farm-yard. With the help of another charming toy, a box of little wooden bricks, one could construct no end of farm-buildings, sheep-folds, &c., while the ark itself constituted a snug and attractive residence for the primæval farmer and his family, Noah doing duty for the British agriculturist, while Shem, Ham, and Japhet represented the labouring classes. As, however, my busy little figures did all the farm work, I looked on those idle young men not only with a certain amount of suppressed contempt, but with many a sincere wish that some good fairy (circe-like) would convert them into swine; while as for the women folk they were simply so much useless lumber—were summarily stowed away in the recesses of the ark, and forbidden to interfere in any way with mundane affairs. Some of the animals thoughtfully, or inconsiderately, provided by the patriarch to ensure the continuance of their race, such as unicorns, lions, and camelopards, &c., also presented perplexing obstacles to the development of a satisfactory agricultural life; and my sister and I had to "make believe" a little in reckoning unicorns as horses, and a good deal more in regarding lions as fatted pigs, or camelopards as a peculiar species of cow. However, on the whole, the docile tribe shook down into their destined places, if not exactly according to the excellent Noah's primary conceptions, yet at all events in conformity to my sister's and mine.

Both my father and mother were exceedingly fond of literature, and their common interest in the various old and new works, which he frequently delighted to read aloud to her in the evening, formed a strong bond of their mutually deep and lasting attachment. This reminds me of the earnest manner and kindly smile with which I once heard him say, "Woe to the married couple who have nothing

but their mutual affection to bind them together." My father's wedding present to my mother was not so much in the way of jewellery, but (Dr.) "Johnson's Works and Lives of the English Poets," in seventy-five beautifully bound volumes, among which "Thomson's Seasons" was one of their prime favourites, the mention of which recall the delight and animation with which my mother once repeated to me that exquisitely beautiful passage at the end of "Spring," describing the blessedness of pure and happy wedded love, beginning with

> But happy they! the happiest of their kind!

and concluding thus:

> An elegant sufficiency, content,
> Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
> Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
> Progressive virtue and approving heaven.

Mais nous avans changé tout cela.

My experience of those delightful "evenings at home," mentioned above, from the age of six or seven, when I was first allowed to "sit up" and was taught to use a pencil for drawing dogs and horses while listening to the reading, was simply enchanting—a glimpse into much more of heavenly bliss then is often enjoyed, I fear, by a large majority of English lads and hobbledehoys. Among other things, I well remember at the distance of more than seventy years the profound interest with which I heard for the first time those evening readings. It was a story of a Highland Shepherd (in Wilson's charming "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life"), who had to turn out with his faithful dog one dark night in a snowstorm, to rescue his young daughter who was coming home across the moor, and was himself nearly frozen to death in consequence. Another of those early recollections is hearing a bit of Benvenuto Cellini's singular and exciting experiences when he goes with a magician to behold some

fearful incantations. And then the breathless interest with which another evening I heard an exciting scene read from Fenimore Cooper's "Pioneers," where two young ladies, who had wandered too far into the woods near their New England house, were being defended by their grand old mastiff from the attack of a ferocious panther. But the brave defender was over-matched, and dies. Just then—ah, the ineffable delight of listening to the story of the rescue! But enough of that.

One curious drawback to the delight of those winter evenings was the amount of labour entailed upon the children of the family, and equitably distributed among them, of taking it in turn to snuff the big tallow candles, the only compensation to me consisting in using the snuffer-tray as a ferry-boat for imaginary passengers across the table. The present generation of young people little know what they owe to the invention of Palmer's patent candles. Of course there were seasons of little troubles—"shadows of the clouds"—though transient and generally soon forgotten. But one of my childish memories, which had some influence on me for several years, was that of my little sister and myself being attacked by an ill-tempered cur, as we were walking with our father and mother one Sunday morning to "Meeting" (it was never called "going to Chapel"). This little animal's assault was by no means formidable, but its effect on the nerves of two sensitive children was rather painful, and in my case prolonged, as for several years, while passionately fond of my own dogs, I was in mortal terror of other people's if I met them alone without a master, in the highway or lonely lanes. Yet, as usual, I saw in later years that this childish fear had helped to cherish the sense of religious dependence which my mother had planted in my heart, and which (though I knew little or nothing then of David and the Psalms) I recollect found

expression, in my seasons of extremity, by language remarkably resembling that which I have since learned was natural not only to a devout Hebrew, but, more or less, to every human heart in Barbarian, Greek, or Christian Jew, in a genuine devotional mood.

Another curious recollection comes up at this moment. The door of my mother's boudoir opened on to a landing place, in the upper part of the large entrance hall, round which, over the broad oak staircase, were hung various ancestral portraits. To one of these a scornful looking pale-faced lady, in a green dress, who confronted me whenever I came on to the landing, I had, as a child, taken an especial dislike; and having been given a little bow and arrows, when about six years old, I resolved at last to utter my antipathy in unmistakable terms. Accordingly, one day, when all the family had gone to town, I aimed an arrow at the unhappy lady's heart, and on their return from London it was soon observed, sticking in the picture. Fortunately it had missed the intended victim herself, but, needless to say, I was severely reprimanded. Yet, when asked what could have induced me to commit such an atrocious attack upon a harmless and respected ancestress, I had no defence to give, in the midst of my penitential confessions, except that "the poor lady always looked so cross at me," an answer which provoked, from my mother, almost as much amusement and astonishment as anger. My punishment was that the arrow was to be left sticking in the picture for two or three months as a testimony against my misconduct, a sentence which I felt rather severe until I got used to it.

One of the London sights I was taken to at this early age was "Exeter Change," in the Strand, where Exeter Hall now stands, and where lions then roared after their meat, and camelopards gazed haughtily down on their little awe-struck visitors. That visit was a memorable one.

Prominently I see, standing in his cage, a colossal elephant whom I beheld without the suppressed anxiety attendant on gazing at the lions and tigers, for I was assured he was gentleness and good-nature itself. Hence, when invited, I ventured to lay my whole fortune in the shape of a big penny on the bar, saw it with trembling delight taken up by his wonderful nose, and safely returned to me. Another visit was to the annual "Royal Academy" show of pictures, then held in two or three small rooms at Somerset House; and again another, to an exhibition of that "Bombardment of Algiers," which was an historic incident of no slight importance, and an act of mercy which no one, who has read the description by Cervantes, of what slavery was there to Christian captives, can doubt that it should have been performed three or four hundred years before, although to me the representation of it, for want of a little explanation, was merely "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

As a child, I was considered very delicate, having had a dangerous inflammation of the lungs when about two years old; but the excessive care bestowed upon me through all the usual childish sicknesses and weakness of those early years, with the unceasing activity both out and in-doors, inculcated on me as a duty, no less than permitted as an irrepressible joy, doubtless materially helped to give me a constitution, which, in spite of much chronic weakness, and various ailments, has stood a good deal of wear and tear during a long and rather active life. But delicate children often grow up all the stronger, and last the longer, because of the extra care which has to be taken by others and themselves for them to live at all. This again, unfortunately, has a tendency to make them somewhat selfish, and may have led to Dr. Arnold's once remarking, that no one is justified in devoting himself to the care of his health, except by the use to which he puts it.

Among other enjoyments for me at Leyton were the small amateur farming operations over some 50 or 60 acres wherein my father took delight as a variety to his commercial labours in the City. Then there was that most interesting carpenter's workshop in the coach-yard, with the help of which, and its occupant, I was able to make boats, and build rustic seats and arbours under my brother's guidance, in various parts of the grounds. Then there were the joys (perhaps the greatest of all) of sometimes following on foot, a neighbouring pack of beagles in pursuit of a hare. A very sunny genial sort of life all this, but, happily, as I have also said above, not without its sterner lessons now and then. As for instance, the being called upon by my elder brother Samuel (a remarkably high-spirited plucky lad), to attempt feats and face dangers from which, at first, I shrank in mortal terror. For my natural timidity was not a little increased by that very careful and affectionate, but desperately timid nurse mentioned above. One event in connection with this matter was, I suspect, a turning point in my life. When little over seven years, I was informed one fine morning that my father had bought a Shetland pony, and under the superintendence of my brothers, I was to be initiated into the mysteries of horsemanship. Full of vague apprehensions at this tremendous undertaking, I was hoisted into the saddle, and very soon came off, flop into the dirt. My terror was now at its height. A fearful misfortune appeared to have happened, and I expected to be picked up with prodigious pity and sympathy, tenderly carried into the house, and wept over. To my infinite surprise I heard my brother Sam calling out, "Up again, Henry! up again! never be beaten!!!" while, suiting the action to the word, he picked me up, and in the twinkling of an eye I found myself once more on the back of the dreadful beast. But a new spirit had entered into me with those cheery words, and a totally

new view of existence. I didn't come off again that day, and I learned to face dangers and difficulties with a fair amount of pluck; and though constitutionally a coward, I think that, on the whole, since that hour I never more than once or twice sneaked out of danger. Would to God I had always, however, acted up to the highest standard of courage! Nevertheless, from that time forth, I rode my little charger fearlessly (in outward bearing at all events); and in many a tough contest with the obstinate little beast (which had a trick of rearing up when disapproving of the way he was told to go) and, in spite of a few more tumbles, I finally vanquished both him and my fears. One of my little pony rides was memorable to me because connected with an historical incident of some importance, but the interest of which (being then only seven years old) I could not of course appreciate at the time: My mother had entrusted me one day, to my pride and delight, with a message which I was to take on my pony to the family grocer in Hackney, about three miles from our house. When the good man had come forth with a bow which helped me to realize the dignity of my position, to my very great surprise, he begged me not to think of riding any further towards East London that day, "as it would be very dangerous for you, Master Henry, to do so," and some friend of his coming up confirmed his assertion. It seems that this was the day on which the funeral procession, conveying the body of the unfortunate Queen Caroline, was being escorted along the Mile End Road on the way to Harwich by an immense and tumultuous crowd of people of "all sorts and conditions," sympathetic and indignant gentlefolks and roughs, all mixed up together. Rioting and shop-breaking were anticipated, for the New Police as yet, were not. Of course I quickly turned my pony's head and cantered home as fast as I could go, to be the hero of an hour, and disseminate the sensational tidings to all the Leyton establishment.

Many years afterwards, when on a visit to my father-in-law at Crix, near Witham, in Essex, his friend and neighbour, Henry Dixon, the eminent Essex medical practitioner, told me that he well remembered that striking procession, for he had turned out, in company with half the county yeomanry in full uniform, to meet it at Chelmsford, and had ridden in front of the hearse all the way to Harwich, where the coffin was placed on board a vessel waiting to take it to the Continent.

Rides up to the pretty open common at the top of the "Chestnut Walk" and the commencement of Epping Forest, were of course delightful, except when my pony resolutely refused to obey orders, and I sat helpless for a time, lucky if he did not try to dismount me by frequent rearing. One such case of "*J'y suit,-J'y reste*" occurred when, on a warm summer's day, I had too confidingly yielded to his ardent desire to walk into a beautiful pond at Whips Cross, at the top of the rising ground leading up to the aforesaid common. The first part of the pond was very shallow, and I was quite agreeable to my pony's satisfying his thirst. But that being done, it was exasperating and indeed alarming, to find he resolutely preferred remaining where he was to continuing our ride. Two kind-hearted stranger ladies on the bank were also alarmed, calling out that if the pony did not come out at once he would probably lie down in the water. Moreover there had been a somewhat gruesome story, about that pond, lately going the round of Walthamstow and Leyton gossip. A respectable tradesman, a baker, coming home rather top-heavy one Saturday night in the dark, had driven into the pond by mistake, and was found dead next morning in water so shallow, that as he had, so we were told, called not long before at a public house for a finishing glass, it was generally feared that he must have been drowned in a state of intoxication. So what with this story and the ladies' alarm,

I was by no means happy. But a friendly butcher's boy riding by, gallantly faced what was becoming (for foolish little me) a rather alarming situation, and grasping my pony's bridle, hauled him in triumph ignominiously out of the pond.

Many years after, when I had gone strolling about the dear old haunts of my boyhood, it was a great sorrow to find that during the time when Epping Forest was being ruthlessly and dishonourably "grabbed" by unscrupulous spoilers, this lovely little bit of picturesque water, with its graceful overhanging trees, and facilities for watering cattle and dogs in summer, and skating in winter, had actually been enclosed with a high wall and paling by the owner, I was told, of the house in Wood Street, the garden of which abuts on the further side of the pond—so that the public were for ever shut out from the enjoyment of its beauty, and tired thirsty horses and cattle lost their public "drinking trough." When Epping Forest was rescued from "land grabbers," this pond surely ought to have been maintained inviolate.

Another adventure arose from a pair of swans being placed in our pond at Leyton House, and which were favoured, after a time, with a young family, but the male bird being rather fierce, we little ones were forbidden to go near the pond alone. One afternoon two of my elder brothers, just home from school, accompanied by the farming-man, had gone down to the boat, taking me with them as far as the edge, but for some reason I was not taken into the boat. While they were at the farther end the old swan came sailing swiftly towards me with ruffled plumes as I stood on the bank. My brothers called to me to stand still, as then he wouldn't hurt me. I had heard terrific stories of how "a blow from a swan's wing would break a man's arm, Sir!" and was intensely desirous of making a rapid retreat. But partly through fear that if I ran he would fly after and kill me, partly through a nascent

sense of honour and duty, I remained quaking in my shoes, as if rooted to the spot. The creature reached the bank, and then, to my horror, came out of the water, advanced towards me, lifted one of its great wings, waved it majestically across my face, just wetted the tip of my nose, turned round, and with as much dignity as he could muster waddled back to the water. The instant he was safely launched again, I, conceiving the claims of honour and obedience to be fully satisfied, took to my heels and never stopped till I had reached the house, where from one of the drawing-room windows I could behold afar off the scene of my danger. Had not this little adventure occurred some two or three years after a certain dream it might have been credited with being the cause of that dismal vision ; but I must have been about seven years old when the swan incident took place. I was, however, only four or five, when in the course of a little feverish attack, probably caused by some malarial influence from that delightful but dirty pond, I thought in my restless sleep that I was being pursued by a frightful monster which had come out of the water. It was clothed in a kind of yellow-brown pelisse, worn by one of my elder sisters, and to me specially obnoxious. But I think the dream was a curious illustration of the extraordinary way in which external events, and their influence on our bodily condition may give a colouring to our dreams, long after the events themselves had happened. For no doubt at some seasons of the year, and in certain conditions of the atmosphere, there were exhalations from that pond of a very unhealthy nature. The horrible creature which had come out of it was armed with ferocious claws, and was pursuing me up a shrubbery walk when I woke from the horror of that awful moment, and for the greater part of my life never recalled the dream without an involuntary shudder. But as if to counteract these dismal recollections, there was also the memory of a singularly beautiful and

Day I can remember, when I was just six years old, and which recalls memories of the bright glow of the fire that evening in the dining-room, of all the happy faces of brothers and sisters, father and mother, and domestic servants; of the lights in the large hall, and how one of my brothers caught me up, swung me on to his shoulder and went capering round the hall and dining-room to my infinite delight. And then came the grand event of the evening—an exhibition of the Magic Lantern which all the servants were invited to behold. Ah, that was a never-to-be-forgotten wonder and rapture! equalled only by the first sight of a real play, when I was a school-boy. I attempted to reproduce that joy to others in after years, but to my intense disappointment, the whole affair went as flat as ditch-water, and ended in a fiasco. The reason was not apparent to me then, just in my teens, but many of us are slow to learn that we cannot put back the clock, or enjoy over again the delights of childhood when *we* have "gone forward." And, in this particular case, I had no younger brothers and sisters; had provided no "little people" of any kind as spectators, only the domestics and their friends, summoned from their Christmas party in the Servants' Hall. Among the latter was a pretty fair-haired graceful young girl, the daughter of my mother's former maid, who had come with her parents to the servants' festivities, and who gave me kindly and efficient help in preparing that unlucky Magic Lantern exhibition. True, she with difficulty repressed some suspicious tendencies to mirth, when a serious and attentive demeanour would have been more suitable to the performance, and at length, to my great astonishment and regret, she exploded with uncontrollable laughter at the final catastrophe. As, however, I felt she had great provocation, and really looked very charming, I forgave her, all the more readily because there were the customary Christmas delights of

round games at cards awaiting me with a happy family party in the drawing-room. When I next saw her, some years later, it was under very different circumstances.

One other event which has had something of a life-long influence on me, may be mentioned here. It was the performance of Home's beautiful play of "Douglas," by my brothers and sisters and two of their young friends in our drawing-room at Leyton, when I was about seven years old. The play itself, as well as the whole business of representation, was curiously fascinating. I remember being especially struck with the character of "Glenalvon," the villain of the piece, and by the heart-rending sorrows of poor Lady Randolph. It seems strange that a man who could write such a play as that, should never have written anything else at all worthy of it; but unhappily its remarkable success, when produced on the stage, caused the author to be invited from his "braw Scotch hame" in the heather, to come to London, where, amid incessant lionizing and petting, as a sagacious critic remarks, "poor Home's genius caught cold and died."

An incident which occurred during one of the rehearsals of the play on our Leyton stage, taught me at that early age, alas! how near the sublime and the ridiculous, Tragedy and Farce, may be. For in one of the scenes, a wood by moonlight, having to be manufactured, brother Samuel had painted some capital side scenery, besides bringing in a quantity of greenery and boughs from the garden, and cutting a round hold in some paste-board clouds he meant to put in an oil-silk transparency with a lamp behind it which was to do duty for the moon. The oil-silk, however, not being ready, the rehearsal went on without the moon; when some of us, happening to look up in an excited frame of mind, beheld, in the place where the moon should have been, the face of a naughty brother-in-law, clothed in a

broad grin, and declaring himself to be the "Man in the Moon"! Of course one of the most beatific moments in most lads' lives will be their first sight of a real theatrical performance on a real stage. I shall never forget stepping out of the dark carriage and dimly-lighted corridor of "Astley's" Theatre one evening with my father, mother, and party, when I was about eight or nine, into the brilliantly lighted theatre, and beholding that magic scene, where groups of peasants and maidens, gaily dressed, were dancing to beautiful music. The *Spectacle* presented to us (for it was little more) was "The Battle of Waterloo," and was remarkably well got up, with real live horses (for which "Astley's" then was famous), and (to me) very real soldiers, with unmistakeable gun-powder. I can see, now, the indomitable red-coats, hiding themselves in a field of corn, until the moment came for the ever-memorable "Up Guards! and at them!" followed by a terrific discharge of musketry, and amidst it all was the poor Duke of Brunswick, who seemed to me to take an unconscionable long time in dying and falling off his magnificent cream-coloured charger. Then I heard, with silent awe, my father and uncle (the latter had recently seen Napoleon) agreeing that the short stout individual who impersonated the great destroyer (and took snuff with such wonderful nonchalance while the battle was raging around him), "most remarkably resembled Bonaparte." Ah, it was all very wonderful and enchanting; but, of course, nothing quite came up to that first scene of the picturesque peasants and maidens dancing to that delicious music—the first sight of real theatrical wonders!

The following year I was taken to see "Macbeth," and the celebrated Edmund Kean, at Drury Lane. His was fine acting, I doubt not, now and then, but the great tragedian's course was nearly run, shortened by dissipation and drink; and I was more struck by the marvellous power

with which Wallack acted Macduff, when, being told of the slaughter of his wife and children by the tyrant-usurper, he rushed forward to the foot-lights, his hands clasped about his head, and frantically exclaiming, "All my little chickens and their dam! Did you say *all?*" his whole frame quivering with agony and rage. But, of course, I was too young really to be able to appreciate Kean's performance in a play which is unquestionably Shakspeare's master-piece. The crowning joy, however, of all my theatrical bliss, for many a day, was the pantomime which followed, and which was pronounced by the seniors to be the best they had ever seen. It was called "The Man in the Moon." The gorgeous beauty of the earlier portion, the resplendent colours of the rainbow palace in the Moon, the dazzling dresses and graceful forms of the Lunar courtiers and ladies; then the transformations, the enchanting romance of Harlequin and Columbine which followed, the uproarious fun of Clown and Pantaloon, with the exceptionally graceful acrobatting, fearful, yet fascinating, with those marvellous Chinese jugglers below! Yes, it was all most wonderful and glorious to behold, and, for at least two hours, there was one child in that vast crowded house (more likely a thousand such children) in a child's heaven of perfect, yet earthly bliss. "*Haec olim meminisse juvabit.*" *Gratias Deo.*

My eighth birthday was made memorable to me first, by being presented with a pretty little new saddle-pad for my pony, and a beautiful white leather riding whip; and then by being allowed to ride over to Upper Clapton (where my youngest sister was at school) to spend the day with her there, by leave of the excellent lady, a Miss Hebert (formerly governess in our family), who kept the school. It was a very delightful visit, not only because I was greatly attached to my sister, and it seemed such a long time between her vacations, but also because I

was petted and made much of by her school-fellows to whom a little boy, who came scampering over on his pony, was both a curiosity and an object of some interest. Of course, there was considerable interest shown in the home circle when I returned at night, and, among other things, I recounted the dangers I had passed through when cantering along the Lea Bridge Road my pony shied at some imaginary wolf or serpent by the road-side, thereby nearly giving me "a spill," "but," I continued triumphantly, "I caught tight hold of my new saddle and so stuck on." Next morning my eldest brother, who had been quietly listening the night before to my narrative, and who fully intended that I should make as good a rider as himself, came into breakfast, saying in a cheery voice, "Well, Henry, I've spoken to Ellis (the carpenter), and he is going to put three handles on to your saddle, for you to hold on by, next time the pony shies!" This delightful bit of chaff, while it covered me with confusion at the time, taking all pride in horsemanship out of me at once and for ever, sank into my soul as a lesson of permanent worth, and taught me thenceforth to stick on by my knees and not to catch hold of illegitimate supports.

CHAPTER II.

Childhood Continued—Earliest Acquaintance with the Industrial Classes.

Any recollections of my early life would be very imperfect if I did not give some description of my acquaintance with the domestic and outdoor servants of my father's household. My father and mother certainly endeavoured, in more ways than one, both to select their servants wisely, and to treat them justly; and (though always looking at them, according to the fashion of the day, wholly *de haut en bas*), with some measure of kindness,

for among other proofs of this, every servant who remained with them seven years received an *honorarium* of ten guineas, and so for each succeeding term. My nurse received this *douceur* three times. My early recollections of the servants at Leyton House collectively are, on the whole, decidedly favourable. They date back to the days when ten in number (with my dear nurse, the "ladies' maid," at their head) they filed into the dining-room of the old family mansion, every Sunday evening, to hear my father, in reverent and impressive tones, read a sermon and offer prayer. My seat at first was placed among my brothers in what seemed to me a far-off desert; and I remember my mother's amusement and pleasure one Sunday evening when I brought my little stool to the side where she and my sisters sat, and putting it down by my mother's knee, remarked that I had come to "the abodes of the blessed." Two of the ten domestics were the head gardener and his wife (the "laundry woman"), who lived in the court-yard; the other gardeners were old men who lived in the village; and all three, I must confess, though honest, were uninteresting. But in the course of time a head-gardener turned up who was a delightful companion and a splendid shot. He tried to teach me to shoot (though not very successfully), and to delight in tracking hares through the snow, with the skill of a poacher; but finally left in disgrace from getting wrong in his accounts, much to my boyish grief. My eldest brother's groom, a good natured lad, was also a valued associate before I went to school; while a merry footman, who was a good swimmer and accompanied me on bathing excursions to the river Lea, was a prime favourite until, one evening, he came home drunk. The maids thereupon came to me in distress, begging me to use my boyish influence in getting him safe to bed, lest his disreputable condition should be discovered by the higher powers. After this, however, we

were not on such intimate terms, particularly when he once confidentially informed me that he preferred getting drunk on cider to beer "because it didn't make his head ache the next day." As for this drinking and drunkenness it was the specially besetting sin of gentlemen's coachmen and footmen in those days (as well as of the gentlemen themselves), for they, poor fellows, were and I suppose still are, exposed to sore temptations while waiting for their masters and mistresses during evening engagements. I remember three coachmen being discharged by my father for drunkenness during my childhood and youth; and on one occasion when we were returning from the "Woodford Assembly" (monthly subscription "Cinderella" dances during the winter, from eight till twelve o'clock) my father, who was M.C., had to get out of the carriage, and in his pumps and knee-breeches drive us home, because the coachman, who had nearly upset us on the Snaresbrook Common, was himself too tipsy to drive.

Then there was a sturdy but rather surly farm servant, who with his pretty good-humoured wife, lived in a cottage in the farm-yard, with whom I had many pleasant hours as a child, going about the fields, and riding in the cart or on the horses. One day, however, I was horrified at the brutal manner in which he knocked his horses about the head; and at last on another occasion, being sent by my mother to enquire why the carriage did not come to the door, I discovered that the coachman, on hearing screams in the farm-cottage, had gone to the rescue of the unfortunate wife, who was being badly beaten by her drunken husband. The appearance of my little figure on the scene seemed fortunately to prevent a fight between him and the coachman; but further friendly relations on my part, with the culprit in this case also, were somewhat checked. Yet it never occurred then to me, nor as far as I can remember, to any of the family, how all this

miserable intemperance was to be prevented; and though my father himself had become a total abstainer as mentioned above, the idea of recommending one's servants to do the same had not then dawned on the world.

Another farm servant who came while I was still a youth, was sober and industrious, though not genial; but of whose loyalty and devotedness to duty here is a remarkable instance. My father, in pursuance of his farming hobby, had bought a lot of lean young cattle of some unscrupulous drover coming our way from the North, which proved a bad bargain owing to their internal condition. Returning home one evening from London along the Lea Bridge Road, which ran parallel at some little distance with our fields, I heard a shout, repeated at short intervals, which seemed to come from that quarter; but as there was nothing unusual in this I paid no attention to the cries till, finding they continued, and that the farm-servant was not in the yard, I asked the coachman to go down to the fields and explore. Guided by the shouts he at length found the faithful hind up to his middle in a pond, where he must have been nearly an hour, supporting a poor young cow, one of the new purchase, which in calving had fallen into the water, and would have been drowned but for this man's persevering fidelity. Yet the whole business was taken, especially by himself, as a matter of course. He had merely been doing his duty to "master" and to the cow. On another occasion when the master's property was in danger from a nocturnal raid made by thieves on the hen-roost, he bounced out of bed, quite unarmed and, almost undressed, went groping in the dark to try and catch the marauders. Had he come upon them he might have fared rather badly in the tussle. The end of his relations with our establishment, however, was sad; for he was discharged one day for being detected in having

pocketed certain monies received in payment for a load of hay or turnips which he had been sent to sell, as usual, in Whitechapel.

Curiously enough, not long after I had written this account, the son of another respectable labouring man, who was born on our estate and on the same day, I believe, as myself, came all the way from Leyton to see if he could find me out, and have a talk about "sixty years ago," when he and I were boys, and he was an occasional play-fellow. I was very glad to see him and hear all he could tell me about my early home and neighbourhood. One of the first persons I enquired about was this gallant farming-man, and was told that some years after he had left us, he had unexpectedly come into a legacy of £2,000; "but," said my informant, "it did him no good for he muddled it all away, except about £140," which his married daughter was fortunately able to persuade him to give her husband who navigated a "lighter" on the Thames. With that sum the barge was bought, and instead of having to pay a heavy weekly rent for the use of it, the son-in-law became its proprietor; so that when the old man was penniless, the bargee and his wife were able to give her father a comfortable home for the rest of his days.

Talking of farm-servants, one summer's evening I was sitting beside my father on the box of his light open barouche, my mother and sisters being inside. As we passed a huge empty waggon drawn by three horses which were meandering along the road without reins or guidance, the carter lying fast asleep at the bottom of his cart, suddenly I saw with amazement my father lean over and wake up the guilty carter with a tremendous crack from his whip. The blow made a great impression on me as well as on the carter, for at that early age I could not realize the danger caused by his unseasonable slumbers, or the benefit

which the lesson conferred on him—while my father did not explain it. So I fear, for a time, I thought hard things of that father and knew not how much better for the man was the sting of the lash than a dangerous accident, or a summons before a magistrate. The culprit himself, however, must have understood the matter, for instead of heaving a stone at my father's head, he jumped out of the cart, rubbing his back, and walked at the head of his horses.

My prime favourite, I must add, among all these members of what are called the working classes, was a bright cheery young carpenter, who, on his aged father's retirement from our carpenter's shop, succeeded to its duties. William Ellis was, indeed, a perpetual joy to my heart. Under his tuition I learned many a useful lesson in carpentering, and especially in the construction of those arbours and seats mentioned in the last chapter. From his workshop also proceeded a little pony-cart for my Shetland pony, a little waggon to be drawn by my brothers or myself, or our great Newfoundland dog, no end of model boats, chiefly manufactured there by ourselves, for a naval and mercantile marine on the swan-pond; swords and shields for mimic warfare or amateur stage properties ; while in the centre of this enchanting "Palace of Delight," was the pleasant smiling face and encouraging or remonstrating words of the good William himself. The mention of those experiences in the workshop and lessons in carpentry, reminds me of their value in after life in teaching me how to find and fit means to ends, as well as to be somewhat practical in my views, instead of a mere builder of castles in the air. Yet an incident, when I was between six and seven years old, may perhaps have helped me to gain, in later days, a little bit of my father's remarkable practical insight. For having gone with my youngest sister, and a cousin about three years older than myself, to play at the " Family Robinson Crusoe " in one

of our fields, I can see them now as they stood in sore perplexity how to fix in the hard ground the stakes, that were to support our tent. Yet unless those stakes were fixed, the matting we had brought in our little waggon could not be hung. Suddenly my shrill treble was heard asking, "Why not hang the mats up to the branches of the tree?" and immediately to my infinite surprise, I found myself effusively clapped on the back by that superior being of a cousin, and hailed as a veritable *deus ex machinâ!* though previously regarded by those two august members of the Swiss Crusoe family as an insignificant infant, just breeched. A "Foreman-engineer's" apprentice will understand the situation. At all events, the faculty of construction, contrivance, in short of *organizing*, should form part of every boy's education if he is hereafter to be a useful citizen of a free State; especially when, like ours, it happens to be in grievous need of interminable reforms at home, and a nursing-mother of emigrants to distant lands.

Of my friend the carpenter, my latest recollections are rather melancholy. For he was "crossed in love, and threw himself away" (as I heard one of the maid-servants remark), took to drinking in fact, and died sadly in middle life. But at the distance of more than fifty years, I cannot remember without shame that it never occurred to me to go and visit the poor fellow in his last illness, or take any notice of him after he left my father's employment; and I can recall the surprise, even, with which I found that my eldest brother had left me for ten minutes one morning as we walked up the Lea Bridge Road on our way to London, in order to visit poor Ellis on his sick bed, and leave him half-a-crown. Of course, it seems to me, now, very strange that, even after my attention was thus drawn to his condition, I never went near him, as far as I can remember, and was infinitely more distressed at losing a

favourite dog which strayed away, and whom I passionately loved, than at losing sight of Ellis, or of all the rest of my humble domestic acquaintances, except my kind nurse. She married the contemporary butler, and I kept up my friendship with her, by regular visitings, till the time of her death. My father obtained for her husband, a very respectable man, the situation of head messenger at the Royal Exchange. The fact is, that for the first 25 years of my life, I looked on the working-classes as a sort of inferior race, like many employers of labour; almost as the coloured people are regarded in the United States. However, I have tried since to make amends for those foolish and unrighteous thoughts and "evil-behaviour."

In describing what I felt in those by-gone days, I have no doubt I must seem to have been using extravagant language, but I can only say that I am quite sure I have not exaggerated any of my actual emotions or experiences, but have rather toned them down than otherwise. It is also pretty clear I must have been a ridiculously timid child, partly owing to having a very timid, though conscientious and affectionate nurse, who took a great deal too much care of me; and if my brother Samuel had not counteracted this influence, teaching me to feel how mean and contemptible cowardice is, I should have lived rather a pitiable life, and become a despicable character. Another useful hint which I remember receiving from the said brother, when about seven years of age, arose out of my mentioning a difficulty in getting the maid-servant to do something for me in the dressing line; for he thereupon exclaimed, "Why don't you do it yourself, Henry?" adding with a dignified severity, which greatly impressed me, "Never ask anybody to do for you, what you can do for yourself." I pondered over the injunction, and tried thenceforth to act upon it, though not, I fear, with uniform success.

In speaking of that favourite nurse, it may be worth noting that so much of my childhood was spent with her that, until I was seven years old, I think she held a warmer place in my affections than my mother did. This was simply the result of companionship, because my mother was a singularly lovable woman, and when I was old enough to be taken into her little boudoir to do lessons and learn hymns, read and be read to by her, she soon became the much, and most, beloved. But I loved my old nurse very warmly still. I remember her married daughter, with whom she lived after her husband's death, and who was a truly good and affectionate daughter to the end, saying once with a smile, "Ah, there never was such a child as Master Henry, mother, was there? But what did you do when he was naughty?" "He never was naughty," exclaimed the old lady, and then seeing our incredulous smiles, she continued with grave earnestness, "No, I mean it, he really never was." But, unfortunately, all this reminds me of the one great sin and punishment of my childhood, for I can scarcely remember any other severe naughtiness; or rather I should say, any which received punishment, though that may not be saying much; for being the youngest, the pet and plaything of the whole family, I have no doubt I was "spoiled" and petted often when I ought to have been scolded. The great event, however, to which I refer, as rising up from the "lower deeps" of the dark mystery of sin into the sweet innocent paradise of child-life, was caused by my little sister and myself telling a falsehood, and denying that we had eaten some delicacy not intended for us. To the last day of my life I shall never forget the misery of seeing my mother, who, till then, had never looked at me but with affection, ringing the "upstairs" bell with grave displeasure, for the nurse to take us away as prisoners to the nursery, whence we were not to emerge for the rest

of the day. The sentence fell on me like a sentence of transportation for life to an older criminal, and permanently engraved on my conscience the heinousness of telling a lie. Well for the child that has a parent who seizes the first occasion for teaching one of the most important of all the moralities, and the least appreciated in early childhood.

Talking of my sins in those tender years, I am reminded of another which, I have since learned, is not altogether an uncommon failing with children, viz., an inordinate love of "sweet victual," and a dangerous tendency to help oneself to it without leave. It seems I had felt conscious that this was a mean and evil tendency, and had made strenuous efforts to conquer it. But the Sunday luncheon-table presented peculiar temptations, when my elders had all left the room, and before the servants had cleared away the delicacies, on which I had cast a longing eye. On one particular Sunday, in spite of my good resolutions, and from not taking the only safe and prudent course of flight, I fell a victim to the fascinations of plum-cake, and groaned afterwards under a consciousness of having forfeited my own self-respect. As the afternoon and evening drew on, the burden of guilt became increasingly painful; and at last I felt I must relieve my soul by confessing my misdeeds to my mother when I went to her dressing-room, as usual, to repeat to her the piece of poetry and hymn she had given me to learn. It so happened that I was to recite to her that evening the exquisite portrait in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," of the "Village School-master"; and with palpitating bosom I proceeded through my little task, knowing that every line I uttered was bringing me nearer to the awful moment when I had resolved to make my confession, and bear my shame. So on I went through the charming description of how

"The village master taught his little school."

how—

> . . . "the boding tremblers learned to trace,
> The day's disasters in his morning face;"

of how they "laughed at all his jokes with counterfeited glee" and shivered at "the dismal tidings when he frowned." At last I came to the concluding lines where his wonderful accomplishments, and his no less remarkable victories in arguing with the village parson, are described, winding up with the mournful couplet,

> "But past is all his fame. The very spot,
> Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot."

Then I could no longer contain myself, and burst into a little tempest of tears, as I trembled along the last line. My poor mother, much distressed, anxiously asked me what was the matter; and when, between my sobs, I told the sad tale of my having plucked the forbidden fruit, I fear she was too much relieved to give me quite as serious a rebuke as I expected. Yet I don't know. I did feel, for many a day, the good influences of that Sabbath evening.

A rather earlier experience, by-the-by, of the consequences of evil-doing was afforded me in a sterner form which is just brought to my mind. I had strayed one day down to our small farm-yard, where the good-natured wife of the surly farm-servant, previously mentioned, watched over the poultry department, and having been lost in admiration of some lovely little soft yellow ducklings recently hatched, I wheedled the good woman into letting me carry one of them away for a plaything, meaning of course to restore it soon to its foster-mother. But, unluckily, temptation came in the idea that the duckling would so delight in having a swim on its native element, and seeing a large pan of water placed for the pigeons to drink from, I tenderly deposited my little charge therein. Then leaving it to enjoy its new position for a short time, I ran away, forgot all about the poor little creature, and

heard with astonishment and grief that it had consequently been found dead in the pan where I had placed it. My mother and sisters must have thought this was a deed of cruelty which, though unintentional, needed the punishment of a paternal rebuke; and when the nurse came at the usual hour to lead me away from the happy family circle to bed, I was astonished and aghast at being met, when I went up to my father for the good-night kiss, to receive instead a stern and awful look, such as I thought a judge presents to a criminal when he sentences him to death. Then I heard him ask in solemn tones, which I have never forgotten, "Where is my little duckling?" If its ghost had risen before me in the dark I could hardly have been more distressed, and was led sobbing out of the room by the nurse, and for once even forgetting to turn and make the courtly bow always required from us, as children, when we retired for the night. Yet seeing how much . . . "Evil is wrought from want of thought, as well as from want of heart," I believe the painful lesson was decidedly beneficial. Only once, I think, was I guilty of thoughtless cruelty of this kind again, but it was rather a bad case. Two young cousins from London had come to spend a few days with us at Leyton, and on one occasion, while roaming together about our fields, one of my dogs came upon a litter of young hedgehogs, to our infinite delight. Without considering, or indeed knowing, the pangs we were inflicting on their poor mother, and the dismal fate we were preparing for themselves, we carried off the whole brood, brought them in a basket up to the house, left them safely and comfortably, as we thought, tucked up for the night, and were grievously shocked on running to look at them the next morning, to find they were all dead. Wholesale, yet absolutely unintentional but very thoughtless, cruelty again, especially towards the poor mother. Yet I was duly and deeply

impressed with the wickedness of taking birds' nests—a sin I should as soon have thought of committing as of stealing my mother's purse. When my cousins and myself, however, came into breakfast with the sad news, and feeling both penitent and ashamed, the rebuke which I suppose we should, and ought to, have received, was stifled in its birth by the comment of a witty friend of the family, who happened to be staying in the house, and who quietly remarked as he lifted his tea-cup, and heard our news, "that it was, no doubt, very sad, but that he should not like to be one of the jury which would have to sit on the bodies." The laughter which followed drowned alike the elders' rebuke, and, I fear, our penitence.

Imagination in a child, though a wonderful blessing in many respects, sadly aggravates timidity; and I shall never forget the agony I once suffered from being persuaded to climb up a ladder to look into a tame pigeon's nest. Yet my father was singularly fearless; and though I can remember how anxious and fearful my mother sometimes was, yet she must have acquired a fine mastery over this failing, or she never would have allowed us to run into all the innumerable dangers which boys must encounter if they are to learn to ride and drive, skate, climb, and swim. Still less would she have permitted her boys, in succession, to take the reins from her coachman while we were still in our teens, and drive her in a light barouche, behind a couple of powerful horses, in order that we might be happy, and learn that indispensable accomplishment of an English gentleman. I must confess, however, that more than once I had a narrow escape from upsetting the carriage; but fortunately discovered before I brought my family or myself to destruction, that increasing near-sightedness made it inexpedient for me to continue this fascinating diversion of coachmanship. Overcoming a wholesome fear may be

dangerous to more parties than one. Yet it was worth a good deal to get rid of fear in any shape, and almost at any cost.

In speaking of my early enjoyments, I must not omit one of the greatest, namely, the delight of hearing my sisters' music on the piano and harp, and my eldest brother on the violin. This happiness reached its height when I could hear their music while reading some delightful poetry or tale, and I especially remember the intense enjoyment of reading a most pathetic story called "Dick, the little pony," while my sister Charlotte was playing a piece of music which exquisitely harmonized with the tale. I think it was called "Llewellyn," but it was ever after known to my sister and myself by the name of the story. A very beautiful series of variations on that lovely melody, "Bid me discourse," arranged as a trio for the violin, harp, and piano, was for many years associated, in my mind, with "The Fire-worshippers" in Moore's *Lalla Rookh*, which I was reading, some years later, while my brother and sisters were playing, one memorable evening, to my infinite delight.

One of my early recollections is of being taken on a beautiful summer's evening, when I was about seven, a drive which recalls a striking characteristic of the relations in those gambling days between husbands and wives. The said drive was to the magnificent building known as Wanstead House. This mansion, immortalized in history (and also in fiction, by Thomas Hood, in a tale called "Tylney Hall"), had an interesting past, in which Queen Elizabeth conspicuously figured, and at the time I speak of, belonged to the Tylney family. Miss Tylney, who had inherited the whole estate, had, unhappily, married a profligate aristocratic gambler, and apparently without any security for her property. For not very long after the marriage, all Essex, and even the West End of London

were scandalized, and, indeed, shocked, at hearing that the whole estate, including Wanstead House, had to be sold to pay the debts of her husband, Wellesly Pole. As no royal or noble personage, and no wealthy Corporation intervened to buy the property, the grand old house was pulled down; the materials, with all the interesting relics, heir-looms, and furniture sold, and, I suppose, the gardens, grounds, park, and meadows, were to have been covered with comfortable Villa-residences.*

The object of our drive that evening was to see the house and all its historic relics before its final destruction. From that sad story I acquired an early and profound horror of aristocratic scamps. Another incident, however, occurred somewhere about this time, which did not increase my respect for the "governing classes" generally. Two young labouring men were convicted of cutting down a couple of holly trees which grew on a gentleman's lawn at Wanstead, to sell them for Christmas decorations. They were caught, convicted, and transported! The cruel and disproportioned severity of the punishment caused some rather indignant comments in the family circle at Leyton House, and made an impression on me that I could not forget. Yet I confess that as a general rule sympathy with the sufferings or wrongs of the poor, did not form any special feature in the prevalent life and thoughts either of our own family at that time, of myself, or of any of the families with which we were acquainted, although, as I have hinted before, not a little consideration was

* But when visiting an old friend the other day (1885) at Wanstead, I was very glad to find that the park and grounds had been preserved for the people, by a happy concession to the late owner of the park, Earl Cowper, of some other valuable building land belonging to the Corporation of London. This charming "People's play-ground" is not sufficiently known, but deserves and rewards ample attention.

shown to their dependents, by my father and mother, and the elder members of our family.

Another curious reminiscence of those early days is the way in which a certain Good Friday forenoon was once spent. Being one of the only three regular holidays in the year for business men and the working classes, it was devoted on this occasion by my brothers and their neighbouring friends to a grand rat-hunt in my father's big barn where a quantity of wheat was stacked. We had a good supply of dogs ourselves, and each of the visitors brought one or two in addition. Our farm-servant, who complained bitterly of the mischief being done by the rapacious vermin, had stopped all the holes in the barn, and with three or four other men was busily employed from early morn in pitching the wheat-sheaves from one "bay" into the opposite empty one. As they got near the bottom, the scene described by Cobbett (who had doubtless often witnessed it as a boy), in one of his "Registers," took place. The rats, swarming in countless numbers, gradually became visible, and were slaughtered as fast as they appeared by the army of dogs awaiting them. A few years later, I happened to hear my sturdy Puritan father reading aloud with great amusement, a slashing article in the "Edinburgh Review" on the then proposed reform of the Church of England. It concluded with an extract from Cobbett's paper in which he likened the disturbance and destruction that would take place in that Church, when its reformation began, to the scene which I, too, had once witnessed at a rat-hunt in a barn. The caustic pitiless severity and humour of Cobbett's description of the hurry-skurry, dismay, and rapid destruction of what, I think, he was pleased to call the clerical vermin infesting the venerable National Church, doubtless led to some curious and awakening reflections in the minds both of Churchmen and Dissenters, as well

as in my inquisitive mind; for the "Edinburgh Review" was a mighty power in those days; and that it should have contained the article in question, and, above all, that it should have concluded with the grim humour and fearful warning of "Cobbett's Register," was an event that excited great hopes and much dismay. Happily, there has been a great awakening and reform in the "National Church" during the sixty years that have since elapsed.

And then there was always that wonderful Epping Hunt on each Easter Monday, which Tom Hood has immortalized in one of his funniest and *pun*-iest poems. A stag used to be brought to Buckhurst Hill about noon on the eventful day with a scratch pack of stag-hounds, and turned loose amidst an immense concourse of high and low degree, including a large contingent of mounted cockneys from London (one of whom, rejoicing in the name of Huggins, is the hero of Hood's ballad), and who followed the stag and hounds with remarkable ardour, but questionable success. People came all the way from London, some of them in the miserable old hackney-coaches of the day, one of which I remember seeing urged on to the turf, and feebly endeavouring to follow the chase! Yes, it was all a most delicious, quaint, invigorating, and silly festival, bringing vast delight to many thousands of weary and often penniless adults, as well as to eager children and to exuberantly sport-loving boys like myself. But to my great though momentary surprise, I found that my own children did not at all relish the idea of meandering away to Buckhurst Hill on the first Easter Monday after we came to live at Hampstead; and again I saw that we can't "put back the clock."

As I have had to mention the misdoings of some of the industrial classes in my father's service, I am glad and proud to chronicle the excellencies of others. The last coachman my father had (named Caswell) was not only a

thoroughly excellent coachman, but also what does not always accompany other good qualities, remarkably pleasant-tempered. He married one of our housemaids, an industrious, kind-hearted girl, and after leaving us, got a good situation with an old county family in Cornwall, and I heard of their prosperity in later life with much interest. But chiefly and specially I remember a man not only superior to his occupation and social position, but one who would have been honoured in any rank—the last butler in my father's service, whom we all valued and esteemed. He found an excellent wife in my mother's lady's-maid, a very pretty, refined, ladylike girl, and when they left us he set up a second-hand bookshop in London, and made a good business out of it. Within the last year I heard from his eldest son, a much-esteemed Nonconformist minister, an interesting fact which explained what before was somewhat of a mystery. The young minister's grandfather had been a fairly well-to-do tradesman, and his son had attracted so much notice and esteem as a Sunday school scholar, that his teacher and superintendent pressed his father to let him be trained for the Dissenting Ministry. This would probably have been carried out had not the father fallen into financial troubles, and died prematurely. Thereupon, to his great honour, the youth gave up his ministerial dreams and resolved to get some situation in which he could help support the family, ultimately entering my father's service as above mentioned. There he met with the greatest of earthly blessings, a good, true, wife, and lived to see his son attain the position he himself had once desired, and which, at the call of duty, he had renounced.

My father and mother were in the habit of attending public worship regularly every Sunday, twice a day, morning and afternoon, at the New Gravel Pit Chapel (where Dr. Priestly officiated for a time) while they were

living at Homerton and Clapton; and subsequently at the "Old Meeting," Marsh Street, Walthamstow, after they came to live at Leyton. As children, we were all brought up to attend "Meeting" with our parents, my little sister and I for years trotting backwards and forwards up Capworth Street (pronounced Capper) and along Hoe Street, both of which were then, for the most part, pretty green lanes, and sometimes over Mark-House Common, a pleasing variety in the route. At that "Old Meeting" House the Rev. Benjamin Fawcett preached splendid sermons in the morning to about fifty people, which he repeated in the evening at the English Presbyterian Chapel in the Old Jewry, to about 500. The Rev. Eleazer Cogan, the schoolmaster of Higham Hill (whom my father had brought from Cheshunt, and established in those two-fold offices), conducted Divine Service there for many years. He was followed, on resigning his ministerial duties, by the late Dr. Hutton, afterwards of Leeds, and of Carter Lane, London. At one time, so great were the number of carriages bringing the surrounding gentry to worship in that humble four-square edifice, that two new stepping stones were erected in the court-yard, at which the occupants of those vehicles could alight instead of having to wait till there was room for them at the front door. These were shown to me, as a boy, moss-grown with age, as a proof of the former glories of the "Old Meeting." For about the year 1780 a great secession took place in consequence of theological differences, the minority swarming off into a new hive lower down the street, called the "New Meeting," the congregation of which gradually increased in numbers as, during the succeeding half-century it declined in our own. One circumstance connected with this "Old Meeting"—which struck me as a child, with some amount of wonder—took place whenever our carriage was required to convey us to "Meeting." For at the

conclusion of the hymn following the sermon, the coachman and footman, who sat in the gallery, always got up and went out (missing the last prayer and benediction), to get the horses and carriage ready that the master and mistress might not have to wait. Some audacious questionings, I believe, which however I scarcely dared to propound openly, arose in my mind as to the relative importance of religion to the coachman and footman compared with their "betters." During the half century just referred to, hetorodox doctrines, more or less of the Unitarian description, were held by the ministers who occupied this Walthamstow pulpit, although controversial or even doctrinal preaching was seldom or never heard within its walls, which, indeed, was a characteristic of almost all the old English Presbyterian congregations in the Southern portion of the kingdom. The sermons, in fact, were chiefly, as far as I can judge from various printed volumes, expositions of practical morality of a very superior character, often eloquent, and of inestimable value, especially to young people; but certainly not deeply imbued with that evangelical Christian spirit which marks the writings of the later Unitarians, such as Dr. Channing, Henry Ware, Dr. Martineau, the Rev. Hamilton Thom, Dr. Sadler, and the Rev. Charles Wickstead. My grandfather and grandmother Solly had an extreme dislike, as I have heard my father say, to the name "Unitarian"; and though my father and mother were somewhat reconciled to it, by their friendship and esteem for Dr. Priestly, they would not have tolerated for a moment the "Old Meeting" in Marsh Street being called a Unitarian Chapel. When, ten years later, I found that one of my most esteemed fellow students at what was then called "the University of London" in Gower Street (the Rev. W. J. Odgers) would be willing to take a Sunday morning service there while he was pursuing

his studies at the College and at the Baptist Academy in Kentish Town, my father was glad to secure his services for our pulpit, which was then vacant. But to reach Walthamstow from the General Baptist Academy, Mr. Odgers had to go by a coach from Bishopsgate Street, which landed him in Marsh Street, Walthamstow, about half-an-hour before the commencement of service; and on the first occasion of his arrival there he went up and down the street enquiring for "the Unitarian Chapel." All in vain! At last, venturing into a rather desolate old-fashioned building, the gates and doors of which were open to the public, he anxiously repeated his question to an ancient dame who seemed to be in charge of the place, to which she, of course, answered "she had never heard such a name as that given to it; all that she knew was that Mr. Coggin's people (Cogan's) went there," and further enquiries showed that "Mr. Solly's people" also frequented the place, to the great relief of my friend, who had begun to be rather anxious as to ever reaching his destination. On a later occasion, he told me that once when he reached the "Old Meeting" he was astonished by an extraordinary and unpleasant smell which pervaded the sacred edifice, and which was very different from that of the fragrant incense that prepares Roman Catholic worshippers for their devotions. Sternly cross-questioning the old lady, who had anxiously watched him sniffing about the place, with a frown on his brow, she came in trepidation and confessed that "Muster Solly had given her leave to make elder-wine" from the bushes which grew plentifully in the Meeting House yard. With this intoxicating liquor she had filled a barrel and put it—as she explained with unconscious irony—under the pulpit for safety, as *a nice cool place.* But alas! fermentation went on beneath, whatever it may have done within the pulpit, "and so," said the poor old woman tearfully,

"and so you see, Sir, the barrel busted, and all the wine runned out."

I have referred more than once to my brother Samuel's influence on my childhood, and may add here that visits to his hospital and his studies there, inspired me with a desire to dissect dead cats, as well as to study the "Comparative Anatomy" of man and the lower animals. Aided by Cuvier's works and Sir Charles Bell on "The Hand" (Bridgewater Treatise), a few years later I got up a lecture for Working Men's Institutes, &c., on "The Hand, the Hoof, and the Wing," illustrated by large coloured diagrams, a subject which I have found interesting both to adults and children. I may also mention that in after life my brother became eminent in the medical profession, first, by the discovery he made, while still a young man, in regard to certain nerves proceeding from the spinal cord to the cerebellum, which gained him the distinction of "F.R.S.," and subsequently by his work on "The Brain," which was for many years the chief standard work on that subject. He afterwards became Senior Surgeon of St. Thomas' Hospital (whose Wards he had first "walked" as an apprentice to Benjamin Travers, F.R.S.), and was to have been knighted by her Majesty on the opening of the magnificent new building on the Thames Embankment, had not his premature decease cut short his useful career. Two Scholarships and a "Gold Medal," founded in his memory at St. Thomas', remain to testify to the esteem in which, living and dead, he was held.

Of my eldest brother, Isaac, who (when I was a child) was being trained by my father to become his partner in the firm, I have very tender and grateful recollections from his unvarying kindness, sympathy, and wise counsels. Thinking of him, brings before me many touching incidents in my early and later days, when, alike in my childhood, youth, and early manhood, he was more to me

than my father, who was too much engrossed with cares of business, public companies, and his elder children, to be able to give much attention to the youngest of them all. Yet he was very generous to me in pecuniary matters. To the last, this eldest brother of mine, when my eyes were dimmed as I heard he was passing away, he was a very dear brother, even as he had always been a valued councillor, and helpful friend.

My eldest sister, Mary, when I was only seven years old, married a very witty, agreeable young gentleman, a son of Sir William Rule, of the Admiralty, and went to live in a charming house, about two miles from our house, on the borders of Epping Forest. There and on the forest were spent many of the happiest days of my boyhood and youth, for I always had the kindest and most loving welcome at my sister's; and in addition to all the delights with which she entertained me in her house and garden, the bewitching story-books with which she provided me, and the delicious solitary rambles over the common, there were some extatic pic-nics (or "forest parties," as they were decorously termed), organized under her and her husband's hospitable devices, the charms of which illumined all my subsequent years. At them, too, I beheld the beautiful and eternal ever-new romance of flirtations and courtship enacted in sylvan surroundings. And one red-letter-day, specially remembered also, I owed to Mr. Rule's being a ship-owner, as well as a genial-hearted gentleman, for I was included in the invitations to a grand entertainment on board one of his beautiful ships called the "Circassia," which was then lying in the East India Docks. The delight of finding myself on board a real ship with three masts and live sailors was immense, and especially the trembling joy of mounting, step by step, those wonderful and fearful shrouds. What I should do, however, when I got up to "the lubber's hole,"

I dreaded to inquire, or how I should ever get safe down again; when suddenly the difficult question was solved, just as I began to feel rather giddy, by a small ruffian of a midshipman or cabin-boy, coming up after me with the swiftness of a squirrel, and unceremoniously (amid suppressed gigglings on the forecastle) lashing my legs to the shrouds, and cheerfully intimating that I must pay my footing before I could be allowed to descend. Being probably very short of cash, like most small school-boys, I only looked imploringly down on the gay company on the quarter-deck, and doubtless besought my brothers' intercession. This soon caused the young freebooter to vanish, and his prey escaped. But for some time afterwards I was cautious as to ascending a ship's rigging.

"The conclusion of the whole matter" of this chapter is, first, that I became acquainted with several worthy and interesting members of what are called the industrial classes during my childhood and boyhood, who behaved better to me than perhaps I did to them, and secondly, that I owed much gratitude to all the members of my family. My greatest obligations, however, next to what I gave my mother, were due to my sister Charlotte (about ten years older than myself), a very charming, lovable, and clever woman, who, from the days when, as a child of seven, I sat on the carpet in the evening light reading my story-books while she played those enchanting melodies mentioned above, exerted an influence upon me as deep and lasting as it was quickening, elevating, and refined. The effect, indeed, of the character and influence of my mother, and those of my elder sisters, especially of the last-named, in exalting and hallowing my idea of true womanhood during my youth and early manhood, was of the highest value, independently of all the direct benefit I received from their wise instruction, guidance, or restraint, as well as from the strong, moral, and religious influence

which they exercised over me. There certainly are many and great advantages in being the youngest of a large family, when the eldest are such as those with whose kinship I was blessed.

CHAPTER III.

School Days at Higham Hill.

At the age of eight and a half came that great change in a boy's existence which occurs on first going to school, a far more formidable affair in those rough days, I fancy, than it often is now. Trying enough, however, at any time perhaps to a timid tenderly-cared-for child. But my first experience of school was very pleasant. I rode backwards and forwards daily to Higham Hill, where I seemed to be a no little favourite with the boys, and for six months, at least, all went smoothly, except for sundry little cottage boys and girls, to whom, when we met, I often gave chase as they scampered away in all directions. This objectionable entertainment was put a stop to by being reported to our family doctor, who gravely informed that I mustn't "ride after little girls in that way," and by a stout and dignified old woman who came out one day from her cottage to severely admonish me. But we generally, I suppose, have to reap what we have sown, even in tender years; and one afternoon when I was returning from school, and my obstinate little pony began rearing up opposite the cottage doors of some of the children whom I had "chivied," I presented a distressing, yet comical figure to two or three of those little girls, who sat laughing at my trouble from their upper window. In the meantime I was strenuously whacking my naughty beast, but suddenly dropped my whip, and was then wholly at his mercy. For I was not allowed to ride with stirrups, lest if I were

thrown I should be dragged headlong, but was provided with a soft saddle, into which I stuck my little knees as tight as a monkey. Hence I had found before, that if once dismounted, it would be very doubtful if I should be able to climb up again ; and I began to wish I had behaved more respectfully to these laughing and resentful little maidens. At length, however, the spirit of true womanhood prevailed in the heart of at least one of them who, moved by compassion, descended from her casement, picked up the fallen whip, which I received with gratitude, and then, armed for the fight, soon vanquished "Minimus," and cantered triumphantly home.

At the following Michaelmas I was installed as a boarder in Mr. Cogan's school, coming home only on Sundays, after "Meeting," for a brief and rather troubled joy, fringed with the gloom of having to walk back to school at night, two miles in the dark, with my brother William ("Samuel the plucky" having left school for St. Thomas' Hospital), and who was himself, I think, rather oppressed by the apprehension of meeting a drunken man or a foot-pad. School also now often began to wear a dismal aspect. The boys were jealous of our going home on Sundays. Many of them were uncleanly livers, others enjoyed "a good fight," a spiteful bit of bullying, or hunting down some temporarily unpopular "butt"—myself, for instance. Teasing and worrying went on, it seemed to me, incessantly, and every evil of this kind, in my own case, was intensified by a tyrannous imagination, and by the contrast between life at school and home-love and happiness. But, no doubt, the steel was soft and needed hardening. Nicknames are sometimes a source of great trouble to a sensitive lad, but my first was kindly, viz., "Minimuth," a playful allusion to the size both of myself and my pony, and to my lisping pronunciation of his name. The second also was by no means painful, viz.,

"Ant-bear," it having been discovered that, unfortunately, I had a specially long tongue! But a little latter I suffered to a curiously painful degree by being denounced as a member of the Jewish race. I suppose I was credited with being a Jew on account of the number of Hebrew and Scripture names in our clan. This, however, was owing to the influence of Puritan, not Jewish, blood and traditions. Pity I had not learned to consider it an honour to be descended from the grand old Hebrew race, "the chosen people of God," for then I should have gloried in my nickname, and therefore have soon ceased to be tormented by it; for when teasing fails to tease, it ceases to give amusement to the teasers.

The last anecdote, as my sister told me, many years later, which was written by my mother, in a small collection she made of anecdotes concerning her little children, was one in which, after describing to her how miserable I sometimes was at school, I mentioned that, one beautiful evening I had climbed to the top of a low wall separating the two divisions of our play-ground, and was looking at the sunset. Now my father and mother, all their married lives, had taken great pleasure in a view of the setting sun, especially from the flat lofty roof of the house at Leyton, whence we had an extensive prospect as far as Shooter's Hill in one direction, and Hampstead Heath in another. As their children grew up they shared this enjoyment, and my sad tale to my mother was that while seated on the said wall I heard boyish howls, as of a pack of young wolves, proceeding from a party of my school-fellows who, viciously assailing me with laughter and shouts, dragged me down from my look-out perch. "And I thought, mother" (according to the record in her "nanny-goat book," as in after years we called it), "how you were all then looking at that sunset, and how very happy you were and how very miserable

I was." Could I only have taken my young tormentors' assault as a playful bit of mischief, for it was little more, they would soon have desisted, or made me a partaker of their fun. But, of course, my own faults aggravated my liability to these petty persecutions. I was conceited, and occasionally rather "cocky"—sometimes even (though not often) disposed to bully new younger comers; yet, on the whole, after I had learnt good manners by the results of bad behaviour, I believe I was popular with my juniors and most of my equals. One thing was in my favour, viz., taking my fighting heartily, when forced into it (though previously I hated and "funcked" it immensely); and I believe I won the respect of some of the elder boys because they said I never "gave in." There was one sturdy little chap about my own age, but much more solid, whom I thought, more than once, I shouldn't like to have to fight. But I had to do so, and well remember the delight of seeing him in the midst of our pommelling, sit down and begin to weep. This ended the engagement, and I had nothing more to fear from him. But my being desperately fond of games of all sorts helped to turn the scale in my favour with many of the lads. Once, when I was playing at "Fly-the-garter" (developed "leap-frog"), I saw several of the elder boys, the ushers, and servants watching our proceedings and, to my unfeigned surprise, I was afterwards told that they had come to behold my prodigious leaps. For it was another good point in Mr. Cogan's school that there were plenty of games always going, and this was an inexhaustible source of happiness. During the summer months we had the run of a large field for cricket, rounders, leap-frog, &c., and the long half-holidays on Wednesdays and Saturdays spent there were full of enjoyment. Football, however, was unknown at Higham Hill. But there was a splendid game, often played in the winter, called

"Prisoner's base," for which, as it required extra fast running, both to release prisoners and to avoid being sent to prison oneself, I was often chosen by the big boys when they had to toss for first choice of their respective sides. One unlucky day, as I was dodging a pursuer and rushing home to my "base," another boy, similarly engaged, accidentally came with his head full butt, like a young ram, against my interior, and stretched me writhing, in indescribable agony, on the ground. This accident caused an internal injury from which I have suffered all the rest of my life. Its effects, at first, did not seem serious, but some morbid condition in the dorsal ganglionic nerves was gradually set up, in consequence of which, during the last sixty years, I have been unable to make any exertion, bodily or mental, without pain, occasionally severe, during from one or two to three hours after every meal. I have, however, derived great benefit from a simple Hydropathic appliance, which, for many years, has greatly enlarged my power of action. On the whole, I believe, this "thorn in the flesh" has increased my capacity for work and my general good health, by the forced inaction it has caused during the earlier stages of digestion, and the restraint put thereby on what would otherwise have been a too impetuous and premature exhaustion of constitutional energy.*

Another recollection is connected with the "baiting" and bullying referred to above, but is of a more gloomy character. One of the younger boys at Higham Hill, while I was there, was convicted of theft and publicly flogged with great solemnity by Mr. Cogan, after a few earnest words, the only time that punishment was inflicted

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* Since writing the above, I have seen some medical testimony confirming this view in the case of delicate constitutions or weak digestion.

while I was at school. It was to me an almost awful spectacle. The boy was a little older and bigger than myself, and one of the most unpleasant lads I ever knew, bullying and teasing me, in particular, when he got an opportunity, till my elder brothers, hearing my tale of wrongs, inspired me to resist and fight him. I enjoyed a fight, as I have confessed, when once fairly at it; but the contemplation of it beforehand was a great trouble; for at heart, as I have also confessed, I was certainly a coward. But a breach of the Eighth Commandment by this poor lad saved me from the conflict, while it presented a new temptation. The unhappy culprit, instead of being instantly removed from this school, as he should have been, was, at his father's request, kept there during the rest of the half-year, and (by a refinement of inconceivable, though unintentional, cruelty) "sent to Coventry," all the boys being forbidden to play with or speak to him. And when the masters were out of the way, I repeatedly saw some of my school-fellows showing their righteous indignation at his crime by baiting him, in the most cowardly and barbarous manner, until even *my* pity was awakened for him. The temptation to retaliate on him now, was, I am glad to say, not very strong, for I was disgusted with the conduct of his persecutors. I was too young to protect him, though I might perhaps have protested against their conduct had the idea occurred to me, which it did not.

All this reminds me of a curious illustration of the evil tendencies of a certain species of juvenile Literature (the "Jack Sheppard" and "George Barnwell" kind, &c.) I have said there was an excellent library for the boys, though containing a little rubbish, and among other books, which I devoured with delight, was the auto-biography of a celebrated pick-pocket—"David Haggerty." The enthusiasm I felt for this poor wretch, has seemed to

me since, rather a mystery. But it is certain he was for a time my hero, and I persuaded a few of my most intimate cronies to join me in a little gang for picking our school-fellows' pockets! We agreed, however, to confine our depredations to pocket-handkerchiefs, our only object, of course, being the romance of the thing; and, when these had been safely extracted, we threw them over the palings of the little gardens belonging to the boys from whom they had been stolen. Of course we were soon detected, and severely reprimanded, though we could plainly see on the master's face symptoms of suppressed amusement; but after that we all agreed it would be better to play at "police officers and robbers," rather than pursue such a deadly realistic course. This new game was immensely successful, and much more exciting than the previous one.

It was a time of high delight at that school when Autumn brought round the season for a cart-load of hoops, which were distributed among the boys. Previously to one of these annual distributions, I remember having been filled with hero-worship for a rather nobler hero than poor Haggerty—viz., Lord Nelson, whose life, by Southey, was in the afore-mentioned school-library; and my school-fellows were soon persuaded to form themselves into two hostile fleets. By using "grinders"—*i.e.* forked sticks, not teeth—with which we drove our hoops more steadily and swiftly than could be done by hoop-sticks, we managed to have desperate encounters, quite in the style, by anticipation, of the modern Alabamas and steam-rams. When, in consequence of these terrific charges, a hoop got knocked over, it was considered to be sunk, and the owner had to withdraw from the fight, until victory was declared for one side or the other. All the hoops had names given them; and having had the audacity to inscribe "Lord Nelson" on mine, I felt bound to maintain its honour to the utmost of my power, and was thereby impelled to acts

of greater daring, and, I fear, dangerously tempted also to indulge in ambition and conceit. The temptation to conceit, however, fortunately received a painful but most salutary and decisive check, when one warm day some of us "little fellows" had been running races and playing "at horses," wherein I had outstripped my competitors. Flushed with success, as we all sat on a bench to cool ourselves, I remember to this day with shame, that I was beguiled into bragging of former similar success at another school in Hove, near Brighton, where I went for a few months, as a visitor, when I was seven years old. One of the elder boys working in his garden overheard me, and leaning on the fence repeated in a horribly mocking voice my bumptious description of this former triumph, and in the anguish of the moment I wished the earth would open and swallow me up. I never forgot the lesson or the pain it caused me. One gleam of comfort came presently, for my companions didn't laugh at me as, of course, I expected, but a dead silence fell on us all; bróken at first only by one of them saying softly, "Oh my! isn't he blushing?" whereupon another compassionate little soul (whose name, alas, I have long forgotten) observed, "Ah, but he was very hot before." And there the curtain drops on a trivial but well-remembered, and to me, eventful bit of chastening.

Another equally useful little incident occurred when walking back to school with my brother William one dark Sunday evening. For as we passed over Higham Hill Common, we were alarmed by some unearthly sounds which appeared to proceed from a neighbouring field, into which was a gate from the common. It was too dark to see any explanation of the noise, but it was clearly not that of any man or beast in distress; being rather of a threatening nature, such as a dangerous man or beast might emit before making an attack. So my brother presently

said, "Well, I shall begin to run," and set off at a dignified trot; whereupon I broke into a gallop and reached the school-gates as fast as my small legs could carry me. But lo, and behold! just as I had scrambled into bed and my brother was undressing, up came one of the ushers and two of the big boys, laughing uproariously as they entered the room, and covering my poor brother with such confusion of face, that in his momentary wrath (for ridicule to him, as to most boys, was temporary torture), he growled at them fiercely, and defended himself by exclaiming "Nonsense! I only ran to frighten the boy!" meaning little me, which made the offenders, who it seems were sitting on the aforesaid gate as we approached, only laugh, derisively, all the more. The whole affair, however, cured me to a considerable extent of taking fright at any nocturnal real, or imaginary, terrors. Yet practical jokes are sometimes as dangerous as playing with fire in a powder magazine.

But there had been real dangers, by night, on the highways and byways within six or seven miles round London for many a day; and though at the time I am speaking of (the beginning of the 3rd decade of this century), the roads were then becoming tolerably secure, stories of highway robbery still survived in the memories of men of middle age. One tradition, I remember, was related to us children, of my grandmother being stopped by foot-pads on the Lea Bridge Road when returning one night from London to Walthamstow in her carriage. What that good lady lost, if anything, the tradition did not record, or I have forgotten it; but not the dramatic incident of her coachman being told to hold up his arms while being searched, and of how he dexterously contrived to snatch his watch out of its fob, unobserved, in the dark, and hold it aloft in the hollow of his hand, till the danger was over. Curiously enough in one of the columns of an

old Gloucester Journal, which was re-printed for the centenary celebration of Raikes' opening of the first Sunday school, I noticed a paragraph describing an attack made by a highwayman the previous week on two ladies as they were passing, at night, in their carriage from Whips-Cross along the lane by the side of Walthamstow Church. The journalist stated that after the coachman (a very strong man) was made by the robber's levelled pistol to halt, he managed to slide off the box in the dark, and creeping round the carriage, actually pinioned the fellow from behind as he was in the act of taking the ladies' purses and watches, ultimately succeeding, with assistance, in landing his prisoner in Woodford gaol. At the time when I was a child, however, all those roads and lanes were considered tolerably free from any dangers of this kind, partly, I suppose, on account of the establishment of the "Bow Street Patrol." It was profoundly interesting to us children, when returning home at night from some children's entertainments with our parents in the family coach, to see the tall form of the patrol on his charger, apparelled in a long dark cloak, with formidable broad-sword swinging at his side; delightful to know that a brace of huge horse-pistols were lodged in his belt or holsters, and to hear him call out in sonorous voice as we passed, "Bow Street Patrol!" These guardians of the public safety used to traverse all the principal roads out of London for a distance of about six miles from the nearest suburb. But the poor music-master who came once or twice a week to Higham Hill, walking home one dark winter's evening along a lonely path, with his quarter's salary in his pocket, was knocked down and robbed, an event which drew forth much pity from the Cogan family and his class when he next came to the school.

Another circumstance I have remembered with interest as prefiguring a taste for the seductive charms of

social *club life.* When writing my letters to Mr.Channing, he must have smiled at my describing the rapturous delight I felt one dreary Sunday winter evening (when, my brother having left, I had returned alone disconsolate and home-sick from the happy family circle at Leyton), on finding there was a custom, or "institution," once flourishing and then still lingering among the younger boys, of holding what they called a "concio" on Sunday evenings, when all games were prohibited. The form in which it came under my notice was not that of the old Roman assembly, by any means; but that of a snug little party of the younger chaps, sitting together on one of the desks in a corner, telling stories and munching any cakes or other goodies that could be mustered for the occasion. I was happily able to contribute, thereafter, a considerable amount of "sweet victual" from my sympathizing mother's stores, when I returned to school each dark Sunday night. This, of course, was warmly welcomed by my sociable companions, as were also a few stories of a sensational character, which I carefully treasured up for these small social evenings. Yes, I think this was certainly the beginning of club life, though in embryo—"the day of small things." Small as it was, however, it seemed to me—turned out, as I was, from my sweet paradise of home—like another little heaven of sociability and kindly fellowship. Of all this I was reminded, a few years ago, when the late Professor Fawcett, M.P., introduced me to his wife as "a man who thought Heaven would be composed of Working Men's Clubs!"

It was not so easy for me, I found, to overcome the early fear of wild beasts in the shape of dogs and horned cattle, which had been graven so deep in my timorous soul when quite a child, as the fear of ghosts or robbers. But I found as millions, I believe, of more devout souls than mine, including especially the royal Hebrew Psalmist and

his brother singers and our German Luther, have also found, that Fear, like Sorrow, greatly nourishes the nobler spirit of devotion. Biography and prayers, like History, repeat themselves, and once when I had, as usual, to return to school alone (my brothers having both left), and a little playful puppy dog rushed out of a cottage in Mark-house Lane, threatening, as I thought, to do me unimaginable mischief, I remember that my spontaneous ejaculatory prayer for deliverance closely resembled what I afterwards repeatedly found in the devotional utterances of the Hebrew singers. But then for what emotions, either of joy or sorrow, in young or old, rich or poor, do we not find some corresponding utterances in that wonderful Book of Psalms? They seem to meet the wants of "all sorts and conditions of men" in every age and clime, and in all circumstances with that universality of application which is equalled only by the plays of Shakspeare in regard to more secular conditions.

But while I had some acute suffering, no doubt, as a child, from the canine race, I cannot easily describe the warmth of my affections for those dogs which were my favourites and companions, both in early and later days. For one rough sandy terrier, especially, named "Rattler," I had a passionate affection, which he fully deserved and amply reciprocated; and for many months after he was lost (while I was at school), I felt in my distress that if I could only recover the poor fellow, I should take him in my arms and hug him to my heart.

Talking of dogs, it happened that my brother Sam kept a few beagles, to hunt with a neighbouring pack on foot, often letting me go with him when he had time to follow these pretty little hounds; and I took to this fascinating sport with the greatest relish. A fortunate access of chicken-pox kept me at home—one term—long enough to make it seem not worth while going to school

again till after Christmas, and I never can forget the delight of those early morning runs on the borders of Epping Forest and through the Leyton and Walthamstow meadows, where hares were decidedly far more abundant than at the present day. Two or three times a bag-fox varied the diversion, but *he* ran a great deal too fast, even for me, and did not double like the hares. Occasionally, also, we had to be content with a "drag," and the first time I discovered I had been running after a red-herring, instead of a hare, I was—well, disappointed. But the dogs were equally happy, and their music and sagacity were always delightful.

That little bout of sickness, by the by, also brought me the exquisite delight, day after day, while in quarantine, of reading the "Arabian Nights," a joy which I reckon as one of the greatest in my boyish days. Even this, however, was not equal to the happiness of being allowed to come home every Saturday afternoon, after my elder brothers had left school, instead of only for Sunday after morning service. To this day, the sound of a gardener whetting his scythe, in the early morn, recalls something of the intense delight with which I used to wake each Saturday morning and hear that sound under my window in Mr. Cogan's garden; for, as the gardener always came on that day, it spoke to me in sweet music of the joy that was awaiting me in the afternoon.

During the last two years of my stay at Mr. Cogan's school (1824—5), I got on much better with my school-fellows than previously. One of the boys had a fine book of "Indian Sports," with enchanting pictures of horses, horsemen, and wild beasts; and I soon inspired some of my companions with a *furore* for playing at hunting tigers and other wild quarry. Then one dismal, dark winter's evening I was invited to come down from the school-room to a brick-floored "lobby" where, by the light of a couple

of tallow candles, we played at "Dumb Motions," night after night, with much content.

But though things had thus improved, there were still one or two dismal experiences to be faced before leaving this school; and, as usual, they came partly in the fighting line; partly in the much worse form of being bullied. Having got decently through all my earlier battles, for a long time I lived in peace with my brethren, unchallenged and unchallenging. There was one boy, however, about my own size, but who had been longer at school, with whom I had never been able to be very friendly, though never on hostile terms. He was a capital fellow for games, very active and bold; and I had heard him described by my elder brother as a remarkably "hardy" boy. This epithet struck my imagination, and filled me with base and cowardly apprehensions of his invulnerability to suffering and wounds, so that when at length he began to threaten me with punishment for some imaginary offence, and assume the airs of a master, and my brother told me I "must not stand young Muzzy's* nonsense, *but stick up to him*," I grieve to say I went about for several days in such a pitiable frame of mind as Gurth might have experienced if he had been told it was his duty to stand up in his sheep-skins, and fight one of Cedric's knights clad in chain-armour. Still I hoped no occasion for quarrel would arise. But it did—I forget how—and I felt that the terrible moment had arrived, when I must enter on the dreadful conflict, or be for ever disgraced, in my own estimation at all events. In this extremity I am ashamed to say the policy of "Fabius Cunctator," and of the last survivor of the Horatii, in the memorable duel related by Livy (of which I had read with gusto in

* His nickname, from his elder brother having called "Musa" in the Eton Grammar "Muzza."

Goldsmith's History of Rome), presented themselves to my mind as a strategic policy suitable to the circumstances; and I actually tried to persuade myself that I might legitimately prepare for the inevitable fight, at first by running away! Then, when he would be somewhat tired by running after me, I resolved that I would suddenly halt, take him by surprise, and charge at him with all my small power of fisticuff! Alas! I had a secret apprehension all the time that I was acting a mean and cowardly part; and, though he soon gave up the chase, and never quarrelled with me again, or behaved discourteously, I could not recover my own self-respect, until an opportunity of making amends occurred towards the close of my experiences at Higham Hill, and was of a specially unpleasant nature, though very useful, like the rest of my woes. A new boy had come to school, rather bigger but younger than myself. He was in a lower form; and, in accordance with scholastic usage, I considered I was entitled to assume airs of superiority over him, which he did not himself resent, but which some of the older boys, with whom I was unpopular (I fear from being too "cheeky"), resented for him. An elder brother of his, who had left the school before this young chap came to it, was, I should say, without exception, one of the worst and cruellest bullies, and the most uncleanly beast, that ever disgraced a home or cursed a school. On one occasion, I remember his torturing me so frightfully in a part of the play-ground, which was fortunately overlooked from the window of one of the usher's bedrooms, that my frantic screams of pain induced him to intervene, and prevent further cruelty. I can see now, as distinctly as if it were last week, that little casement in the distant wall being opened, and beholding the usher look out—hearing him call in threatening tones to the big brute, who then sullenly let me go. There were no other boys near at

the time; but I never saw any one, either usher or boy, except on this occasion, interfere to prevent such proceedings. That lad, however, was much to be pitied, for he had certainly inherited, judging by his physiognomy and the shape of his cranium, a most unfortunate predisposition to vice and cruelty, aggravated, I fear, by well-meant stern and unrelenting treatment from his father. Now the younger brother I just spoke of, was a very different character, not clever, but a good-tempered, honest lad, and well disposed, with whom I was on thoroughly friendly terms. Imagine then my surprise, one day, when I was told that he and I were to have a pitched battle after dinner, to ascertain whether I had any right to give myself airs and claim a superiority which did not depend, as in a public school, on greater age and learning (or being in a higher form in fact), but on physical size and prowess.* I must confess I did not relish the prospect of an encounter with this young Philistine, nearly a head taller than myself, with whom I had no quarrel, and who was not to be quickly disposed of by a sling and stone. Our family doctor, who was also the school doctor, had been sent for that morning to treat some one of the household; and, as we boys came trooping into the play-ground after dinner, on our way to the prize-ring in a secluded spot, I saw him leading out his horse from the stable and trotting away. I was conscious of a strong desire to call him back and ask him to arbitrate between my foes and myself, heartily repenting, as I had begun to do, of my folly in provoking the mortal combat about to take place. Of course I went outwardly cheerful to my fight, and hammered away to the best of my ability, but within a couple of hours the good doctor

* "Fagging" was not allowed in theory any more than fighting: but practically, to a limited extent, both were carried on.

was returning, at full trot, to sew up a small wound, for my opponent had much the best of it; my shirt was covered with blood, and, as I would not "give in," two of the elder boys compassionately stopped the fight, and I was surprised and delighted, when it was over, by the tender kindness with which one of the big boys, who had previously treated me only with haughty indifference, took me to the scullery pump, washed my wounds, and authoritatively declared that, though I was not the conqueror, I was not beaten, and we—the combatants—were henceforth to be on an equal and friendly footing.

I must confess I have hitherto said very little about what is generally considered to be the main object for which lads and lasses are sent to school, viz., to obtain the knowledge and mental training supposed to be necessary for their future career, whatever that may be. I have certainly, so far, dwelt chiefly on the out-door events and occupations of our school life, but that is because they were not only the most interesting to myself, but possibly may be to my readers. Yet it would be most unjust to the rather distinguished school-master, at Higham Hill, the Rev. Eleazer Cogan, if I did not bear my humble and grateful testimony to the remarkably high value of the training given at his school, in certain directions. Mr. Cogan was known in classical circles as one of the first Greek students of the age. Dr. Parr, on being once asked who were the three foremost scholars in Grecian lore, is reported to have answered, with the lisp which characterized his speech, "Porthun (Porson) ith the firth, Cogan ith the third; I leave you to thay who ith th' thecond."

Mr. Cogan, however, was not merely a great classical scholar, but an excellent and most practical "preacher of righteousness." My father, who had induced him to establish his school at Higham Hill, was his constant

admirer, and obtained his leave to print two volumes of his sermons, which are full of valuable moral counsels and Christian hopes. But he was also an ardent lover of music, and played the violin remarkably well. One anecdote which survives shows that this great scholar and learned divine had also, somewhere deep down in his soul, æsthetic tastes, and a profound love of grand and noble architecture. His admiration for the finest building in England, perhaps in the world, of that style and order, St. Paul's Cathedral, was worthy of its object; and, wishing to imbue the mind of his little boy, Richard, at an early age with similar sentiments, he promised, one day, to take the lad to London, and give him a very great treat. Accordingly, he brought him by a roundabout way to St. Paul's Churchyard, in order that the full grandeur of the cathedral might burst upon the boy's gaze at once. Emerging from a narrow passage into the open space, where the first view was to be had, the delighted father paused—looked up at the cathedral and then down at the boy, saying: "Well, Richard, what do you think of it?" The answer was not quite responsive to the father's dream: "It smells very nice, papa," murmured the youthful disciple, in pleased anticipation of "the great treat" promised. For alas! they had come into the church-yard close to a famous pastrycook's! The paternal emotions can be better imagined than described.

The master of Higham Hill School took a world of pains to keep his pupils abreast of the scholarship of the day. And a splendid training school it certainly was, not only for classical learning, but also for the formation of those intellectual habits of mental activity and power which are best promoted by the severe stringency of such teaching as we received at it, and the unfaltering exactitude in repeating our lessons and translating the Greek and Latin authors, which was invariably required.

To be "turned down" or "shot," as it was termed, *i.e.*, to have our book given back to us, and to be sent down to our seat, was felt by many of us to be deep disgrace, and we strove desperately hard to avoid it. My mother had promised me, in the course of one "half" (now known as "term"), some gratifying distinction in the shape of a prize-book, if I continued up to a certain date without being "shot." I had got successfully through the appointed weeks or months, and was within three days of the goal, when standing in my class I heard the top boy stammer over the word "*properare*," and at length suggest it meant to "propitiate." As I took the same discreditable view, I was horrified to see his book shut by the master, and himself sent to his seat. Yet there was hope that the next boy would be wiser, otherwise I was lost. Alas! he, too, was shot and, hardly able to refrain from a burst of unmanly tears, I suffered the same humiliating dismissal. My feelings on going home the following Saturday were painful—very. The sweetness of my mother's sympathetic and consolatory talk was, however, a wonderful comfort, as was also a pretty little book she gave me subsequently; and I do not think either the book or the sympathy at all relaxed my diligence in endeavouring to avoid any more fatal shots. The words, however, which she wrote on the fly-leaf of that reward-book were, I fear, injurious to the better tendencies of a too ambitious nature, during many a succeeding day. The inscription was this: "For to Fame's temple there are many paths. Not for the hero or the sage alone, wreathes she her laurels. All who by honest means can win them, wear them!" It is well, no doubt, to fill the lamp with oil, "*alere flammam*" to adopt the old school-books' motto—but ardent and aspiring youth is only too ready to "nourish the flame" of its own burning Ambition, without the stimulus of words like these.

Some years later, though while still in my teens, I was having one of those conversations with my mother on which sometimes, but very rarely, I spoke to her in regard to subjects of which I never spoke to anyone else, chiefly relating to my wildest yet most sacred hopes and fears. At the end, I remember saying, in a burst of boyish confidence and hope, "Oh, mother, I think some day I shall be famous!" It was a frank and foolish expression of an irrepressible emotion which, I fear, she had done a little to foster, but which I ought to have striven with all my might to stifle, instead of letting it escape me even in talking with her. At all events, it would, I think, have been an excellent opportunity for her—not to laugh at me and call me a little prig—which would have been a worse remedy than the disease, and I should never have talked to her in loving confidence again—but to lift my desires to a higher level. Presumption, and egotism of this nature—foolish dreams of earthly fame—are natural, I suppose, to many energetic and imaginative boys and to some girls—and certainly they are infinitely better and nobler than many other desires and dreams also natural to youth. And it is equally natural for many loving mothers to wish to see their sons distinguished. Yet the above conversation would have afforded a good opportunity for "bruising the head" of those subtler forms of selfishness which inevitably grow out of egotism when unchecked. My mother's reply, therefore, was natural, but not helpful. She felt strongly, but repressed her feelings, and answered simply, yet fervently, "Then, dear, I hope I may live to see it."

A few years later again, I remember only too clearly, when I was trying my wings for literary and dramatic composition, I realised, for the first time, the state of mind which drives men to suicide. For the thought suddenly came rushing over me that, perhaps, I was

making a grim and dreary mistake—that I had, in reality, no talent for dramatic or any other poetry—that I should only live to be a miserable failure; and that suicide, therefore, was the sole resource. But that, also, I suspect, is not an uncommon experience, as the result of morbid egotism and ambition.

There was one pupil at Higham Hill certainly gifted with very ambitious aspirations, for which his subsequent career amply apologised, viz., young Benjamin Disraeli, since he lived to become the head of the Conservative party, and Prime Minister of England. He slept in the same room with my brothers, and I have heard them describe how he would sometimes keep all its occupants listening to the marvellous stories he would tell them, long after the one candle was put out. But, of course, with such an imagination as he possessed he was given to romancing, sometimes in an inconvenient fashion, and my brothers complained that they could not believe his word. They also said that he was a little too fond of "setting the boys together by the ears," *i.e.*, of getting up "rows"—both of which misdemeanours were probably committed, not from any intentional or deliberate viciousness, but from a desire to exert power and to "produce an effect." He left the school before I joined it, but from the passionate admiration and delight with which, in my headlong youth, I read his fascinating and brilliant romances, especially his "Vivian Grey," "Contarini Fleming," and "The Wondrous Tale of Alroy," I seemed to know him intimately. When, however, in later years I endeavoured to renew the early delight, I was rather surprised to find his tales fall as flat as stale ginger-beer. They are wonderfully clever, brilliant, and in youthful days, entrancing. But they have no "staying power." In the first chapters of his "Vivian Grey," there is a very satirical and unjust description of Mr. Cogan's school and

family, which greatly hurt the feelings of those excellent persons. But to do this, I am sure, was not his intention when writing it.

To the list of somewhat distinguished men educated at Mr. Cogan's school, I ought to add the names of the late Russell Gurney, Q.C., Recorder of London, and of his brother, the Rev. Hampden Gurney, formerly vicar of Quebec Chapel, Marylebone, my surgical brother, and the late Alexander John Ellis, M.A. (with whom I had my first battle, and who was afterwards one of my chief school cronies), the energetic and lavish promoter of phonetic spelling and phonetic shorthand, as well as of various educational efforts. Others, besides these men, have felt throughout their careers, the benefit of that severe classical training, and its absolute thoroughness manifested in the rigid discipline maintained in the preparation and repetition of our lessons. That discipline, moreover, was maintained without more corporal punishment than consisted in a little occasional punching of the head, or pulling of hair and ears, by the chief usher, Mr. Cogan's son.

But, alas! that is the limit of praise to be given to the actual tuition provided at this school, while any supervision of the *morale* of the school seemed out of the question, though it was no worse in these respects than most other schools of the day; I fancy rather better, in fact, than the great public schools. But as for mathematical teaching, book-keeping, history, science or literature, this was simply non-existent or despicable. Feeble, though conscientious attempts were made to teach a little geography and French. Goldsmith's History of England was read over regularly, from beginning to end, two or three times a year; and there was a drawing and dancing, as well as music-master provided, as extras for those boys ordained to benefit thereby. Unfortunately, money and time were wasted for several years in vain

attempts to teach me the violin, for which I had not the indispensable qualification of "a good ear." Would that they had been given to enable me to play the piano, which would have been a life-long source of happiness. Of one of the elder boys at Higham Hill I cannot speak too highly, John Lawford, a son of Samuel Lawford, of Clapham Common. From some acquaintance between that gentleman and my father, the sons on both sides became friends, and while a younger brother, Henry, was my particular crony, I felt so much respect and affection for John, that when I was going to be left brotherless at school, I proposed that he should be asked to stand towards me in the relation of an early Roman noble to his client. He willingly undertook the office; and though there was not much room, and seldom any great need for his kind offices, on more than one occasion his intervention was invaluable, and he shielded me, I afterwards found, from some of the worst evils which prevailed in the school, but of which, at the time, I was happily unconscious. He and his brother slept in our room, and his authority was always exerted on the right side. And here I should remark that, in spite of much that was disgusting and vile in the habits and talk of some of the boys, and a low standard generally in regard to matters in which there should be a high one (and would be, were it not for the corrupting influence of one or two black sheep in all schools, but which spreads like leprosy), there certainly was, in Mr. Cogan's school, a remarkably high tone as regarded all that was considered dishonourable, such as lying, stealing, "cribbing" lessons, tale-bearing, &c. I remember that a boy, having once looked over my shoulder, while I was writing a letter home, it caused quite a small explosion of indignation when known, and was considered amply to justify my fisticuff reprisals! Nothing that was deemed "sneaking" or shabby escaped

general and severe condemnation, and this partly explains, though of course does not justify, the cruel persecution of the detected delinquent above mentioned.

A curious little scene recurs to me in this connexion, of a young man who was visiting at a farm adjoining our playground, coming up to the low wall at which some of us were standing. After surveying us for a minute, with surprised admiration or contempt, suddenly and silently he hurled a handful of coppers for a "scramble," into our midst. He had, doubtless, read of kings and princes throwing "largess" among the multitude, and meant to do a princely act of generosity. The astonishment and disappointment of the poor man must have been great, when instead of receiving his bounty with gratitude and cheers, we suppressed a derisive laugh, while one of the elder boys, a remarkable gentlemanly lad, named Dan Fowler, quickly picked up the coppers and handed them back to the misguided though liberal donor.

On the other hand, the habit of teasing, the delight taken in a fight, the morbid and jealous sensitiveness to affronts, and the elevation of a tendency to combativeness to the rank of a chivalrous duty, had a highly mischievous and even life-long effect, I believe, on many of the boys, and certainly on myself. Yet there were a number of quiet, gentlemanly boys in Cogan's school, at different times, chiefly in the upper forms, whom I always looked up to and remembered with respect. Among my closest friends at that school were two nice lads, William and Frank Wansey, the former rather older than myself, with whom our friendship lasted till their death. There was also a remarkably quiet, amiable, self-respecting lad, of the name of Peake, about my own age, with whom I fell violently in love towards the end of my stay at Higham Hill, though I must admit I seldom spoke to him. But I was thus strongly attracted to him, I believe, by his sweet,

quiet, peaceful demeanour, which kept him tranquil and kindly always, and which must have been as true an index to his character, as it certainly was a strong contrast to my own. When I found that Mr. Cogan was going to give up school at the end of a certain "half," and that, ere long, I should probably see the object of my love and worship no more, I was deeply distressed; and, just before we parted, I put in his hands the most valued of my small treasures, a pretty little brown and white glass dog (given me when taken once to an exhibition of glass-blowing), and incontinently ran away. When, half an hour later, he came and gave me an old silver pencil-case which, he said, was the only thing he had to give, I was considerably affected, and often hugged it secretly to my heart. Yet, I'm sorry to say, I have never seen him since. But I would give something to know what was his subsequent history, whether it fulfilled what I thought was the promise of his boyhood, and whether and where he is still living.

My next school was Dr. Morell's, at Hove, near Brighton. A day or two before I went thither, I was walking one lovely summer evening round our grounds, with my brother Samuel and some friend, when my attention was arrested by what proved to be a matter of deep and life-long interest to me. I heard him reciting some verses (Lord Byron's "Destruction of Sennacherib," one of the finest of the Hebrew melodies,) which seemed full of such witching melody as I had never heard before. When he had finished, I asked him whose and what they were, and begged him to repeat them till I, too, had learnt them by heart. I soon had them treasured in my memory—"a possession for ever," one which was the key to unlock for me the whole magnificent storehouse of poetic wealth bequeathed to us by him, whom I cannot but regard as England's greatest poet since Shakespeare.

My mother's poetic soul was much pleased when she heard of my enthusiastic admiration for the poem, and that I had got it by heart; so that when a lady, an amiable friend and neighbour, who thought I had been kind to her little boys, wanted to give me some book as a keepsake to carry with me to my new school, she readily took my mother's hint, and gave me the "Beauties of Byron" (compiled by "Howard")—a dear little volume which, during the sixty-five years which have since elapsed, has been a beloved and cherished treasure. What Byron's poems have been to me during that period, what inspiration they have given me—"the glory and the joy"—is more than I could easily record.

Before closing this school-period, I should not omit mentioning being taken to Drury Lane Theatre, in one of the Christmas holidays, to see Sheridan's celebrated play of "The Critic," with a wonderfully strong cast—Liston, Matthews, and Farren, the three finest comedians of that or perhaps any period on the English stage. I fear, however, I was hardly worthy of the privilege of witnessing the performance, being too young and "uncultured" to understand all the polished wit and humour of the piece without explanations. But I was immensely delighted with the sight of Liston (after he had been satisfactorily killed in the tragedy, the rehearsal of which the author and his friends were supposed to have come to witness and criticise), rolling himself up in the carpet on which he had just died, over and over, all the way up the stage, amid shouts of laughter from all of us juveniles. When, however, I afterwards heard some of my school-fellows describing the performance of an opera which I thought they called "fried ships" (a dainty I could scarcely, on first hearing of it, appreciate,) and understood what it really was, I thought how much more I should have enjoyed it than the admirable acting of "The Critic."

The opera was "Der Freischutz," and I have often since wished for an opportunity of seeing the romantic German's beautiful composition performed, but have never yet got the chance.

CHAPTER IV.

School-life at Hove, near Brighton.

It was a fortunate thing for me that, in consequence of Mr. Cogan's giving up his school, when I was nearly thirteen years of age, I was transferred in company with several of my Higham Hill companions to the school above mentioned, at the sea-side, kept by Dr. Morell. If I have at all seemed to exaggerate in previous descriptions of my life, I should find it, perhaps, even more difficult to avoid that appearance (for it is not a reality) in speaking of the next few years, three of which were spent at this school, and the rest at what was then called the "London University," now "University College." Certainly the time spent at those institutions, with the intervening vacations, was about the happiest and most fruitful of my whole life, and I never can be sufficiently grateful for all the advantages I then enjoyed. At Hove the climate, the bracing air from the South Downs, and the sea, alone, made life a perpetual enjoyment. Of course, there were occasional drawbacks and a few dark days, a few very sad, and even humiliating recollections; but, taking life as a whole during that period, I look back in wonder at my own happiness, and at the amount of new life which was then growing up within me. Memories so full of a strange beauty and romance by sea and land, on the beach, or in the play-ground, and especially during the indescribably delightful occasional "excursions" to neighbouring villages or towns, occupying the whole day—and then the charms of consciously expanding intellect,

vivifying imagination, and increasing knowledge—all the beatific visions, the glorious dreams, dazzling hopes, boundless aspirations, and growing ambition; the enthusiastic friendships and exciting boyish enterprises—But enough of this. . . . One's eyes grow too dim with memories such as these, to see clearly or to write sedately.

Some of my old Walthamstow companions, the Wanseys especially, were pleasant companions at Hove, and I made several new friends, among them my cousin, Neal Solly, who edited a M.S. Magazine for the school, and Frederic Janson, who has long been at the head of a leading City firm of Solicitors, and both of whom are still living, I am glad to say. The Wanseys and myself remained firm friends to their death. To one of the boys at Hove, about my own age, I was as ardently attached for a time as I had been to a somewhat similarly endowed lad at Higham Hill. He was, however, much inferior to the previous object of my affections in point of intellect, and was endeared to me chiefly by his sweet, sleepy smile, his soft delight in comical things and persons, his dark curly locks, and his uniformly unruffled good nature. But though he was undeniably slow, he exercised, all unconsciously, a wonderfully fascinating influence over me; and days and weeks went by when, without ever even hinting to him my attachment, it was an indescribable pleasure merely to see him and be near him. The glamour of this romance, however, also passed away even before I left school, for there was no real sympathy between us, or common interest in either books or thoughts, lessons or games; and we never met again in after years. His nickname, I am afraid, among some of "the baser sort," was "Pudding-head," but he took it sweetly, like all else that befel him.

With another boy, William Acland, it was very different. He was a youth not only with a gentle kindly disposition, but with considerable mental power, and a

keen sense of humour. He had one sterling good quality specially distinguishing him in a school, which, like most schools, I fear, in those days was honey-combed with degrading vice, but against which, in a quiet way, he sedulously protested. We became fast friends, and our friendship lasted for life. He belonged to a good old Devonshire family, and inherited, amongst other good qualities, a remarkable talent for music. His chief failing was excessive timidity and nervous apprehension of all sorts of evils, which exerted on me, also a coward by nature, much the same beneficial effect as the spectacle of tipsy Helots did upon the ingenuous and aristocratic Spartan youth in Lacedœmon; his timidity making me brave. But one of my school-fellows (another cousin, Thomas Solly), of whom I took little notice then, as he was two or three years younger than myself, and not gifted with a particularly genial temperament, or much given to games, became a few years later, the dearest friend, of my own sex, I have ever had, a friendship which lasted till his death with unbroken attachment on both sides. He greatly distinguished himself at the University of Cambridge by a work he published while a student at Caius College, called "A Syllabus of Logic," becoming, in after years, a Professor in the University of Berlin, when he published that noble work "The Will, Divine and Human." He was English tutor to the then Crown Prince (the late Emperor of Germany), and to the Red Prince. But I shall have more to say of him by-and-by.

Among other pleasant friendships with those who were my school-fellows at Hove, I must not omit mentioning my cousin, the Rev. Richard Shaen, M.A., who was too young when we were at school together for much intimacy, but who, in later years, has been a highly valued and *brotherly* friend. With scholarly tastes and acquirements, ardent desires for the promotion of useful

philanthropic movements, and generous liberality in their support, he has earned the regard and esteem of all like-minded people.

For the most part, however, the lads whom we hardy Coganites came among were rather an effeminate, spooney lot, and we came down upon them like the Goths on the luxurious and depraved subjects of the Roman Empire, as in my rather vain-glorious imaginings I liked to fancy them. Not that we brought our fighting experiences into practice. The Goths were content to know that they could "lick" the Romans if they ventured on any violations of school-boy peace and propriety. During the whole of my stay at the Hove school, I never saw but one fight between any of the boys, and only twice a preparation for it; on both of these two last occasions, when the Morellite saw the Coganite squaring up, he desisted from further proceedings! Once, when a fisher lad was going to knock me "into a cocked hat" I remember he changed his mind (probably to my secret satisfaction) as I handed my cap to a school-fellow and "cleared for action." But the grand charm of the school at Hove was the splendid grass play ground under the cliff, and the liberty granted to all boys over twelve years of going down to the sea. This latter privilege, by-the-by, to our great sorrow, was abrogated during the last year of my stay there, in consequence of one of the boys, a son of Lady Mary S—— (who was a regular little "ne'er do weel,") getting another boy to wheel him in a barrow right into the surf, and there leave him till, before long, a larger wave than usual upset him, barrow and all; and, drenched to the skin, young Pickle had to creep up to his bed-room and "dree his weird." Of course, during the summer months we had delightful bathes every other day, unless it was at all stormy, when there was endless delight in seeing the fishermen putting off, and returning, in their boats—also in

making and sailing our own little model boats on the large lagoons often left at low water on the sands.

There was, however, one serious responsibility connected with that fine play ground, in consequence of its having no fence round it, and being therefore often taken for a bit of common open to the public. Those of us who were regarded as the elder boys were supposed to be the guardians of the sacred property, and bound to defend it against all intruders, who consisted chiefly of fisher-lads, donkey-boys, tradesmen's errand-boys, and so forth, and who, like true Britons, sometimes objected to what seemed to them very doubtful private ownership of land. We boys, however, did not perceive, or appreciate, the sturdy nobleness of a race whom we ignominously classed under the usual complimentary names of "snobs" or "blackguards;" and those early experiences of intercourse with the industrial classes of Hove and Brighton, though delightfully exciting, were neither amiable nor peaceful. In the true Conservative spirit we indignantly and fiercely resisted all attempts on the "young barbarians'" part to trench on the Dr.'s property, *i.e.* our play-ground—and they found that the fists of the warlike Higham Hill contingent of new boys formed a more effectual barrier against invasion than stone walls or palings. Sometimes, however, they took us at a disadvantage by throwing stones from the high road above our play-ground; and I can see now an exciting pitched battle which took place up there, once, between a stalwart cousin of mine, Samuel Shaen, and a big fisher boy who, with his companions, was bent either on avenging their exclusion from the play-ground, or through pure love of mischief and fighting, had been assailing us with stones. Young Shaen was strong, well-knit, and fought remarkably well (as I once found in a drawn battle with him over some trifling dispute—the only fight I had with a school-fellow at Hove and the last I ever had

with any one); so that the brave young "snob" got the worst of it, and I don't recollect any more encounters of this nature. The accomplished and pleasant gentleman, Mr. Malleson (who took the school when the doctor retired), built a wall round the play-ground, which was regarded with contempt by those of us who had taken off our hats and jackets in defence of our territories in former days. Intercourse, however, with the *adult* members of the working classes at Hove—fishermen, boatmen, shoemakers, &c.—what little we had of it, I am glad to remember, was agreeable, curious, and sometimes interesting. There was an old cobbler who had a stall close to our play-ground, and told us stories about former pupils, especially one about the younger Brunel—son of Isambard Brunel—who was at Dr. Morell's school for a time, and which held his listeners always in breathless suspense when heard for the first time. For it seems that that clever and erratic young gentleman, on some occasion, when revelling in the possession of half-a-sovereign, and perhaps desiring to feel that it was really quite his own, had transferred it from his pocket to his mouth, whence, under the influence, possibly, of overpowering visions of future engineering, he suffered it, unfortunately, to slip into his gullet. Old Kingswood's harrowing description of the scene which ensued, the rush for the doctor, the suspension of the unhappy boy by the heels, the forcible wrestlings of the surgeon with the obstinate obstruction during a dangerously protracted period, with its final triumphant extraction, have ever since been associated in my mind with the magnificent Great Western Railway, and its broad guage, with the unnecessary Box tunnel, the disastrous failure of the atmospheric South Devon Railway, and the no less unfortunate failure of the "Great Eastern" steamer. Half-a-sovereign, at one time, would have greatly changed the course of engineering attempts in these

directions, and perhaps have earned for itself, not only Timon's anathemas on gold in general, but Southey's description of "Dirt," for when "the Doctor" asks—"Dirt, Jacob! what is dirt?" the boy replies "Something, father, in the wrong place."

During my first summer vacation, after Mr. Cogan's school had been closed, a pretty and nearly thorough-bred pony, considerably larger than "Minimus," had been bought for my youngest sister to ride; but, being too apt to shy for her use, it was generally at my service when I was at home. "This child of a famous racer" often ran away with me, though she never threw me but once. The result then might have been serious, but a wonderful blessing came out of the disaster. I was riding over to Higham Hill to call upon Mrs. Cogan and her two eldest daughters— excellent ladies, who had always been very kind to me while I was at that school, and for whom I felt much regard. In the course of my ride, I dropped my whip, for the second though last time in my life; but, as I now had stirrups, I dismounted to recover it; and, before I was settled down again in the saddle, my pony started forward, and threw me on the crupper. The next thing of which I was conscious was a violent blow on the head, and then found myself lying on the ground on my back. I was soon up, caught my steed (which didn't run away, but seemed rather sorry for the catastrophe), and proceeded on my way to Higham Hill. When I got home, however (rather slowly, for I had, at last, to walk my pony), they sent for the doctor, and for a week I was kept pretty much to the sofa. But, when he told my mother that I ought not to read anything requiring consecutive attention, it reminded her of a little book, a great favourite of my father's, which has been a singular blessing to me all my life. It was the "Aphorisms on Man," by Lavater, author of the once celebrated work on Physiognomy,

but worth all the books, including his own, I fancy, ever written on that highly suggestive subject. It was translated into remarkably good and racy English (a little stilted, perhaps, at times,) by that once eminent painter, Fuseli, whose life was written by a friend of the artist and of my father, Mr. James Knowles, one of the leading actuaries of the day. The amount of wisdom it contains, the shrewd sagacity, noble and elevating sentiment, the insight it evinces into the more hidden springs of character and conduct, and the remarkably practical value of the lessons it inculcates, have rendered it, in my esteem, as it did in my father's, a volume of priceless worth, and I only wonder it has never been reprinted. The publisher, who should once more give it to the world, would do good service. But, unfortunately, that world, as a sagacious critic after hearing a lecture of mine on "Don Quixote," once remarked to me, "likes better to be amused than instructed," and "Society" or the comic papers will "pay" much better than any amount of wisdom; though the well-deserved success of "Great Thoughts" shows that, even now, this little book would always be of perennial value to those who could appreciate it. So I have been thankful for that blow on the head ever since.

Dr. Morell was a good classic, and scarcely less strict in his requirements from his pupils than Mr. Cogan. But he had a much larger range of general knowledge, of which we had the benefit. He was somewhat hasty, and occasionally irascible, but had a very kindly heart, large sympathies, and in general a pleasant genial manner. He had a great respect for my father, was glad to have one of his sons as a pupil, and for the most part treated me with special kindness and forbearance. He had instituted a capital custom in the shape of a daily recitation by each of the elder boys in turn, after dinner before we left the dining-room; and, having been practised

in this kind of exercise by my mother from infancy, I took to it at Hove with no little zest, selecting my pieces with great care, partly from a treasured volume which my mother had given me as a child, called "Cottle's Selections" (an admirable collection), but frequently from my beloved little "Beauties of Byron." We were not limited as to the length of our performance, and one of the boys, who had a prodigious memory, on some occasion kept us in quiet and amused content for about half an hour from our after-dinner studies. Among the Byronic selections I was specially fascinated by all the descriptions of Napoleon and his works, and for a time was in a rather ignoble bondage of hero-worship for that cruel idol of brass and clay, until delivered from it by those two magnificent essays of Dr. Channing's on the subject.

Dr. Morell, I found, was much surprised that, though nearly thirteen, I had never begun Mathematics, and I was forthwith set to work on Euclid, which I enjoyed immensely; but Algebra was not much to my taste any more than Arithmetic, which I always hated. There was a clever and sardonic usher at this school, who taught French and writing, under whose auspices some of us acted a French play—apparently with some *eclât*. But he had a vile temper, and was believed to have got a copy of Shakespeare bound like the Prayer-book (revised version, of course,) which was used at the Unitarian Chapel in the New Road, where most of the boys attended.

Our master was a great admirer of Horace, and our class (the senior) were steeped in his poetry from beginning to end. Odes, Satires, and Epistles were delightfully familiar to us, and were thoroughly enjoyed. I have often, however, since regretted that we were not permitted to become better acquainted with Virgil, for whose noble epic I should have had an ardent admiration, and a genuine intelligent love which I certainly did not attain to

(I say it with shame), for the far grander Iliad with the translating of which I have sundry painful recollections (not bodily ones). The Odyssey was much more enjoyable; Livy's immortal history was not then so welcome to me as, in Arnold's and Mommsen's pages, it has since been. Janson and Acland were generally at the head, both of the Greek and Latin class, and though standing third, I could rarely dislodge them. But I don't remember ever being "shot."

There was one species of delightful fighting, occasionally practised at this school, into which I entered with vast delight, but so innocent in its nature that one can't help wishing it could supersede all other forms of combativeness. It consisted in bolstering matches, in which one room challenged another, and which were carried on in our night shirts, after we had retired to our respective dormitories, and were supposed to be at rest. The tumult of war, however, even with these soft and peaceful weapons, was sometimes sufficiently loud to bring up an usher or a servant to the scene of strife, and send us all scuttling helter-skelter to our beds. Then the next morning came the doctor's distressing infliction of so many lines of Homer or Virgil, &c., to be learnt by heart before the culprits were allowed to go out of the school-room, except to dinner or bed. These confinements were to me intolerably irksome, as indeed I had found them at Higham Hill; and not once, or twice only, I doubted whether the "fearful joy" of the preceding night had not been too dearly purchased. But unwilling either to give up bolstering or to forfeit my liberty in play-hours, I often tried my powers of boyish persuasion on the good Dr., by pleading, on highly plausible grounds, for remission of punishment. The arguments I brought to bear on him, in such cases, were doubtless connected generally with the value, and indeed, the indispensable

necessity, not only for exercise, but also for "Play," which has been to me, through life, a favourite conception used in the sense of Schiller's "Letters on Æsthetic Culture." At all events, the success which must have attended these juvenile pleadings was stamped upon my memory by the Doctor, to my infinite surprise and trembling exultation, saying to me, on one occasion, with a certain mournful solemnity, "I don't know how it is, Henry Solly, but you are always making me let you off your punishment. This is not right." No more it was. And, on the strong representations of my mother and sister, who had heard of my riotous conduct, and pathetically pointed out that it would alienate Dr. Morell's regard for and interest in me, I finally abjured the fascinating nocturnal pastime, and it fell into deserved desuetude. But, during the next vacation, my mother told me that he had advised my father to have me educated for the Bar, which, thank God, he did *not* do, greatly as, at that time, I should have preferred it to the counting-house.

A much more wholesome and legitimate channel for the exercise of Schiller's "Play-impulse" was subsequently found when an elder cousin, from London, called one day at the school to see me, and on hearing my complaint that when it was too cold for cricket the boys loafed about, and we could get up no games, he had a number of wooden hockey-balls turned, and advised my investing a tip, which he gave me, in hockey-sticks. Armed with these charming persuasives, I soon got up some lively hockey contests; and afterwards, by raising a subscription for a large football, we also had some capital games in that line. This was long before those odious "Rugby Rules" had completely changed its character (as I venture to think for the worse), and made it both dangerous and disagreeable in comparison with its original idea. "Shinning" was the worst that could happen when it was

really a game of football, and not a miserable tussle and scuffle with arms, legs, and loins, to the risk of dislocated joints and broken bones.

In these games, a very pleasant, sprightly lad, Sam Reid by name, who was in a lower form than myself, but to whom I was greatly drawn by similarity of tastes and dispositions, joined with me enthusiastically in appropriating to ourselves, and other of our play-fellows, the names and characters of the principal personages of Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," which we had been devouring with immense delight. As the introducer of this species of diversion, I fear that I accepted, very willingly, the character of the bewitching young chief of the Mohican Tribe, the gallant and ill-fated "Uncas;" but young Reid was greatly flattered by being styled "Chingachgook," the wily and sagacious "Old Serpent;" while the "Scout" was the honoured name of some other doughty warrior; and the shrill cries of "Go it, Uncas!" "Go it, Chingachgook!" &c., sounded through the air during the football charges, and no doubt animated us to deeds of surpassing fortitude and courage. I don't remember ever being rebuked for taking a lead at these games; but I was terribly humiliated and distressed once on finding some of my school-fellows, in another game called "King," refusing to play any more because I had repeatedly broken their line. All the old misery came over me, then, which was once the consequence at Higham Hill of boasting of my running. Yet I had not been boasting on this occasion—only knocking my opponents over! with, perhaps, unnecessary vigour. But remembering what I then felt, and the detestation in which from those early days I felt, in common with most decent Englishmen, for any gasconading and blowing one's own trumpet, I cannot adequately express my astonishment at having been persuaded to write these personal recollections.

For if they are not to consist of a series of depressing failures and mistakes, unrelieved by successful achievements, they must occasionally record that which, if recounted by oneself, looks too much like "brag." But this difficulty did not occur to me when I consented to write my story, and I have referred sufficiently to it in the preface.

One beautiful institution in the "Hove House" system, as I said above, was the excursions which the Doctor and his amiable lady took us occasionally, during the spring and autumn terms, to various places in the district—Shoreham, Bramber Castle, Ditchling, Rottingdean, and above all, to the Devil's Dyke; on the road to which latter place, by-the-by, I remember, on one occasion, as some of us were looking over a low bank and gate, a hale old gentleman, an entire stranger to us all, coming upon us as he descended the hill, and (much to my confusion and the amusement of my companions) taking me round the neck, giving me a hearty kiss, and then going on his way, silently, alone. Possibly he had once lost a son something like me. There was, of course, a glorious view for us when we reached the top of the Dyke, and the air of chalk downs I have always thought the most exhilarating and charming that England can offer —the best, perhaps, in the world—for either work or play.* But my experience of other climates has been very limited. In spite, however, of these charms on the summit, the grand attraction for us boys, in those days, was the delightful little hamlet nestling at the foot of the Dyke on the north-west, where, from pre-historic times, or at all events, long before his name-sake went to Rugby, "Tom Brown's" little village ale-house had been the head-quarters of

* An English gentleman, I was recently told, being asked by a foreigner what the climate of England was, sagaciously answered, "We have no climate—only *weather*."

Dr. Morell's young excursionists. It were vain to attempt describing the charm of those "outings." The wild delight of being so largely our own masters for eight or ten hours, the buoyant sense of freedom, and the opportunities for adventure, the glad companionship with our chosen chums, the boundless activity permitted and required, with all the charm to me of novelty (the scenery and surroundings being so different from anything I had ever known before), combined to make these excursions a blessed memory for ever.

During one of those expeditions to Shoreham, I had gone down with several other boys to the harbour, and with usual school-boy impudence, we were rambling over a vessel which was lying alongside the quay; when, unmindful of former trouble on board ship, I was possessed with that uncontrollable desire to mount the rigging, which is certainly natural to three British boys out of four. Accordingly I did so, with much delight, and had got nearly to the top of the mainmast shrouds, when, looking down, on hearing shouts from my companions, I saw an active young sailor-boy, with a bit of rope in his hand, hurrying up after me, his smiling face all aglow with intended mischief. I had, however, learned wisdom by experience; and, when my adversary was nearly up to me, I slipped round to the under side of the shrouds, and began a swift descent. This, of course, unwilling to be baulked of his prey, he endeavoured to prevent, and a struggle ensued, in the midst of which one of my shoes came off and dropped into the sea. The contest ended in my getting down to the deck before the enemy; but, though my school-fellows' congratulations were welcome, I began to doubt how I should manage to walk the four or five miles back to Hove with only one shoe. To my surprise and delight, I presently found that a splendid Newfoundland dog, which had been sitting on

the quay, on hearing a splash in the water on the other side of the vessel, had jumped in, swum round, saw my shoe afloat, and brought it in his mouth safely to land. I wish I could remember whether I took him forthwith to the nearest butcher's, and treated him to a chop—but I really don't, and fear that by that time my pockets were empty. We had sandwiches and 1*s.* apiece allowed us for refreshments, but this was generally used up rather early in the day's proceedings.

Another picture is of a ramble on the South Downs, when my beloved elder sister, Charlotte, had come with her elder married sister and brother-in-law, to Brighton, in the course of a little excursion Mr. Rule had been taking them from London, and along the coast, driving his two-horse phaeton. Dr. Morell gave leave for me to have a whole holiday with them, and after breakfasting at the Ship Hotel, where they were staying, we all went up on the Downs, which had not then been so ruthlessly built on and enclosed as at present. As my sister and I roamed over those hills, hour after hour, on a beautiful sunny day, a grand new world was opened before me, and a new life poured in by her conversation ; for, in truth, that walk formed a divine era in my life, never to be forgotten, and for which I never could be adequately grateful. "I had passed," said my sister, quoting from one of Sir Walter Scott's tales, when I was telling her the next holidays what that walk had done for me, "I had passed that bourne which some pass early, some pass late, and some never pass at all."*

Years afterwards, in a sermon preached before the General Baptist Assembly in 1891, and printed by them, I see that I spoke of that walk as a time when a youth "was

*She thought these words were to be found in "Redgauntlet," but I have looked for them there in vain, and would gladly find them now.

awakened out of a happy careless boyhood by a long summer day's ramble over turfy downs with a beloved elder sister, during which she touched in him the springs of a higher life, so that those summer hours made a new birth-day for him—a birth into the higher world." I would give much to remember that conversation more distinctly; but though I cannot recall the details, I have a distinct recollection of its general tenor; how it led me to see something of the nobleness of life, of the lofty ends for which this life was given, and of how I might begin at once preparing to make a worthy use of the great opportunities which, sooner or later, are given to us all. And though I often have had to learn the truth of Wordsworth's beautiful and most pathetic lament over that which is,

> . . . "The most difficult of tasks—to *keep*
> Heights which the soul is competent to gain,"

and to learn and to feel its truth in deepest anguish, yet I never altogether lost the noble upward impulse then given.

One of the first results, I remember, was setting to work, according to my sister's advice, on Robertson's "History of Charles V.," which fortunately happened to be among the small lot of books, dignified at Dr. Morell's by the name of the "School Library." His masterly "View of the Progress of Europe," from the subversion of the Roman Empire to the 16th century—which occupies the first volume of his history—opened up to me an enchanting new world of thought and knowledge, which has had a foremost place in all my subsequent historical studies and teachings. When this book was finished I gladly accepted my sister's recommendation to read Russell's "Modern Europe," which we had at home. About this time, also, I remember reading, with as much delight as a novel, Schiller's history of the "Thirty Years' War" and the "Revolt of the Netherlands" (in "Constable's Miscellany," a capital serial publication of the

day), which my sisters had given me as a birthday present. When these fascinating books were finished there was a surprise one morning caused by the Doctor's handing me "Segur's History of the Russian Campaign," which, at my father's request, he had rather reluctantly added to the said library. But I had come from a school where there was a really first-rate institution of that kind, receiving a constant supply of new books, and with which Dr. Morell's Library contrasted, something like a "Pinnock's Catechism" with "Lardner's Cyclopædia." So during a Christmas vacation, not long after that walk on the Downs, it came into my head to try and establish a popular school library by small weekly subscriptions among the boys themselves, on the principle of the Higham Hill library, and which should be their very own. So spending all my pocket money on the purchase of such books as I thought would be attractive, and as I could afford to buy with the help of funds which I coaxed the elders of my family to contribute, I started a school library at Hove, and mention this little incident as my first of many attempts (only too successful) at sponging on the benevolent rich for the good of the needy poor. Yes, and for the good of the rich also, for they ought to feel grateful (as I have often since assured them, and as doubtless they did), for being shown how to make a good use of their wealth! By bringing a number of books with me to start the library, to which subscribers to it should have free access at once, I calculated (correctly, as in the matter of hockey sticks) on attracting enough support to be able to buy more books at Brighton, and so keep the thing going for that "half," and then look to the renewed subscriptions the following "half" for further progress. Many of the boys joined, and enjoyed the fun of electing a committee, as well as of reading the books and passing the rules. But I am bound to admit that some of the books we

bought on our own imperfect judgment were sad and even demoralizing rubbish, and showed the need of some older heads to guide our choice.

In looking back on those school-days I see two attempts at promoting theatrical performances, one when I dramatized in my head some sensational story, and persuaded three or four boys to join with me in performing it. But though some of my school-fellows received it with favour, there was evidently a party of malcontents who regarded the whole affair (as they might easily do, I confess) in rather a ridiculous light, and like sensible critics in all ages voted it a failure before it began. The other attempt, up to a certain point, was, however, a grand success. It came off, according to announcement, at *five a.m.* on the morning of the day when we were all going home for midsummer holidays, and therefore feared no interruption to our revels, or chastisement for indulging in them. At that time I slept in one of the largest rooms with about six or seven other boys, who all entered heartily into the fun, two of the youngest boys immensely enjoying the having to perform the part of elves in one of Grimm's delightful "German Popular Tales" which I proposed for representation as the first piece. The second was to be "The Siege of Missolonghi" which was suggested by one of the elder boys, and was the great event of the morning. The shoemaker, his wife, and the elves had had a grand time of it, the latter capering about *in puris naturalibus*, with boundless satisfaction and amid much applause. But the fun waxed fast and furious when the siege of one of the bedsteads began; cannon balls and shells, in the shape of bolsters and pillows, flew about in wild confusion. Our happiness was at its height when suddenly the door was burst open and in rushed Mr. Brown, the French usher, in a white heat of rage, swearing he would throw us all out of the window for disturbing his slumbers at that

early hour by our "infernal noise," and laying about him viciously in somewhat violent fashion. Conscious of criminality, all our visitors fled in the "twinkling of a bed-post" to their bed-posts elsewhere, to escape the raging Nemesis-usher, while the rest of us sought shelter under our bed-clothes and bedsteads. At his first inrush I was fortunately near my own bedstead, which was behind the door, and diving under it without much regard for my less fortunate fellows, I prudently remained quietly there, until the storm was over, and I could snuggle safely into bed again.

That attempt at forming a school library reminds me of the pride, though mingled with immense alarm, with which soon after I first went to Higham Hill I saw my brothers Samuel and William taking part in a contested election to fill the place on the committee of the capital school library rendered vacant by Samuel's leaving school. Some days before the election I had seen him surrounded by an excited crowd of his school-fellows, who were angrily charging him with having broken the rule against canvassing, by saying something on behalf of his brother William, who was one of the candidates. He appeared to have defended himself successfully, and on the day of election, with wonder and fear, I beheld him mounted on a temporary platform, composed of dining-tables, along with other speakers, and addressing "the worthy electors," who were crowding the room. There were two other candidates, one of whom was Sidney Gurney (a younger brother of Russell Gurney), who proved to be more acceptable to the school-electors in spite of our Samuel's eloquent pleading for his brother. This result was mortifying, but what made the deepest impression on me was the sight of Mr. Sam placed on high, and having to rise, face, and speak to the assembled school. I little thought then that what appeared to me such a terribly

formidable task, I should have to perform many thousand times in the course of my life, or that I should at length be more exercised by having few hearers than many. Practice, of course, makes most things comparatively easy. But it was long before the having to speak in public was anything but a very serious trial. Even to this day, unless either I know my audience well, or am pretty sure of their sympathy, it often costs me no little effort to begin. Once started, most public speakers find it, I believe, comparatively easy to continue—rather too easy sometimes. But for years I could not get over the fear (groundless so far) of words or thoughts failing me, and having to sit down ignominiously.

Another blissful recollection of these school-days is of a holiday spent on the Downs cutting gorse for a grand "Fifth of November" bonfire, where the Doctor, for a small payment, had got leave for us to forage. But as the Roman Catholic Emancipation claims were being righteously and vigorously pressed on Parliament, and he, like a good Liberal and Nonconformist, was heartily in favour of Catholic Emancipation, he would not let us have the bonfire on Guy Fawkes' day nor with any ceremonial or effigy referring to that unhappy individual. On those glorious Downs then, hour after hour in bright sunshine, I see myself scampering about from bush to bush with my blithe companions, my head filled with images of the Peninsular Campaigns, of which I had just been reading, and fancying myself a cavalry officer on active service. At night there was at first great jubilation over the bonfire, for which a tar-barrel had been bought; but a horde of roughs, men as well as boys, from the surrounding districts, before long broke in upon us with irresistible fury, flung the burning brands about, rolled the blazing tar-barrel over the grass, and sent us all, cavalry officers included, pell-mell to our school-room and to beds.

Among the brightest of those memories, I think, was the journey at the end of each half, from Brighton to London, outside the stage-coaches, which were packed full with the Hove school-boys, when we were all at the height of human felicity—at least, I was. I can imagine few things in boyish experience more delightful than those journeys of about six hours' duration, with the many previous hours of anticipation. What has railway travelling to offer school-boys in comparison? If anything could add to their happiness it was supplied when some sprightly and experienced lad introduced pea-shooters, armed with which, and a bag of dried peas, some of us amused ourselves, as we rattled past, with peppering such luckless individuals as we thought were fair game, much more to our own satisfaction than theirs. On one occasion, however, we ran into terrible danger. For a sturdy Sussex carter, endowed with a temper not quite that of the "much-enduring Ulysses," and who had sprung from a race noted for its resistance to ill-treatment from the days of Wat Tyler to those of Dr. Morell, was stung to fierce resentment by a discharge of our tiny missiles full in his face. Ferociously careless as to the results of his anger, he caught up a great flint, and hurled it after us, with tremendous force. Fortunately, it fell on the roof of the coach (in which it cut a deep hole), instead of on one of the many little heads ranged there, fore and aft. Otherwise, there would have been a coroner's inquest, and weeping eyes in saddened homes. The coachman, not a little alarmed, pulled up, and solemnly protested against any more pea-shooting. I suppose, therefore, it was on some other of these blissful journeys (though I am not sure, for boys are not generally nervous, and soon forget, or indeed hardly feel any alarm at such catastrophes as long as nobody's hurt); but, at all events, it was on one of those journeys, when coming over Tooting Common, I

remember peppering a gentleman, full in the face, as we passed him calmly driving his gig. Like the carter he, too, was roused to passionate resentment, and took instant measures for avenging himself, though not quite of such a dangerous nature. For, lashing his horse into a gallop, and soon coming alongside our coach, he began lashing me—until finding I only poured incessant discharges right on to his unprotected face (I blush to confess it), he threw up his whip with a good humour and burst of laughter, which did him infinite credit, pulled in his horse, and gave up the chase, amid the shrill cheers of my companions. But I did not then realise, as in later days, when looking at some cherubs blowing trumpets in a picture, what an intensely ridiculous figure I must have cut, puffing through my tin pea-shooter, with fat little cheeks.

Looking back on those six-hours' journeys between Brighton and London, one recalls the sensation caused by a Mr. Alexander starting a coach, called the "Wonder," which was timed to perform the distance in 4½ hours. (The early morning coaches, however, often did it in little over 5 hours.) Though a bad driver, he insisted on driving it himself, and I and others had narrow escapes. For accidents did sometimes happen to fast coaches, particularly when the coachman, going down a hill, was not quick enough with his "double-thong" on the off-wheeler. But then, as the coachman said, "Well, if it does happen, there you are! But in a railway smash, *where are you?*" A more cheerful rejoinder was once made by a smart Jehu, when a box-passenger pleasantly ventured to ask, "When these railways are finished, what are we to do with all you surly coachmen?" "Turn us into civil engineers, sir," was the witty and gentlemanly reply.

It was while I was at that Hove School that a

gentleman, of the name of Vallance, propounded a scheme for shooting carriages through a tunnel from London to Brighton—by means of a vacuum—the time occupied in transmission to be just half an hour. He was considered by the general public, in consequence, to be slightly insane; but a good many of Dr. Morell's old pupils have lived to see the journey of 52 miles performed by express trains in little over one hour—and we have also seen atmospheric railways constructed, worked, and——fail. But another attempt for being shot along at a hundred miles an hour, on Mr. Vallance's plan, was announced the other day as in preparation.

Though I am not aware of any other of Dr. Morell's boys who have attained great distinction in after life except Professor Solly, of Berlin, and the younger Brunel, I ought not to omit referring to the interesting and useful lives of David Cox and J. Müller, the great painters, written by my cousin, Neal Solly (himself a beautiful water-colour artist), and to the valuable influence he exerted for many years as a County Magistrate while managing-partner of the large coal and iron works at Willenhall, in Staffordshire. Many useful movements and institutions, especially some for the promotion of the Fine Arts, have benefited by his generous public-spirited sympathies: and his poetical pieces, written only for the perusal of friends, have considerable merit. His younger brother, James, was my earliest, and throughout our boyhood, my dearest playfellow, chiefly at Leyton House, where he used to visit us during my holidays, and whence we used to make delightful pedestrian excursions to Epping Forest; but there was scope enough for the happiness which boys only can know, in the grounds, and especially on the pond, at my home. One of his brothers was a remarkably clever boat-builder at a yard on the Thames, where he invented, launched, and sailed in (once

I accompanied him) a double boat, fifty years before the "Calais-Douvre" (built on the same principle) was afloat. He instructed his young brother and myself in the art of making model boats, and thus inspired us with a passionate fondness for imagining our little ships to be manned by the heroes and crews of Fenimore Cooper's fascinating tales of the Pilot, Red Rover, and Water-witch. The power of imagination, in childhood and youth, is certainly wonderful and blessed—enabling a little girl to love and fondle a bit of wood and rag like a baby, and a couple of boys to exult with transports of joy over the ill-regulated wanderings of their little craft on a little pond, while they imagine that those manœuvres represent all the thrilling incidents and fortunes of the magician's romance. This cousin also (James Solly), by dint of remarkable ability and pluck, became the managing-partner of the iron-works, first started by himself in a very small way, at Lea Brook, near Tipton, and afterwards developed into the large and fairly-prosperous concern at Great Bridge. He was chairman of the Tipton Bench of Magistrates for many years, where his warm sympathies with the down-trodden and poor, combined with a singularly keen sense of justice and the duty of seeing fair-play between employer and workman, as well as between man and man, sometimes made him like "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," so that the "Black Country" was a little brighter, in more ways than one, for his residence there. His house at Toll End was always open to me, especially when I was "stumping" the district, again and again, in the promotion of working men's clubs and co-operative societies, for which his carriages and horses were frequently at my service. His experience on the bench (where I occasionally sat beside him), led him to see the importance of an alteration of the law of procedure in criminal cases, on which he read a paper at one of the

meetings of the Social Science Association; and, in conjunction with others, ultimately got the required legislation passed for the benefit of those working men, and especially their wives, who had previously sometimes suffered from crying injustice when brought before the Bench. During the first years of my stay at Dr. Morell's School, my cousins' father and mother were living at Hove, and many a happy hour I had on half-holidays at their hospitable home, and always a kind welcome.

In one of the winter vacations of this period, the gentleman, Mr. Vigne, who kept the pack of beagles, mentioned in chap. iv., p. 71, had arranged with my brothers and other gentlemen to have a grand hunt one winter's Saturday afternoon, with a bag-fox, and I was looking forward to the chase with immense—though, as it proved, misplaced enthusiasm and delight. The sacred animal, whose breed is now so precious that it is said to be safer in agricultural districts to kill a baby than a fox (and equally dangerous, I suppose, to bag one,) was brought down from London to a tolerably secluded part of Epping Forest, turned out of his bag, and, after the regulation amount of "law," was followed at such a rattling pace by dogs, horses, and men, that I soon found myself an immeasurable distance behind; for it seems I was not, then, possessed of a pony. Struggling homewards through the forest in the gloaming, I had a curious and dismal hallucination, in which a couple of fierce dogs seemed to be rushing at me, and then melted away. But I loved that forest dearly and all my rambles in it—for by this time I had pretty well exchanged (not altogether) "the spirit of fear" for that "of power and of a sound mind." "Love," in the higher apostolic sense, was to come later, but very tardily. There is more than one pretty idyllic scene connected with Epping and Hainault Forests (the last not then half destroyed by cruel and rapacious

disafforesting), and associated with excursions in their romantic glades.

My brother-in-law and eldest sister, Mr. and Mrs. Rule, having organised one of those most delightful forest-parties mentioned above, during one of my summer vacations, I remember being greatly interested in noticing the impressive attentions which were being paid, by a young gentleman of the party, to one of the young ladies present—a lovely girl with such bright dark eyes, beautiful black hair, and brilliant complexion, that (boy-like) I was half in love with her myself! I fancy I can see them now as I saw them then, coming down a grassy slope, laughing and talking, returning from a ramble by themselves, and looking as full of love and happiness as if all heaven were around them, and would be evermore. Well-a-day! I think they ought to have made a match of it, those "happy lovers." But it was a difference of religious views, I believe, which ultimately parted them.

None of my school-fellows lived very near my home, and the only companion I had was when the above-mentioned beloved cousin, James Solly, came for a visit. But I never much cared about other companions in the holidays, except now and then when I got the footman and my brother's groom, with a son of the farm servant, to come to have a game at cricket in the meadow, round which were the garden and grounds. The building of seats and arbours, construction and sailing of boats, sometimes following the beagles in winter, the company of my dogs, and hunting for rabbits in our fields and hedges, were inexhaustible sources of joy. And all this reminds me of a useful lesson I got during one of those holidays. As we were all sitting in the drawing-room one evening, a servant came to tell us a hamper had been brought by the carrier which seemed to contain something alive. For when opened there lay, reposing on some hay, a beautiful little fallow-deer fawn,

sent as a present to my father. Next day it was transferred to the meadow above mentioned, and soon becoming very tame, it remained for several years an interesting object of our regard and admiration. Before long the idea struck me that our little fawn would want a shed to shelter it at night; and forthwith I began to erect one. I had previously been at work on a trellised arbour and seat which I was building in a pretty part of our grounds called "The Elm-tree Walk," sacred to no end of confidential conversations of absorbing interest, between my mother and sisters and other members of the family, or visitors generally. As I came into the drawing-room one evening about this time, after a long summer-day's work, I exclaimed in the pride of my heart, "There! I have finished two things to-day! the Elm-tree walk arbour and the shed for the fawn!" "Finished!" exclaimed my sister Charlotte joyfully. "That *is* delightful! I shouldn't have wondered to hear you had begun half-a-dozen." Pleased, but admonished, I pondered, and remembered, the useful remark. In after life, certain words recorded in Luke xiv., 28, 30, about counting the cost before you begin to build a tower, have not seldom come to my mind in connection with sundry sorrowful personal experiences in *social* engineering which threw further light on the subject, and on the warning which follows, "Lest haply when he hath laid the foundation and is not able to finish, all that behold, begin to mock him, saying, 'This man began to build and is not able to finish.'" Lamentably true. Woe to the builder who does not count the cost! But how if he could not finish on account of a strike among the bricklayers, or because his contractors went into liquidation? On the tombstones of most men, not excepting many even of the greatest, might it not be written, concerning their work as well as their life, "Unfinished?" I could wish that it might be written on mine.

Before leaving the time of school-boyhood, I must not forget that my honoured friend, W. H. Channing, when he asked me to write this "Story of my Life," particularly bade me mention what I recollected about my early religious impressions, and subsequent experiences in that direction. The first distinct recollection I have of that kind is the being taught by my mother when I was about six or seven years old, Dr. Watts' hymn, beginning—

> "Lord, Thou hast searched and seen me through;
> Thine eye commands with piercing view,
> My rising and my resting hours,
> My heart and flesh with all their powers."

And a little later she set me to learn Mrs. Barbauld's beautiful "Address to the Deity," six lines at a time—in each, and indeed in every, case when she gave me something to learn, explaining all the hard words, allusions, &c., in so clear and interesting a way that to this day, as I read over what she then explained, I retain a vivid and delightful memory of those lessons. I was, of course, taught to repeat some short prayer night and morning, but it was the explanations by my mother of hymns, sermons, and poetry, and the accompanying conversations with her in what was called her "dressing-room," that made on me the deepest religious impression. I can see now, better than I realised it then, how great and beneficial was her influence, for she was certainly a woman of deep and unaffected piety, and that influence always went in aid of my father's own genuine and deep-rooted, but very undemonstrative religious convictions. I shall never forget her telling me in some moment of tender confidence that on the first night of her and my father's arrival, after their wedding tour, at their new home at Hackney Wick (then a charming suburban village), she put a little book of prayers into her husband's hands, and asked him to read one of them aloud every night as she knelt beside

him. This custom they continued for many years—I believe, in fact, for the greater part of their sixty years of married life.

Then there was a charming series of books called "The Christian Tracts," full of practical Christian wisdom exactly suited to children and young people, to servants, and persons of slight education, which were very profitable and delightful Sunday reading—noble Sermons by the Rev. Benjamin Fawcett, full of exhortations and warnings, which left a deep impression on my mind; two volumes of eloquent and admirable Sermons by the Rev. W. J. Fox, entitled "Christ and Christianity," which were of the greatest benefit to me, as well as "Alison's Sermons"—and then there were two powerful and impressive Sermons by Dr. Priestley, called "On Habitual Devotion"* and "On the Duty of not living to ourselves," which my mother gave me when I was returning to Hove School, after one of my vacations. Both these sermons exerted considerable influence on me for many years, and the one "On the Duty of not living to ourselves" greatly deepened the impression made on me by my sister during that holiday walk on the Downs. It was, however, in my last school vacation that I first came under the quickening elevating influence of Dr. Channing's writings. It would, I think, be difficult for anyone—for some impossible—to forget the first reading of his essays on Milton, Fenelon, and Napoleon, and his earlier sermons, especially those on the ordinations of the Revs. J. Sparkes, E. S. Gannett, and F. Farley. I cannot help thinking that it would have been well for the present generation of Unitarians, especially those who are now their ministers, if they had been made more generally acquainted with the writings of

* It was after hearing Dr. Priestley preach this Sermon that Mrs. Barbauld went home and wrote the "Address to the Deity," which my father and mother prized so highly.

all those great preachers, especially Dr. Channing, and had become familiar with the massive and powerful reasoning to be found there on the evidence for what is set forth in the New Testament as revealed truth—the Divine message from our Father in Heaven through His beloved Son and His chosen servants.

There are three or four pages in Channing's Essay on Fenelon relating to the love and worship of God, more touching and sublime, more beautiful as poetic prose, and more affecting as a call to worship and boundless love for God, than anything I have ever been privileged to read, or am likely to read on this side the grave. I think it must have been that passage, foremost among others, which led to a remark by Professor Drummond (author of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World"), which I saw quoted in print a few months ago, to the effect that though he had, of course, been brought up as a believer in God, he "never knew what it was to really believe in Him until he read Channing." But to attempt to describe what I owed to Dr. Channing, then and ever since, would need a description of his works which would fill a volume, and be most imperfect then. Yet I cannot leave the subject without referring to his essay on "The Elevation of the Labouring Classes," as preparing me for a later baptism into the spirit of that admirable paper, to which I came, several years afterwards, by personal experience among working men, during my residence at Yeovil. But the number of earnest and devout Christians beyond the Unitarian pale who have learnt the inestimable value of Dr. Channing's writings during the last thirty or forty years is marvellously large, and something for which one may be profoundly grateful. Many years ago I heard of a highly respected member of the Wesleyan Church, near Carmarthen, who had been confined for a time to his room by illness, and was visited by his minister while he was reading

a volume of Channing's works. The minister was shocked to find his friend thus employed, and on expressing his indignation, and being asked why he was grieved, answered "Because Channing is in hell— where all those who read his writings will be with him." It was now the gentleman's turn to be shocked, and for a few moments he was silent. Presently he replied, "I hope Channing is in hell—for then I am sure he has a blessed mission there, and the pangs of the damned are less."

It was during those recurring delightful holidays that I first enjoyed the marvellous happiness of reading Sir Walter Scott's novels, without an acknowledgment of which any reference to one's youthful joys would be lamentably incomplete. Yet it would be impossible to speak of them without again using language which, as I have before observed, must seem exaggerated or inflated to those who have never known, or forgotten, similar emotions. But, as I mention here only those circumstances which, by affecting one strongly at the time, leave a deep impression on the memory, I naturally have to use strong language if it is to be truthful. Certainly it would be difficult for many people, I imagine, who have read those wonderful romances in their *teens* (and certainly for myself), to exaggerate the happiness they then enjoyed, unless their taste had been spoiled by the wretched sensational dram-drinking of many modern novels. True, this happiness, when I came to the conclusion of some of the Waverley tales, such as "Kenilworth" (which made me miserable for at least three days, till even my sympathetic mother chided me), "The Pirate," and, of course, "The Bride of Lammer Moor," largely consisted of the "luxury of woe." But in the "Talisman," "Rob Roy," "Ivanhoe," "Waverley," "Anne of Geierstein," "Peveril of the Peak," especially in "Quentin Durward," and many others, there is just that abounding wealth of earnest, healthy, and often

lofty, as well as thrilling excitement which is so greatly beneficial and blessed, especially in youth and early manhood or womanhood. My father, I remember, naming "Quentin Durward" as the tale in which, perhaps, he most delighted, because the young hero, though often getting into difficulties and scrapes, was as uniformly getting out of them by his cool presence of mind, fertility of resource, and courageous fidelity to honesty and truth. But I certainly enjoyed both the Waverley romances and other books, as well as my holidays generally, all the more because my mother had persuaded me never to read novels till the afternoon or evening—keeping the mornings for history, biography, travels, &c.

During my last holidays, Dr. Morell came to Leyton on a little visit, which made all the deeper impression on me in consequence of my father, while he was conversing with the Dr., telling me to bring him the 1st volume of Montesquieu's "Esprit des Loix," which he had asked my master to let me read at school for my French lessons. When he took the book from me to show Dr. Morell a pencil-note I had made on the margin of one of the pages against the words "Laws of Nature," and heard Dr. M. as he read them exclaim "Oh, that is capital!" and saw the glowing smile of pleasure on my father's face, I began to think, with unwarrantable self-satisfaction, more of myself than perhaps my mediocre success in school studies had previously allowed. The words I wrote were merely these, "But the Laws of Nature are only the way in which God acts," and I have never since differed from that *dictum*, or got beyond it. Had it come entirely out of my own head at the age of fifteen, I might, perhaps, have thought it indicated some little aptitude for philosophical research. But most likely I had heard that clever sister of mine make some remark to this effect, though I had no recollection then or since of having received the

wisdom from outside. And certainly the tendency of all such *philosophic* speculation as I could then have come in contact with, was of rather a materialistic nature, with a disposition to deify *Nature* and her so-called "Laws," by using her name as a convenient and respectful euphuism for God.

It was during that term, I think, that a clever and very agile good-humoured German, professor of gymnastics, happily persuaded our master to let him start a class in this useful exercise, and to have a number of bars and poles, a wooden horse, and something that looked uncommonly like a gibbet, with a ladder and ropes pertaining thereto, set up in our play-ground. These gymnastic exercises were most delightful and helpful. But many a time we had to "chivy" out of our play-ground those useful members of the community who were attracted by the apparatus, and whom, in our unworthy arrogance and class-ubris, we, in common with nearly all "Gentlemen's" sons of the period, were in the habit of regarding as little better than beasts of burden.

During that Christmas vacation of 1828—9, I was standing in the City-road, with a school-fellow (whom I had gone to visit), when he pointed to a great lumbering vehicle, drawn by three horses, coming from the City (and which looked to me like a huge and gaily-painted hearse), saying, "Have you seen this new concern?" It was "Shillibeer's" omnibus, just started—the first ever beheld in London. But when I rode in one, seeing a young fellow standing on the step outside (just as a boy, called a "cad," used to stand or hang on behind the Paddington stage-coach, and who let people in and out of said coach), I addressed that young man by the same title of "cad," to his great disgust; whereby I learned that the industrial classes were rising a step in the world, and that, thenceforth, I was to call the omnibus attendant a conductor, and *not* a cad.

Talking of the German gymnast, reminds me that a very pleasant gentlemanly man, who was bent on inducing English people to learn German on the "Hamiltonian" system, without fee or payment, came to Brighton; and Dr. Morell, who wished to learn German himself, invited some of the elder boys to accompany him to the German class, which eight or nine of us did. The system was to teach us without our undergoing the miseries of learning the grammar, an object with which I very heartily sympathised—for I have an ingrained difficulty in acquiring any language but my own. I learnt a little German on the Hamiltonian system, and read with the Dr. a book of which my father was a great admirer—Lessing's "Nathan-der Weise." A few years later, I learnt a good deal more on the grammar system, at my father's particular desire, in company with my elder sister, under the tutoring of Professor Bernays, of King's College, London, and then even got so far as to learn by heart and thoroughly understand, at my sister's suggestion, Schiller's magnificent poem, "Die Idealen," which I liked—indeed loved—almost as well as anything of Byron's. But I could not retain a hold on the language, and seem to have twice learned and twice forgotten it.

As an historical evidence on a point sometimes questioned, I may mention the receipt of a letter from my father, one day (the only occasion, I think, on which such an event occurred while I was at school), giving me a graphic account of his riding home, one winter evening, from his counting-house to Leyton in so dense and black a fog that he had to walk his horse nearly the whole distance—six miles. But these fogs, I think, were not then of nearly such frequent occurrence as now.

The last Christmas holidays before leaving Hove School were spent in London (with a few days' visit to Leyton, for popping at field-fares and skating), my father

having taken a house for the winter at the corner of Harley Street and Cavendish Square, with the view, which he and my mother had much at heart, of giving their elder children, now grown up, the advantages and pleasure of London Society for a few months. Accordingly, on my arrival from Brighton at my father's counting-house in the City, he brought me by the Paddington stage, *viâ* Pentonville and King's Cross (then called "Battle-bridge"), to the top of Harley Street. It was the only public conveyance at that time running between the City and West End, as the large three-horse omnibus, just mentioned, had not then, I believe, begun its journeys westward. A few Cabriolets (the now familiar "cabs") were timorously, and in very curious forms, being placed in the great thoroughfares, competing, in a half-hearted way, with those exceedingly dismal hackney-coaches (*alias* "Jarvies"), which were worn-out gentlemen's carriages, and only a little less tattered and battered, grumbly, shaky, and slow, than their unhappy drivers.

During these same holidays I was given the great enjoyment of access to a private gymnasium in the neighbourhood, which my mother obtained for me, as I had not my usual run of garden and fields. A ticket to hear one of Faraday's delightful winter courses of juvenile lectures, at the Royal Institution, was also a great treat. Then it was no little delight exploring all the maze and labyrinth of streets ("Oxford Road" was only just beginning to be called a street), and the Soho Bazaar, &c.; but it was the books, and the grand evening parties in which I shyly mingled with some amount of wonder and awe for an hour or two before bed-time, that afforded me supreme delight.

One scene in these holidays, in the Harley Street house, is vividly stamped in my recollection. Among the visitors there came a tall, handsome man, about thirty—a rising young statesman and M.P., one of the most

promising of the Whig party (as the Liberals were then still called). He afterwards became a member of the Liberal Government which carried the great Reform Bill of 1832, was subsequently made a Peer, and held a vice-regal office abroad in very troublous and critical times, dying prematurely at the height of his career. Naturally, I was greatly interested in the attentions which he appeared to be paying to my elder sister, but which were prematurely barred by my father—I never quite knew why. There the curtain dropped, leaving my sister free for other entanglements which followed in due course, and as a matter of course. There was, doubtless, sufficient reason for the step my father took. But he thought very highly of his daughters; and, a few years later, I amused my mother, not a little, by remarking to her, when another suitor was having rather hard terms imposed on him, "If my father had fifty daughters, and fifty princes came to marry them, he'd flout them all." (N.B.—The term "snub" had not then been invented).

During that last year at Dr. Morell's, a new French usher took the place of the atrabilious instructor mentioned above. He was an Italian by birth, and had served under Napoleon as an officer in the Italian contingent of the vast array which the French despot led to perish on Russian battlefields and snow, being one of the very few who survived that awful campaign. Major Berchet, who was a quiet, rather proud, and very gentlemanly man, cherished that ardent romantic regard and loyalty for his cruel chief which characterized most of Napoleon's officers; and, as I was then suffering from the same dismal hallucination, the Major soon became the object of my distant and respectful admiration. When I was leaving school, for the Midsummer vacation of 1829, little thinking I was not to return, I bought a rather fine engraving of the great Corsican, and brought it to the

Major's room when going to take leave of him (partly because I thought he had misunderstood a line* in Byron's splendid poem on Napoleon, which I had recently recited when my turn came for that after-dinner performance), and was as much surprised as gratified by the warmth with which he thanked me. He pressed my hand in acknowledgment of my humble offering, and, answering him in the affirmative with effusive and blushing haste, when he said, with some earnestness, "You are coming back again?" I quickly retreated. But I never saw him again. When I went to Brighton three years later, and visited the school under its new master, Mr. Malleson, I heard that he had returned to Italy the previous year.

Dr. Morell had introduced, shortly before I left his school, an excellent custom of requiring some of the elder boys to write themes on various subjects, and I wish he had begun it sooner. One of these was to be on the "Difference between Annals and History," a capital topic for making us think, though I should have been utterly at sea on the matter had not my sister given me that translation mentioned previously, of Schiller's "History of the Thirty Years' War," and "The Revolt in the Netherlands." Some of his remarks in that book, on the grand meaning and value of history—especially of the way in which it should be used for philosophical enlightenment in regard to the great lessons to be drawn from its records, gave me the requisite ideas for concocting a juvenile essay on the subject proposed for our compositions, which the Dr. received with mild approval. I

* The line in question follows the poet's exclamation "Oh, bloody and most bootless Waterloo!" and continues thus: "Which proves how fools may have their fortune too." Lord Byron, in these words, was hitting at Wellington; but, rightly or wrongly, I felt sure the Major, by the pained and lowering look on his face, thought they were aimed at his beloved chief.

think another subject was "The Evidences for Christianity;" at all events, I had to write an essay on that question during the ensuing holidays, and I remember that I felt quite certain then, as I do now, that in arguing for those "Evidences" one ought to begin by saying "Here is Christianity in our midst. How came it here?" In later years, I saw what was simply a development of that mode of argument, viz., that the strongest and most convincing arguments, especially for those who may not have had opportunity for much study—are the "*Results*" of what History describes as the beginning and growth whether of Christianity or of any other great movement. *Testimony*, of course, is valuable, but *results* far more so—more reliable.

One incident which occurred during that last half-year at Hove, and which made an impression on me so deep that I can hardly now account for its influence, though it has been brought forcibly to my mind by this General Election of July, 1892, was a great meeting on Penenden Heath, in Kent, called to resist the intention of the Duke of Wellington, as head of the Conservative Government, to grant Catholic Emancipation. The Duke and Sir Robert Peel had, at length, become convinced that to resist any longer the claim of the Irish people to be allowed to send Roman Catholic representatives to Parliament meant civil war. When the Act of Union was passed, mainly by bribery and corruption, in 1800, a distinct pledge was given that this oppressive and unjust exclusion of Irish representatives, on account of their religion, should forthwith cease. But the promise had been shamelessly broken, and Catholic Emancipation had been continuously refused, until O'Connell, thundering at the gates of the English Parliament, as the representative for County Clare, and focussing the sentiments of all Ireland in a white heat of indignation and wrath, con-

vinced the advisers of the king that he and they must yield. But the Irish patriots had great allies in the Liberal party of this kingdom—and even where the Tories and the Church party were loudest and fiercest in denouncing their leaders for what they deemed their criminal and fatal weakness in talking of surrender, there were other Englishmen moved by a nobler spirit, demanding "Justice for Ireland." Our school-master, good Dr. Morell, like my father, was a strenuous advocate of the Catholic claims, and I suppose I had caught a spark of their enthusiasm. I shall never forget reading an account of that memorable meeting on the Kentish heath, where thousands of the nobility, squirearchy, and clergy of the county were gathered together, under the leadership of the Earl of Winchilsea, but where, at least, one true and noble-hearted man, Lord Teynham, had the courage to oppose them all, and plead, in eloquent terms, for justice to our Irish brethren. "Take Ireland to your heart," he exclaimed, "and she will be to you a tower of strength—a true *officina gentium*, a workshop of nations; furnishing you with all the best and worthiest materials for progress, civilization, prosperity, peace!" Would that I could recall all those noble and memorable utterances! But I can remember only how they made my boyish heart beat with sympathies and emotions which, now that I am nearly eighty, I am glad to find are warmer and deeper than ever.

I have mentioned that my brother, Samuel, had been apprenticed to the eminent surgeon, Benjamin Travers, of St. Thomas' Hospital, for which introduction to that noble institution (and the apprenticeship was little more than an introduction), my father paid him 500 guineas. During one of the last of my holidays about this time, my brother twice gave me an order for admission to witness an operation. I thought the behaviour of the students rather disorderly the first time I went; but on the second

occasion (removal of a tumour), it was so bad that the great "knife," Joseph Henry Green (the friend and, in part, biographer of Coleridge), who then stood at the head of the profession, paused in the midst of his work, and, laying his instrument on the chest of the sufferer, looked up at the crowd of young men hanging over the rails of the operating-room, and calmly said: "Now, gentlemen—really this won't do." The *tone* of that rebuke was sufficient. There was no more noise. But I never went again. Chloroform had not then been discovered. Many years later, after it had been, I went once to hear my brother, then Senior Surgeon of the hospital, deliver the Inaugural lecture for the season, in the course of which, when expatiating on the value of chloroform in operations, he mentioned the case of a young lady who had so seriously injured the bones of the instep of one of her feet in dancing, that he had been obliged to cut out two of them—an operation, he said, that could not have been performed except under the influence of chloroform—it would have been far too painful. It had been performed only six months before, and that morning he had received a letter from her father, then in Germany, saying that his daughter had completely recovered, and was dancing away as well as ever!

CHAPTER V.

Recollections of the "University of London" (Univ. Coll.)

About the years 1825—6, the poet, Thomas Campbell (I think he was the originator of the scheme), conceived the idea of getting a University of London established, which should be open to all students of every creed, race, and colour, without the imposition of any theological tests, or the delivery of any theological lectures—carefully

excluding not only theological, but even moral philosophy teaching, lest it should lead to sectarian animosity. Henry (afterwards Lord) Brougham, then at the height of his fame and usefulness, James Mill, George Grote, Zachary Macaulay, Henry Warburton, M.P., Henry Waymouth, Thomas Tooke, and other leading men among the Whigs, Radicals, and Political Economists of the day, entered warmly into the scheme; and my father, who was an intimate friend of Grote, Tooke, and Waymouth, willingly took two shares, of £100 each, in the Proprietary Joint-Stock Co., by means of which the required capital was to be raised. The front portion of the noble building, erected at the north end of Gower Street, was completed in 1828, and was opened in October of that year, under the name of "The University of London." Hence, when Dr. Morell, the following year, announced his intention of giving up his school into other hands, my father consented, at my mother's and sister Charlotte's earnest request, to send me to this institution for a year, instead of to some commercial establishment in Holland or Germany, as he first intended. Previous, however, to this commencement of a new (and to me) most memorable era in my early life, I had another brief and curious experience of school life at what was then the leading commercial school in the City of London, viz., Dr. Kelly's, in Finsbury Square. My father's whole heart was set on making me a successful merchant-prince; and, though he yielded to the fascinating temptation of sending me, for one session, to that grand new University, he thought he must "improve the shining hours" between the Midsummer holidays, when I finally left Hove, and the beginning of the Michaelmas term in Gower Street. So I cantered backwards and forwards every day, for two months, between Leyton House and Finsbury Square on my frolicsome pony (above described as "Gipsy"), ostensibly with the

view of beginning that commercial training, which was afterwards to be completed in my father's or some other counting-house.

The change of studies was not particularly acceptable; but the prospect of going to the London University at Michaelmas was enchanting, and, with that in view, I tried to do my duty in the commercial *technique*, and got through it, on the whole, without positive disgrace. There was, however, the same delightful custom at Dr. Kelly's school as at Dr. Morell's, which commended itself at once to my warmest approval, viz., that of giving the elder boys subjects for weekly themes, and I worked away so diligently in the evenings, when I had returned from school, at florid descriptions of the nature, benefits, and evils of "Ambition," "Pride," and all the other time-honoured subjects for school-boy compositions, that my venerable instructor, Dr. Kelly, was pleased to inform me that, if I would only stay in his school till the next "half," I should probably attain to the crowning honours (which with my University prospects in view I fear I regarded with scorn) of gaining the prize given for the best essay, and of having it, according to custom, actually printed for general perusal and admiration.

Talking of that theme-writing, I am reminded of a narrow escape I had of contracting one of the worst habits a young man can get, especially while still in his teens. For one of my new school-fellows strenuously persuaded me to begin smoking, and gave me a cigar, that I might learn the blessings which tobacco can confer. The effect, the first night I tried it, was not, as usual, to cause sickness, but to stimulate my brain, and enable me to write my theme with increased vigour. But, happily, it occurred to me that I was not set to write these essays for the purpose of producing compositions that would be of the slightest use or profit to any mortal soul, but simply

to exercise and train my own faculties, which object would clearly be much better obtained by the unaided effort of my own brains than by making them work under the influence of a powerful narcotic stimulant. I began, in fact, even then, fortunately to see that we can't cheat Nature by the use of stimulants; and that she is bound by inexorable laws to take from us in one form what we have surreptitiously and balefully acquired in another. About ten years later, I was again persuaded by a very highly-valued and intimate friend to try smoking; but I'm thankful to say the experiment, this time, made me so desperately sick, that I needed no other dissuasives.

The long half-holidays on Wednesdays and Saturdays, while I was at Dr. Kelly's school, were very happy times. Under my brother Samuel's plans and instructions, as chief architect, I had begun building a larger and much more massive arbour than any I had previously attempted. It was situated in a sunny corner of the grounds, on the slope of a slight declivity; and altogether, with its trellis work and pretty flowering creepers and a back ground of shrubs and trees, it presented so smiling and picturesque an appearance, as to deserve the name I bestowed on it of "L' Allegro," with the cordial concurrence of the elders.

The arbour was finished by the beginning of October, 1829, when I rode up with my father to the grand building in Gower Street, and was duly matriculated as a student of the "University," which was thenceforth to be my much-loved and honoured Alma Mater. And though the title of University of London was delusive, since it could not grant degrees, and the matriculation consisted merely in my father's paying the required fees, and having my name entered in the books of the Institution, yet the teaching, from the first, was magnificent, and worthy of any University either in England or abroad. My father entered me, at my own desire, for four classes—Latin,

Greek, Mathematics, and English Language and Literature; and, though not quite sixteen, I was fortunate enough to be placed by the Professors in the Senior division of Greek, Latin, and English, for which I had to thank the severe training of Higham Hill and Hove. This secured me the great advantage of a far higher kind of instruction from Professors Long, Key, and Dale, than I should otherwise have enjoyed, and which I was thankful to find I could greatly appreciate. Naturally, it cut me off from the chance of winning prizes, as most of my fellow-students were older than myself, and those nearer my own standing were youths of exceptional ability, and who had enjoyed a first-rate previous training. But the loss of prizes was a very slight deprivation, ardently as I desired to win them, and keenly as I felt the disappointment when I saw them carried off by others. The benefit of the higher teaching has been incalculable and permanent.

I soon made several pleasant acquaintances among my new fellow-students—one of them being the Mr. Odgers mentioned in a former chapter as taking the services at our "Old Meeting," Walthamstow, for a time, while he was at the College; and another, the Rev. J. Calrow Means, a Baptist minister, 28 years of age, an excellent and high-principled man, with both of whom I maintained an unbroken friendship till their death. Mr. Means was the son of a London wine-merchant, of good standing; but when on his father's decease he found that the usual adulterations and "tricks of the trade" had been practised in the business, he took pains to ascertain the amount of loss caused thereby to each of his father's customers, and sent him a cheque for the amount. He then wound up the business, qualified himself for entering the General Baptist Ministry, took a small congregation in Cole Street, Southwark, and completed his education at the London University. "What a quixotic young man!" some would

call him. Others might say, "Well, here is a man who had a faith, and—acted up to it." He subsequently became minister of the Worship Street General Baptist Chapel, and remained in that office till a year or two before his death. It was not very long before his decease that I happened to hear of his conduct when closing his father's business; and his surprise was considerable on finding I was acquainted with it. He was one of those good men who "do good by stealth and blush to find it fame."

But the best and brightest of all the new friends and acquaintances I made at "The London University" was a class-fellow about my own age, a younger brother of John Stuart Mill. My sister had met his father, James Mill, one evening at a party that winter in Richmond Terrace, Whitehall, the town house of Mr. Thomas Tooke, the great Russia merchant, a brother-director of my father's at the Royal Exchange, one of the leading London Whigs, and author of a celebrated work on Political Economy called "High and Low Prices," whom I have mentioned as one of the founders of the London University. His house was the *rendez-vous* of various eminent men in Parliament and out of it, and my sister had found herself quite in her element among them. Accordingly, when she heard that one of my fellow-students was a son of this remarkable man, the historian of India, the author of a work on Political Economy and on the Philosophy of Mind, the disciple and friend of Jeremy Bentham, and a leading administrator, in Leadenhall Street, of our East India Empire, she described to me in glowing terms all she had heard and seen of my new acquaintance's father and family. So I turned to that young gentleman with a cordiality which soon ripened into friendship, and looked up in imagination to his father with incipient hero-worship. When the "Long vacation" came we interchanged visits; he coming for a week to Leyton House, and I returning

the visit at the pretty cottage at Mickleham, near Box-hill, whither the whole family went each year for the summer months.

In the same classes of Greek and Latin were a younger brother of Thomas Babington Macaulay, then already known to fame, and Frederick Lucas, of a Quaker family, but afterwards editor of the "Tablet"; also a singularly clever and eccentric young fellow, of the name of Riethmüller, and an amiable and very clever young man named Dunkin. There were several other young men attending these and other classes in the University, who either came of, more or less, distinguished parentage, or became in some degree, themselves distinguished. But the most intellectually gifted of them all was certainly William Dougal Christie, son of an Anglo-Indian Judge, and who, in later years, was successively private secretary to Lord Minto, M.P. for Weymouth, Consul General in the Mosquito Territory, and Her Majesty's Ambassador to the Brazils. He, young Mill, and myself became great allies in various crude literary schemes and companionships, which soon took shape in the formation of a small discussion society called the "Octonian" (from its being limited to eight members), and ultimately, two years later, in the publication of a few numbers of a printed magazine. We met alternately at the house of Dr. Bostock, the eminent physiologist, father of one of our members, in Upper Bedford Place, and at the Rev. James Yates', the learned Biblical critic and archæologist, uncle of Joseph Crompton, another member of this little club, with whom I became very intimate.

With all these gifted Professors and fellow-students at the College, and all the happiness of my home and family life, I need not say that, as many another man has found, the years spent at this University or College were about the happiest of my life. My father had again taken a

house for the winter at the West End; this year in Portland Place, so that I had but a short journey to and from Gower Street. On Sundays we attended divine service at the Rev. Edward Tagart's chapel in York Street, St. James' Square, where I once had the privilege of hearing the Rev. W. J. Fox preach the noble sermon which comes first in the two volumes of his sermons on "Christ and Christianity," "Christ the Desire of all Nations," from the words in Haggai ii., 7—"I will shake all nations and the desire of all nations shall come." I remember that the elder branches of the family enjoyed the society of the Rev. Edward and Mrs. Tagart, the latter was a special favourite of my sister Charlotte. But there were several persons of some literary distinction, whose presence at the parties in that Portland Place house I heard of, or dimly discerned through dazzling crowds; among them Miss Landon (L. E. L.), many of whose poems had a singular sweetness and beauty, and Mr. Procter (Barry Cornwall), whose more illustrious daughter, Adelaide Procter, has blessed later generations with her exquisite poetry.

When speaking of the home life that winter in Portland Place a recollection of singular brightness and beauty comes to my mind. There was an evening party—dazzling lights—many guests, beautiful music; brilliant talk, and myself curled up on an ottoman in a corner, reading Croly's "Salathiel," lost in immeasuable bliss. And this brings before me another bright and beautiful evening, in those drawing rooms, when I see my sister conversing with Winthrop Mackworth Praed (poet and M.P.), as he stood on the hearth-rug talking to her with great vivacity, and when there was evidently a keen encounter of wits going on between them. Like the rest of my family, and a considerable number of English-speaking mankind in those days, being a great admirer of W. M. Praed's poetry, it was a circumstance of much interest to

me when I heard one morning that he was expected to dinner that evening, and might be visible to humbler mortals like myself in the drawing-room after dinner. Accordingly, when I had got through my college work, preparatory to the lectures and examinations of the next day, I hung on the outskirts of the company of ladies and gentlemen assembled in the drawing-rooms, and among other enjoyments (especially the music) I listened in reverent admiration to the conversation just mentioned, though of what it was about, unhappily, I have no recollection. However, watching my opportunity, during a temporary lull in the flow of talk, I plucked up courage to ask a question of the brilliant poet, for I had heard that he was intimate with Disraeli, of whom I had heard such romantic and wonderful accounts. Like many other unsophisticated youths, I longed to make of him a hero, but could not quite see any decided proofs of heroic qualities in what I heard about him, but a good deal that tended the other way. Yet a man who could write the "Wondrous Tale of Alroy" and many parts of "Contarini Fleming," I thought must be very near being a hero himself. So at last I ventured to say to Mr. Praed, *apropos* of something I had heard, "Is Mr. Disraeli a coxcomb?" "The prince of coxcombs!" exclaimed Praed with a wonderful smile and flashing eyes. "You should see his lace cuffs," he continued, as he turned back his own coat sleeves to illustrate more forcibly the picture of rich ornamentation described. Those of the company who were standing round were evidently interested and amused. I had achieved a triumph, and sank back into obscurity, greatly edified—meditated on all that had passed, and naturally remembered it.

Bulwer's novels, however, took a far firmer and deeper hold on my mind than Disraeli's. For many years they stirred me to the depths of my soul, arousing some of

the strongest and most passionate aspirations and resolves that I ever experienced. I admired and delighted in all his novels. They seemed to awaken me to a new heaven and a new earth, though the earthy and worldly element was sometimes, yet not always, decidedly predominant. "The Disowned" literally enchanted me, and it was long before I awoke from the spell. Then there was that dashing, but rather licentious "Pelham," "Eugene Aram," and some years later, "Night and Morning," but especially "The Last of the Barons," which transported me into extatic raptures of vague and most visionary yearnings which I could not then understand, and certainly cannot describe now. A strange mixture of the lofty and the low, of soaring ambition to lift the world, but with no clear vision of the heaven above it.

The sister of whom I have just been speaking attracted much attention in Society when she entered it, not only by her personal charms and accomplishments, but also by that peculiar brightness, vivacity, and fascinating style which is so much oftener met with in French than in English women. Hence her conversation was peculiarly agreeable to the many cultivated and talented men whose acquaintance my father's position and abilities, and my mother's own attractions, as well as her quick sympathies, enabled them to offer to their children. Among these stood prominent Mr. Tooke, whose eldest son, Eyton Tooke, a most promising and high-principled young man (as I learnt later when a sad catastrophe occurred), was deeply attached to my sister, but financial difficulties, connected with the firm, caused his father to delay making any arrangement with my father as to the young man's future financial position and prospects. In the meantime his son's anxiety as to the result of his ardent wooing was largely increased by his own self-distrust, and by witnessing or hearing of the attentions

paid to my sister by several other gifted and brilliant men, who seemed to vie with each other in delighting in her society.

I have already spoken of one such fascinating wooer when we were in Harley Street. Another now comes to my mind in a scene which took place when we were at Leyton. It was a beautiful afternoon, and my brother Samuel had brought down to Leyton one of the just-published annuals which were then all the rage, and in which my sister had evidently been expecting to see or hear a very beautiful poem on Mary, Queen of Scots, by a remarkably handsome and gifted young gentleman, the son of a Yorkshire "county family," a friend of my brother's. Instead, however, of reading aloud to her the poem which she had been longing to hear, he mischievously began upon another, since well known to fame as the marvellously fine "Dream of Eugene Aram," by Thomas Hood—

> "'Twas on a summer's evening—an evening calm and cool,
> And four and twenty happy boys came bounding out of school."

Now that was a commencement immensely interesting to a school-boy like myself, and I couldn't in the least understand, till afterwards, the impatient and almost indignant "Pshaw" with which my sister stopped the reader, and made him, with a little amused laugh, turn to the poetic effusion of my sister's charming admirer. So I might go on with various memories of my darling sister's suitors—but it would be a melancholy and unprofitable task. Her ideal of what that man should be in character and principle, who was worthy to receive the whole treasure of her affections, was higher than that of most (not all) of the young men of that licentious age; infected, as it was, with all the worst influences and traditions of the profligate days of the Regency.

But there was one young gentleman, who became intimate with our family, who seemed deeply attached to my sister, and was, in every respect, worthy of the love and esteem which she was, I believe, willing to give him in return. He was the eldest son of the head of the old Cheshire county family of the L——s', and alway seemed to me singularly attractive, both in person and character. Not brilliant or dashing, like some of her other admirers, but quiet, rather retiring, a thorough-bred English gentleman of the older and best type of that modern representative of the Mediæval knights—the Black Prince, Du Guesclin, Bayard, Sir Philip Sidney, and Falkland. "The character of knight gradually subsided in that of gentleman," says Hallam, in a fine passage on "Chivalry," in his "Middle Ages," and that young Mr. L——, I think, was a fitting representative of the class. One obstacle, I believe, and only one, existed to a union between him and my sister. Our family, with the exception of my eldest sister, Mrs. Edward Rule, were not only staunch dissenters, but Unitarians also. This had been the fatal obstacle on my brother's part to marriage with a charming and most lovable young lady; and it was now a similarly serious objection, from precisely the opposite point of the theological compass, on the part of Mr. L——'s parents, to his becoming engaged to my sister.

But our family, as I saw a few years later, were in an anomalous position as regarded social intercourse. My father's position in society and comparative wealth, the situation, even, of his home amongst county families and Church of England neighbours, all his City and West End aristocratic acquaintances, combined to form a social atmosphere wholly alien to the Nonconformist spirit and traditions, as well as the liberal theological convictions which formed the moral and spiritual life, the very backbone and heart of our family and their "forbears." Hence

the untoward conditions which clave to their social relations, and the painful results, to which I have referred. But at the time when all these events were taking place, this was hidden from my eyes. I well remember the astonishment with which I first got a hint on the subject from something that passed in conversation, and heard my sister's animated, yet as I thought somewhat troubled, answer to my question whether it was indeed true—*could* be true—that our religious views were obnoxious to our friends and acquaintances? "Yes!" she answered, "Yes, they are less willing to talk with us, to visit us, to be intimate with us, to marry us." And the last three words fell on my ear with a strange and bitter meaning. "Can it be possible," I thought, "that views which we hold so dear—can *any* difference in religious beliefs be an obstacle to our social success? Above all can it be for a moment conceived that either those views, or anything else on earth, can make any mortal man unwilling to marry my sister?" I do not think that young mortal man of whom I have just been speaking could have been prevented by them from marrying her. But I think they formed an insuperable obstacle to his gaining his father's consent, and in the end he submitted to his father's will.

In the meantime E. T.'s father, grieved at the unhappiness of his son and at the growing anxiety of his wife at the state of the young man's health, had made an arrangement with my father that justified the latter in agreeing to an engagement between the young people if my sister were willing to receive him as her accepted lover. He had called, therefore, one Sunday afternoon, on which occasion, it seems, she had agreed to an interview with him the following Tuesday. My brothers and I were returning from a walk as he was leaving the house. He brushed past us with a hurried salutation, and I can never forget the haggard despairing look on his

countenance as he turned from us, and went swiftly on his way, in the teeth of a bitter March wind. The following Monday evening he retired early to rest, feeling unwell, and when his father came betimes to his room the next morning, he found his son had died in the night by his own hand. Brain fever had suddenly come on, and, in the phrensy of delirium, he committed the fatal act, which the eminent medical gentleman, who had been called in, stated at the inquest was, in reality, an effort to save life, not to destroy it, prompted by the feeling of suffocation while in delirium.

The terrible shock of this sad event may be conceived. How it blasted the hopes and happiness of two families, and spread deep distress among many others, I cannot describe; nor for many a day could I understand that any conduct on my sister's part should have given her unhappy suitor reason to despair so utterly of gaining her affections. But the fact was that in the interview that Sunday afternoon he, doubtless, did not discern the signs of that reciprocal attachment on her part, which she was only beginning to feel, and which, in the feverish impatience caused by long anxiety and probably by the beginning of the fatal malady to which he soon after succumbed, he craved and hoped she would acknowledge. Hence that look on his face, which I could never forget. It is needless to say she felt this terrible end to his suit very acutely. She lived in her own room for several weeks; and, besides her mother, I believe I was the only member of the family she asked to see. She liked me to come up and have my tea with her on my return each day from college; which, indeed, I felt to be not only a great privilege, but which gave me the special happiness of finding that my company and chatter could be of a little comfort and pleasure to her in her great sorrow.

After my folks left Portland Place, and returned to

Leyton House, then in its full spring bloom and beauty, I was located for the remainder of my college term at my father's town house, No. 15, St. Mary Axe, where, on the second floor, I had a fine view over the neighbouring chimney-pots and Jeffrey Square. It was a delightfully quiet retreat in the evening, where I worked with a will at my books and the notes I had made at my four professors' lectures. But it was a long drag in the early morning all the way from St. Mary Axe to the College before breakfast (for I had already begun to find that, owing to the accident in the Higham Hill play-ground, I could not take a two-mile walk immediately after breakfast), and there were then no omnibuses running up either Holborn or the Strand. Cabs were just beginning to ply, but very queer creations they were ;* and 1*s.* a day was considered rather too expensive an outlay to save my youthful limbs. So I used to toil up to Gower Street, get my breakfast in the refreshment rooms of the College (on the basement), and present myself in the Mathematical Class-room by 9.15 a.m. sharp. Much as I enjoyed the teaching I got there, I'm satisfied that the physical conditions were not very healthy, and the brain-work at that hour, after a long walk and hurried breakfast, was as bad for my bodily weakness as if I had taken my meal before leaving my lodgings. It was during my residence in that old City house, that one night I was disturbed at my work by loud and repeated knockings at the hall-door, and, on coming out of my room to learn the cause, I met my unhappy house-keeper on the landing in her dressing-gown, wild with distress. She hurriedly explained that she had let

* One that I once hired had evidently been an old gig, on to which a little seat had been fixed on the off side, over the wheel, for the driver; while, in another, which had also once done duty as a gentleman's gig, the driver sat with me on the one inside seat. Both were indescribably shabby and dirty, but they were not quite so ricketty and dirty as the old hackney coaches.

her unfortunate daughter (mentioned page 32, and who had married a man of some property, supposed to be a gentleman) come, on account of illness, and sleep with her, where she could have the care and nursing sorely wanted, but which she could not get at her own home. But her husband, it seems, had gone home drunk, found his wife absent, guessed where she had gone, and was then thundering at our hall-door in a drunken fury, demanding that his wife should come home with him at once. Unhappily, there was then no "New Police" in the City. They had just been introduced by Sir Robert Peel (all honour to him) into the rest of the Metropolis, but the "Corporation of London," as usual, clung to "the good old ways," and, with only too Conservative a grasp, clung to its often infirm and utterly incompetent old watchmen, with their heavy-caped coats and rattles, as sufficient for the protection of the City and preservation of the peace. The way in which these lumbering guardians of City life and property, in one respect, were required to act, was no doubt in conformity with the municipal traditions of many hundred years and most European cities, viz., by calling aloud, at intervals, through the darkness, the state of the weather and the hour of the night, as I sometimes heard them do while sleeping in St. Mary Axe. One good no doubt was effected by this plan, which we lose with our New Police—the sonorous voice of the watchman proclaimed to any suffering or alarmed pedestrian or householder the whereabouts of the nightly guardian of the peace. But a more effectual way of warning thieves and burglars when they would be safe from interruption, and when they must "keep dark," could hardly have been devised. These men came on duty at nightfall, and when I looked out at a front window on the occasion of the row just mentioned, I saw one of them feebly remonstrating with the offender, the

noise of whose blows on our door resounded far through the neighbourhood. But, although he was doing nothing else to remove or, except by words, even restrain him, I assured the unhappy mother, with all the dignity and chivalry of sixteen, that her daughter should not be given up to the tipsy brute outside. Through the open window accordingly (we didn't dare open the door, or he would have burst in upon us), I angrily called on Master Dogberry to take the scamp away to the watch-house. All in vain. Dogberry valued a whole skin more than doing his duty, or than my youthful commands, which indeed could scarcely have been heard above the knocking—when the girl's mother came to me and pointed to the archway which led into Jeffrey Square and to the back of our house. There, by the light of a gas-lamp, I saw the poor creature, who had got up from her sick bed and gone out by the back door, come creeping along, and, as she turned her face to where her husband stood on our door-steps, she beckoned him to follow her. It was long before I could forget the patient misery of her look, and contrasted it with the face I remembered when she assisted me, two or three years before, in the magic-lantern exhibition on the Christmas Day mentioned above. This was the last I saw of her, for she died not long after—one more victim of ill-assorted marriages, of foolish mothers' social ambition, and of cruel, selfish, intemperate husbands.

It may be well to remind this generation of the gratitude due to Sir R. Peel for his introduction of an efficient Police force, who were to be on duty by day as well as by night.* It was organized just in time to prevent

* I remember the surprise with which one of my sisters and myself saw, for the first time, one of the "New Police," stalking in broad daylight past our dining-room windows in Portland Place, and were informed, by some one more learned, that they were to patrol the streets at all hours of day and night. I may mention, by-the-by, for the information of the young, that they were called "Bobbies" after the great statesman, to whom they owned their organization.

a serious riot in the Strand. During the political excitement in 1831, consequent on the Revolution of 1830 in France, and the introduction of the great Reform Bill, there was a huge demonstration organised, the object of which I did not at all understand then, and cannot recollect now. I only know that one night that winter an immense procession, largely composed of roughs, came sweeping up from the North-East of London, poured along Chancery Lane, and were preparing to "debouch" on the Strand through Temple Bar, presumably on their way to Whitehall and the Houses of Parliament. Fortunately, I suppose, for the Strand tradesmen, however, the the procession was met at Temple Bar by a large body of the New Police, who used their truncheons so vigorously that my brother said the sound of their blows on the skulls of the assailants, and those of the crowd returning the compliment, could be heard halfway up the Strand. This I take to have been the figure of speech termed hyperbole. But, what was quite certain, was that the demonstration was quashed, and the apprehended riot never took place. I also remember my brother, who, as a medical student, had abundant opportunities of judging, telling the home circle at Leyton, on some occasion, that the difference in the state of the Strand, as regarded noise, disorder, and violence, since the introduction of this new constabulary, was marked, and indeed marvellous. Great care was taken to disarm the jealousy both of the middle and working classes, who feared that, under the guise of a civil force, the Tory Ministry were endeavouring to bring in an armed body to dragoon the people—and the first uniform, consequently, for their policemen, was a blue swallow-tail coat and chimney-pot black hat; while the truncheons (which were the only weapons they were to carry) were carefully concealed in their coat-tail pockets. Still, for a long time, there was a violent antipathy in the

minds not only of the roughs and predatory classes, but of the skilled artizans of London against the "Peelers," and more than once, or a dozen times, as we know with regret, the two parties have come into damaging collision. Journeying from Paddington into the City, on the box of one of the old stage-coaches, about the time now referred to, the sturdy and democratic old coachman was pouring into my anxious and attentive ear such convincing arguments to prove to me the immense evil which would result from this deadly mischief invented by Sir Robert Peel, that when I got down I went away fully persuaded that I must devote as much of the rest of my life as might be needful for the purpose, to rescinding the new regulations of the Home Office, whereby this hateful constabulary had been let loose upon the Metropolis!

Returning to the subject of my college studies and teachers, Professor De Morgan's mathematical teaching was very interesting to me from the first, and I always felt for him that personal gratitude and attachment which students, who want to learn, almost always feel for a teacher who really teaches them. But many of De Morgan's junior class had come fresh from school with exalted, or perhaps I should say degrading, notions of the liberty they were to enjoy at a University compared with the restraints of school; and their behaviour in class was sometimes so disorderly that the Professor, seeing they behaved like ill-regulated school-boys, thought he would try to punish them like school-boys, and set them what in scholastic phrase were then termed "impositions." The *ci-devant* school-boys greatly resented this wholesome chastening (which it must be confessed was hardly compatible with the dignity of University training), and actually absented themselves to such an extent from the mathematical junior class-room that about half-a-dozen of us had all De Morgan's splendid instruction to ourselves.

His manner was not ingratiating, and his subject was no doubt dry and distasteful to the absentees. But as a monthly report was in those days sent to every parent and guardian of the attendance and conduct of the students, I rather wonder that, having paid the fees, those parents did not take more effectual measures for ensuring their sons' attendance. Probably, however, an old proverb about taking a horse to the water had something to do with the result. Among the few of my fellow-students who stuck to the Professor, I think, were Christie, Mill, and Dunkin, and a fine young fellow who was a nephew of the eminent black-letter lawyer, Sergeant Manning, and who as Sir William Manning, afterwards became a distinguished New South Wales Judge. Christie and Dunkin were among my companions in the senior mathematical class the following year when Mill was certainly not there, but in Professor Hoppus' class of "Mental Philosophy and Logic." Both that and the succeeding year a handful of us lucky fellows had all the benefit of the teaching of the finest mathematical professor in the kingdom, just as we should have had it if he had been our private tutor. But I shall have a little more to say about this gentleman by-and-by.

Of the Rev. Thomas Dale, then Vicar of St. Pancras, Professor of English Literature and Language, I wish also to speak in high terms. Though I could attend his lectures for only one Session, he so thoroughly understood both his subject and how to teach it that he seemed at the close to have given me an outfit, in literary training, for life. I shall always feel grateful to him for what I learned in this classroom. It was also, of course, great satisfaction to see how pleased my father was at finding my name receiving honourable mention from Mr. Dale in the University Annual Report of Examinations and distribution of prizes, and even at this distance of time I have a vivid recollection

of the glowing smile with which he stood up in the drawing-room at Leyton one evening and read aloud from that report, just received, the sentence relating to myself. I had also gained a "Certificate of honour" in this class, which, however, having been accidentally delayed in transmission, was sent on to my father with a letter from Mr. Dale, containing a complimentary reference to his aspiring [redacted]'s achievements in the professor's department, though my father's christian name was given in the published list of honours instead of my own. I thought, then, that I was safe for being allowed to spend at least another session at the University. But my father began to see rocks ahead in the way of his favourite scheme of making me a British merchant. If I were to go on becoming more and more engrossed with these studies, and enamoured of a literary career, how would he be able to wrench me away from them, and chain me to the commercial desk? However, fortunately for me, as I have had reason all my life to believe, he yielded once again to the urgent solicitations of my mother, sister, and brother, and I was allowed to return to Gower Street in the autumn of 1830.

But between the two sessions came a nearly three months' delightful "Long," which was made memorable by my being invited to spend a week or ten days at Mr. Mill's cottage in Mickleham, described above. The first evening of my arrival, when I was enveloped in a luminous haze of admiration and wondering awe—partly induced by the glamour of the greatness of Mr. Mill's reputation and of the society in which he lived and moved, partly also by the exceeding beauty and novelty of the rural scenery to which I was then introduced, my friend took me up the hill as the sun was setting, to a grand clump of trees in Norbury Park. They stood in a sort of crescent form, I remember, and, as we approached them, the lines which my mother had written years before in the

little book she gave me as a reward when at Higham Hill ("For to Fame's temple there are many paths," &c.) involuntarily rushed into my mind, and with palpitating heart I seemed to be ascending to the celestial temple of the gods. Then day after day we tramped over hill and dale, through woods and lovely parks, and over wild commons, thoroughly exploring all the beautiful scenery of the Vale of Dorking. Here again, I feel that to attempt any description of the happiness of that visit, of the enchanting scenery, and the beatific delight of the conversations in which, as we walked, we revelled with all the enthusiasm of seventeen, would be to deal in what to those who have forgotten or never experienced such delights, would seem only affected hyperbole. But I know that I could not well exaggerate what I then felt. Life was new to me, *such* life, and it was my first and last experience of the happiness it brought. It could not come over again. I suppose that is true of all the joys of youth, and makes those who have had much happiness when young, look back to that season of their lives with such love and yearning regret.

During that week or fortnight at Mickleham, one evening Mr. Mill invited me to walk with him round his garden—a great and unexpected honour. One of the subjects he referred to was the candidature of some gentleman for membership of the Athenæum Club (then recently established) who had been strongly recommended either by my father or one of his friends, and Mr. Mill enlarged on the fact that to be duly qualified for membership a man should be distinguished in some walk of life, or be possessed of special literary or scientific abilities and attainments. I received his statements with deep respect, and no doubt repeated them faithfully; but a little later I plucked up courage to speak about Henry Brougham, who was one of my early heroes, and worshipped accordingly—a nobler idol, at all events, than Napoleon Bonaparte. Then I

remember saying that if Brougham had to go to the House of Lords, which would be a great misfortune, I hoped the Peers would treat him with all the respect he deserved, whereupon Mr. Mill, who had been speaking with his usual quiet sedateness, and with a certain courtesy not always observable in his manner, vehemently replied, "By George! if they don't, he'll make them!" a little sudden flash, as of sheet lightning, illuminating the region of political thought in my brain, and startling me with a new and interesting sensation; but it made me shrink back into my shell; and, I'm sorry to say, this is all I can recollect of the brief talk I had the honour of holding with the great man. His manner to me and other visitors was usually stately, simple, and courteous, and not unkind to his children, though he seemed to take but little notice of them except of John; but accustomed as I was to my father's behaviour to my mother, and that of other gentlemen whom I had observed in similar relations, I could not help being rather pained at his manner occasionally to Mrs. Mill. She was a tall, handsome lady, sweet-tempered, with pleasant manners, fond of her children; but I think not much interested in what the elder ones and their father read and talked about. Of the eldest son, John, who was afterwards to become so famous, I have very delightful recollections. I remember one evening receiving from him my first notions of geology; for finding me densely ignorant on the subject, but eager for information, he fetched a number of books, laid them flat a-top of one another, and showed me that if the strata of the crust of the earth had always remained in that position, we should never have been acquainted with any but the one upper layer. Then by tilting them up at one end so that the edges of each layer came successively to the surface, he made me see how we got to each in turn, as we travel in various directions.

John Stuart Mill always seemed to me a great favourite with his family. He was evidently very fond of his mother and sisters, and they of him; and he frequently manifested a sunny brightness and gaiety of heart and behaviour which were singularly fascinating. His three elder sisters, also, were very nice, unaffected, pleasant girls, rather handsome, especially the youngest of the three, and talked on interesting subjects. There were several other children, all younger than my friend James, and of whom, I admit, I took no account. Never having had younger brothers and sisters, it was my misfortune and defect, for many years of my life, to care little or nothing for babies or small children, though I do remember affectionately patronizing two little boys, sons of a lady and gentleman who came to the "Old Meeting," and later on becoming interested in my young nephews born in my early teens.

Mr. Mill's humble, but capacious, cottage at Mickleham accommodated various distinguished guests during the summer months, and as my visit each year took place after their departure, I used to hear with interest of Lord Brougham, Charles Buller, and the rising barrister and M.P., Sir E. Bickersteth, who afterwards became Lord Chancellor, under the title of Lord Langdale (or was it "The Master of the Rolls?"), Mr. Denman, Q.C. and M.P., afterwards Lord Denman, Lord Chief Justice, John Romilly, heir of an illustrious name, and worthy inheritor of his father's renown; George Grote, afterwards M.P. for London, and on whom the more enduring laurel crown descended for his "History of Greece." Then there was John Arthur Roebuck, whom I remember hearing spoken of as one of the most rising young politicians of the day. Various other great or rising statesmen, political economists, East India magnates, &c., had been staying with Mr. Mill on these occasions, so that a sort of reflected glory shone in the countenances of all the family, when I

arrived, especially in the face of my chum, when he repeated their names. Anecdotes, also, he narrated of the piquant sauciness and masculine imperative moods of Mrs. Grote, the fascinating wife of the distinguished and Radical banker. One of the favourite entertainments of these illustrious fathers of modern Liberalism, it seemed, was breakfasting with the celebrated Mr. "Conversation Sharpe," who lived very near, and which repasts undoubtedly must have been a great treat to all concerned. But the sarcastic smile and irreverent amusement of my young friend, when he described a party of all these notabilities sallying forth for a long walk; how full of talk and hilarity they were when they first started, and how deadly silent and dull they became after walking six or seven miles, while he and I thought nothing of fifteen, considerably relieved me, I am ashamed to say, of the burden of too great reverence for all these eminent personages, under which at first I laboured.

One influence exercised on me by this intimacy with the Mills, I had reason, in after years, a little to regret. It was during that period that T. B. Macaulay was, or had been, lashing the "Utilitarians" in the "Edinburgh Review," and that Mill, Bentham, and the rest of the leading men of their party were fiercely making reprisals in the "Westminster Review," which they had started as the organ of their views. Hence I contracted a prejudice against the great writer and statesman, who (as long afterwards I learned by reading his Essays and History) has done so much to instruct the minds and gladden the lives of innumerable readers for half a century, and is still doing so all over the world. It was most interesting to me to read in Sir G. Trevelyan's masterly life of Lord Macaulay, how, when the subject of his biography had received his Indian appointment, that the two antagonists, Mill and

Macaulay, met on the most pleasant and friendly terms at the house of a mutual friend. Writing to his sister Hannah on December 21st, 1833, Macaulay says,

"Yesterday I dined at Boddington's. We had a very agreeable party. . . . . James Mill and I were extremely friendly, and I found him a very pleasant companion, and a man of more general information than I had imagined." Vol. I., p. 350.

In the summer of 1830 came the July Revolution in Paris; and the General Election, caused by the death of George IV., took place in this country. Mr. Western, one of the M.P.'s for Essex in the previous Parliament, again contested the county in the Liberal interest, and having called on my father and assured him that every vote was needed, arrangements were made for travelling from Leyton to Chelmsford, which was then the nearest, in fact I think the only, polling place for the county. My father sent his favourite horse to the country house of his sister, Mrs. Meyer, at Ongar (she, by the by, had also a town-house in Curzon Street, Mayfair, where she gave very pleasant parties), while he drove my mother, sisters, and myself, in his open travelling carriage to the same place. As we rode along, I remember a party of labourers at work in a field by the road side, hurrahing and shouting for that thorough-paced scamp (whom I mentioned in connection with the destruction of Wanstead House), and who had now put up as a candidate in opposition both to Mr. Western and the Conservative candidate. I had proposed previously to setting out that we should hoist conspicuously Western's colours; and, as we passed these pot-valiant labourers, my elder sister remarked that it was fortunate my proposal was overruled, or they might have hurled clods and unpleasant epithets at our heads. This set me thinking on the question of electioneering politics, generally.

When we reached Ongar, my father and all of us

were greatly disturbed to find that his coachman had let his favourite horse, which he was leading, fall down and break its knees; so that not only was it injured in appearance for life, but that, in consequence, he must ride into Chelmsford, perhaps amidst a roaring crowd, on a far less magnificent steed than he had intended. But there was great consolation for all true Reformers, under any private sorrows, that summer in the wonderful stimulus given to the cause of Political Reform by the French Revolution, and the splendid eloquence of Henry Brougham and other earnest patriots all over the kingdom. The *Morning Chronicle*, the great Liberal "Daily" of the day, edited with remarkable ability by Mr. Perry (father of Sir Erskine Perry), was in the forefront of the struggle; and I remember devouring, as we rode to Ongar, the celebrated letters from Paris by "O.P.Q.," which appeared in that journal. Brougham "was placed in the proud position of Member for the West Riding of Yorkshire;" and, as an indication of the wonderful energy and enthusiasm with which this extraordinary man was then fighting the battle for the people of England, it is worth noticing that once, during the Yorkshire election, he addressed about 100,000 persons, making eight impassioned speeches, in the course of a single day.

James B. Mill's visits to Leyton, in return, were hardly less delightful to me than those I paid to him. I also had some very pretty scenery to show him in the long walks we took, day after day, to Wanstead Park, Hainault and Epping Forests, and to the beautiful ridge of High Beech. A quiet grey pony had been substituted, by this time, for my youngest sister's use instead of the skittish little mare which had been handed over to me in the previous years. So young Mill and I were allowed to take him with us on our excursions, and could go much greater distances, taking it in turns to ride, and having a good

basket of "prog" strapped over the pony's shoulder. An account in the daily papers of the Queen's visit to Epping Forest and High Beech, in May, 1882, to declare it opened to the public for ever, vividly recalled those and other delightful rambles to my mind—especially one with my friend and the pony to the top of the ridge at High Beech, where we stood looking far away over the distant country, each of us full of beautiful dreams and youthful ambition. Thence memory travels on to another walk from Leyton House (that time alone), to High Beech, eight or nine years later, when the dreams were fled, and the ambitions crushed—but if I am to go on with this gossiping narrative, it will not do to give way to vain regrets, or it also will be crushed.

At the beginning of 1887, when Professor Henry Morley still occupied the chair at University College of English Language and Literature, to the exceeding benefit and delight of his students, and was, at the same time, Principal of University Hall, which he conducted to unexpected heights of prosperity, he had established a weekly journal called the University College Gazette, as an important adjunct to his admirable plans and endeavours for promoting social fellowship and collegiate intercourse among the students of U.C. To this little periodical he asked me to contribute some recollections of my early student days, especially in relation to the first societies and journals then established by the students. These I strung together in an article, which appeared in the U.C. Gazette, of January 31st, 1887, and the following extract from which may interest some readers:—

OUR FIRST SOCIETIES AND OUR FIRST JOURNALS.

* * * *

Well I remember how the eloquent weekly out-pourings of these young aspirants for fame affected my dear college chum, J. Bentham Mill (younger brother of John Stuart Mill) and myself, as we sate

vehemently applauding and longing for the time when we also might dare to emulate them. The debates were held in what was then the Mathematical Lecture-room, the first on the right hand as you enter from the front court. I should be glad to know what has become of the archives of that Society. One would think they must be existing in some one's possession. All the members whom I knew in those days, including those mentioned above by name, have, I believe, passed away except Sir Wm. Manning, who has long honourably and efficiently filled the important office of a Judge at Sydney, New South Wales. I wonder whether those ancient chronicles, if they could be disinterred, would be found to record the fact that one of our weekly meetings was prematurely broken up by a foul smell which was ultimately found to proceed from a bottle of *assa-foetida* placed under one of the benches by Mr. Riethmüller in consequence of his having been severely censured by the chair on a previous occasion, and I think suspended, for some freakish escapade sadly derogatory to the dignity of the assembly. I need not say that much heavier condemnation followed this last offence, and both peace and dignity were restored by the expulsion of the offender for the remainder of the session.

In relation to the subject of your new enterprise (the latest form of a London University College organ), it may interest your readers to know that the first venture of the kind was "The London University Magazine," started in October, 1829, at the commencement of the University's second session. There were papers of some merit in it, but it did not "take" with the students, and had but a brief existence. I think it was a monthly, price 2s. 6d., and evidently emanated rather from "the trade" as a bookseller's speculation than from the University itself. At least so we thought, and so thought especially the above-mentioned Lucas. Sturdy democrat to the backbone, as he then was, he determined to appeal to the "student-democracy" of Gower-street, and on April 16th, 1830, he issued the first number of "The London University Chronicle," a copy of which I herewith enclose. It begins with an "Address to the Students," containing some remarkably good advice to them, and some curiously bumptious statements as to the necessity for enlightening the professors in regard to the opinions held by the students as to the value of their instructor's teachings. "If anything," he says, "occurs in the various classes of the University which merits either praise or censure, I shall cheerfully bestow the one, and I hope that you, fellow-students, will discover that I shall not be backward in awarding the other whenever it

appears due." With these lofty pretensions it is not surprising that the Editor, with greater modesty or worldly wisdom, kept his name concealed as long as he could, which, however, was but for a brief period.

Promptly following up his intention of filling the important office of censor thus announced, the Editor, as you will see, concludes his first No. with some strictures on the censure and eulogiums pronounced by "The London University Magazine" on Professors Dionysius Lardner (Natural Philosophy), George Long (Greek), Thos. Hewitt Key (Latin), Thomas Dale (English Language and Literature), and De Morgan (Mathematics). He vehemently resents the "wanton and shameless attack" in the Magazine on the first-named gentleman, highly approves of the praise awarded to Mr. Long, but gives reasons why Mr. Key is not entitled to quite so much laudation, and ends with a "few words on the unqualified praise bestowed conjointly on Mr. Dale and Mr. De Morgan." He grieves to find it said of both gentlemen in "The London University Magazine," "that the enthusiastic affection with which they are regarded by their pupils is the noblest testimony to their worth," for while Mr. Dale deserves all the good that can be said of him, the other professor "has neither the art to make his lectures agreeable, nor himself beloved." This is followed by other comments on Mr. De Morgan's conduct, which appeared to me as unjust as they were mischievous, and altogether kindled my student-soul to a white heat of indignation. But what could be done? That the Editor would insert a strenuous reply to his strictures in his own journal did not occur to me as within the bounds of possibility. So screwing up my courage, I made my first rush into print, and under the strictest injunctions as to secrecy, and with a palpitating heart, I confided a parcel of printed leaflets one morning to the hands of Chambers, the University beadle, for distribution. He, like the loyal old soldier he was, kept my secret faithfully enough, but a faithless and frivolous acquaintance, to whom I had inadvertently given a confidential hint, betrayed me. I send you the only copy in in my possession of this "Defensio" of our beloved Mathematical Professor, but I am sorry I cannot find the succeeding number of "The L. U. Chronicle" in which Lucas lashed me with a severity which I cannot, at the distance even of nearly sixty years, think was quite deserved. Safe as I believed in my incognito, however, I should have met the onslaught with equanimity, but you can imagine the dismay with which, at that tender age and at my first venture, as it were, into public life, I heard one of a group of students say to me as I neared the University entrance door, "Well, you *have* caught it in

the Chronicle this time, Solly!" I confess I felt ready to sink into the earth with mortification and shame. However, the consciousness of having struck an honest blow for a man to whom I felt then, and all the rest of my life, under deep obligation for the way in which he led us up to the "empyrean heights" of mathematical mysteries, doubtless supported me under the caustic satire of the redoubtable editor of this University mouthpiece.

* * * *

HENRY SOLLY.

Croydon, December, 1886.

On looking at sundry old printed London University records which I find in a portfolio, I see that the Right Hon. Sir James Graham, Bart., M.P., presided at the Annual Distribution of Prizes and Certificates of Honour to the Medical Students, on the 15th May, 1830. The vision of his large and stately person, clothed in a bright blue "dress" coat, with brilliant brass buttons, and light fawn-coloured nankeen trousers, the whole surmounted by his fine head and magnificent curly locks, comes vividly before me, as I recall that exciting "function." On the following 14th of July, a still more interesting ceremony took place, when a similar distribution was made to the students of the Faculties of Arts and Science, by Thomas Denman, Esq., Q.C., M.P. (afterwards Lord Denman), the eminent barrister, who rivalled Brougham in forensic eloquence and philanthropic labours, and surpassed him in high character and principle. None of the students, of course, knew whether they would receive any honours that day, and many of us, no doubt, full of eager hope and ambition, were doomed to bitter disappointment. I should have consoled myself effectually for obtaining no distinction in the Greek and Latin classes by having had the great advantage of being placed, when so young, in the Senior classes, had not my two chums, James B. Mill and Joseph Crompton, the one a little younger, and the other a very little older than myself, got the 9th and 10th

Certificates of Honour respectively. There were also present at this Distribution the following Members of Council :—William Bingham Baring, M.P.; George Birkbeck, M.D. (the distinguished and philanthropic founder, with H. Brougham, of Mechanics' Institutes ;) Isaac Lyon Goldsmid, Henry Hallam, Zachary Macaulay, William Sturch, the Duke of Somerset, and Henry Waymouth (the leading Layman then among Protestant Dissenters). I notice that among the students who received honours on this occasion were Stephen Edward Spring Rice (son of Mr. Spring Rice, Secretary for Ireland in the 1st Reformed Parliament, afterwards Lord Monteagle,) who gained the Second Prize and Certificate in the Senior Latin Class, and also in the Junior Mathematical Class; Charles Macaulay got the 11th Certificate of Honour in the Senior Latin; while W. D. Christie got the Second Prize and Certificate in the Junior Latin, Greek, and Mathematics. I fear I was shamefully vexed that it was others, and not myself, who were called down to receive those three prizes and certificates from the hands of the distinguished chairman ! Mr. Denman, when concluding his eloquent address, said that "he fully agreed with the Professor who first addressed them, that of many among those who shared the honours of this day, the future efforts were destined to shed a lasting glory on the place of their education—inscribing their own names high in the rolls of literary and scientific fame, and improving the condition of their country and of mankind." *Sic itur ad astra !*—or, *ad Avernum.*

The Chairman, in the course of his address, quoted the assertion of "the great orator and sage of Ancient Rome," that "*nihil esse magnopere in vitâ expetendum, præter laudem atque honestatem.*" The illustrious Tully raised a loftier standard of right and wrong, an incomparably nobler ideal of human life, than can be found elsewhere in the

written words of the Roman Republic—or, indeed, of the heathen world generally then, except in the writings of Plato and Xenophon—but he could write and speak what he did, because generation after generation of noble Romans, by their lives and actions, had made it possible for him to do so—because they had given to that word "*honestatem*" a meaning so full of dignity and honour, of truth and probity, that Cicero could throw his own grand thoughts into fitting language. But why must he couple it with "*laudem?*" Why give to "praise" so vast a worth as that memorable sentence expressed, and the chairman endorsed? The young hearts beating around him (like the millions of other young hearts in all ages, at least of the Teutonic and Celtic worlds, in similar circumstances), were thirsting madly enough for praise at that fine and stately annual ceremony. Some few of the crowd of students that filled the large theatre that day, and hung on the professor's and the chairman's words, were gaining it—but many of us, I think, were gaining that which was worth infinitely more, that which is a better justification for such ceremonies and a reason for making them as dignified and impressive as possible—viz., a deepened and ennobled sense of the value of learning, of culture, of extended knowledge for its own sake. But as for the "*laudem*"—well, that too is useful for some modest, self-distrustful souls, who deserve and need encouragement. But in some natures the morbid craving for praise seems like a deadly disease—a dipsomaniac's thirst.

The urgent representations of my mother, sister, and brother, having prevailed with my father, it was arranged that I should return to the University for another session in October, 1830, when I was promoted to the Senior Class in Mathematics, and entered for Dr. Lardner's class in "Natural Philosophy," in addition to the Greek and Latin Senior Classes which I attended the previous

session. But I never could take cordially to "Natural Philosophy," though the copious notes now before me, carefully written on foolscap sheets from the note-books used in the class, remind me that I certainly did my best. But James B. Mill was attending Dr. Hoppus' class of Mental Philosophy and Logic—my sister had been giving me a most interesting glimpse, during the vacation, into the first of those subjects by daily reading with me Priestley's "Hartley"—a valuable metaphysical work by Dr. David Hartley, entitled "Observations on Man," abridged by Dr. Priestley—and I longed to follow up a subject not only so attractive in itself, but one of which young Mill's father had shown himself (as he was then considered) so great a master. My father, however, had never studied the subject, cared nothing about it, and cared a great deal for all matters connected with engineering and mechanical construction. Dr. Lardner was, undoubtedly, a first-rate lecturer, and was quite determined to make us understand what he was teaching us. It was only a small class, and he would often leave his professorial platform, and, coming up to our benches, he would stand with one foot on the outside form, talking to us and questioning us with great assiduity. During one of his lectures, I remember the Duke of Somerset, who was a member of the Council, coming in and (taking a seat on a front bench) hearkened to the Professor with, no doubt, much edification. To my other three professors I listened, as in the previous session, with immense delight, and worked my hardest. Mr. Long's Prelections were more attractive than ever; and Mr. Key's expositions of philology, of which it is well known he was a consummate master, were exceedingly interesting. But Mr. De Morgan's mathematical teaching was simply grand. There were only about five or six of us who attended regularly in this division of his class, and our competition in answering his questions was keener

than ever. Christie and Dunkin again took the lead, while a clever young fellow whose name I forget, and myself, followed close after them, or ran before them. I do not know whether any of them had private "coaches" (in the slang of the present day); but I was much pleased to find my father willing to let me have one, during part of the session. I wanted him chiefly in Algebra, which I never could grapple with as readily as I could with some other branches of mathematical science. But it was a new world of discovery and joy to go through "Analytical Geometry" (as the "Three Dimensions" were then called), "Conic Sections," and the "Differential Calculus." De Morgan invited us all to write a treatise on "Conic Sections," which most of us did, and as mine received his approbation, I have treasured it to this day. Two of my fellow-students in Classics, Christie and J. C. Means, were "abler men" than I, (Means was ten years older,) and ultimately carried off the 1st and 2nd prizes and Certificates of Honour. But I managed to get the fourth Certificate in Mathematics; and, many years after, learnt that De Morgan had expressed to the Rev. John James Tayler, Principal of Manchester New College, a good opinion of my poor endeavours. In Key's class I also got a good certificate, but not the much-coveted 1st or 2nd prize, while in Greek and Natural Philosophy I got no notice at all. I believe I might have got a certificate in Greek if I had not been tempted (by a longing desire to know something of Plato) to join Long's extra Greek class for the study of the "Phaedo," during this session. The benefits of all this college work, especially of De Morgan's teaching and discipline, were sufficiently manifest to me in later life.

My father again took a house at the West End for the winter of 1830-31, this time in Langham Place (opposite the Church, built by the architect of Regent Street,

and appropriately christened "Nash's Extinguisher," from its resemblance to that useful domestic article), so that I was once more in the vicinity of my beloved College during the four months of our family's residence there. With this, as with the houses in Harley Street and Portland Place, I have always had many very happy and beautiful associations, on which, however, I must not now dwell. Two grand sights I remember being privileged to see—the coronation-procession along Parliament Street when William IV. went to be crowned at Westminster Abbey, which we were all invited to behold from Mr. and Mrs. Tooke's drawing-room windows in Richmond Terrace, and later on a procession on the River Thames when the King went to open the new London Bridge. This last we saw from Calvert's great brewery, which was fitted up in fine style for the occasion, Mr. Calvert, like Mr. Tooke, being one of my father's brother directors of the Royal Exchange. But the bridge should have been twice as broad.

It was in the course of this, my second session, (1830-31) that the row occurred at the College, which I see I described for Professor Morley's "U.C. Gazette" in the following article which appeared in the Number for May, 1887:—

THE GREAT REBELLION.

During the Session 1830-31, we, quiet peaceable folks on the "Arts and Science Faculty" side of the University, were much excited by hearing of desperate rows which we learned were frequently going on in the Anatomical lecture-room on the other side of the building. In fact it soon transpired that the "Medicals" were in a state of chronic revolt against the Professor of Anatomy. Such an extraordinary event must clearly have had an extraordinary cause. It was not sufficient to be informed that the Professor was greatly given to the jovial sport of fox-hunting, and that he occasionally appeared in the lecture theatre with his professional gown carelessly thrown over his scarlet coat, while the white cords and top-boots neither sought nor secured much concealment. Had he been an efficient teacher, far

greater offences against conventional decorum and etiquette would have excited little or no criticism. For, as I remember, my elder brother (then house-surgeon and afterwards senior surgeon of St. Thomas's hospital), emphatically remarked, "A really efficient lecturer always secures the respect of his students." The complaints of these students of Anatomy were based on the charge that their Professor was not adequately acquainted with his subject. The Council, of course, had to investigate the whole matter, and to the surprise of us in the left wing we heard at last that the Professor had actually been dismissed from his Chair, and a deputy (I think) appointed in his place for the remainder of the session; for it was a matter of pressing importance that the students should be fitted to pass their examinations before the College of Surgeons. *We* had not much idea as to the rights and wrongs of the matter; but several of the Professors, including two of the ablest and most beloved in our Faculty, George Long (Greek) and Augustus De Morgan (Mathematics), forthwith resigned their Chairs, and left the University at the end of that session. Naturally they did not profess to have formed any opinion, as far as I remember, respecting the efficiency or incompetency of the Professor of Anatomy; but they did most strenuously protest against judgment by a body of students on the qualifications of their teacher, and by tumultuous rebellion driving him from the theatre, and ultimately compelling the governing body of the University to require his resignation. "For," said they, "if such proceedings as these are permitted, we hold our Chairs at the mercy of our pupils; and ordinary self-respect forbids us to occupy positions which cannot be held with dignity and honour." Of course I greatly regretted the retirement of the eminent men just named. To Mr. Long I felt under obligations as deep as those I owed to Mr. De Morgan. But I had not the glimmering of an idea as to whether the Council were right in the action they took, or the Professors in resigning in consequence. A good deal of light was thrown on the matter many years later, in my own mind, when during my residence at Lancaster I became acquainted with the leading medical man of the town and neighbourhood, Mr. Howitt, a gentleman deservedly and highly esteemed. For in the course of conversation one day I found he had been a Medical student at the "London University" when I was attending lectures on the other side of the building. Hence I asked him whether he remembered the outbreak and rows above mentioned. "Yes, indeed," he replied, "I was the ringleader. And day after day for nearly a week I was before the Council with Antomarchi's plates before me pointing out

the mistakes which Professor ——— had been making in the course of his lectures." Thenceforward, I confess I took the part of the students, and thought the Professor was rightly dismissed.

Nevertheless there was very serious ground for the dissatisfaction felt by the rest of the Professors, and for the "stampede" which followed. The Council evidently saw that while it was necessary to dismiss the Professor of Anatomy, measures must be taken to prevent the recurrence of such fatal proceedings; and accordingly those changes in the constitution of the government of the institution, specially including the formation of the Senate, and which met the objections of the retiring Professors, were afterwards adopted. In the meantime, however, their Chairs had to be filled by other applicants who either did not feel the difficulty which drove away so many of the best men on the teaching staff, or who saw that a remedy would soon be introduced. George Long was one of those who never returned, his Chair having been in the meantime admirably filled by the late Henry Malden, who held it nearly till his death. But happily for University College the Mathematical Professorship became again vacant soon after the new constitution was adopted, and Mr. De Morgan willingly accepted the invitation at once given to him to return. His remarkably successful career in that position for more than thirty years is fresh in the minds of all those now living to whom the interests and reputation of the College are dear. The number of senior wranglers who owed to him their earlier training was unprecedented.

Croydon, 4th March, 1887. HENRY SOLLY.

But happily for me these resignations did not take place till the end of that session, and I worked on with my whole heart and soul in those four classes for which I was entered. A very bright and fruitful season for me. Hence it was a very pleasant day when my beloved Professors, De Morgan and Long, came one day during the latter part of the session to dine at Leyton House. I felt very proud of being the means of introducing such men, to whom I felt under very great obligations, to my father and the family. Their company was, I think, much enjoyed by all, and to me it was delightful merely to see them sitting at the table. After they were gone, my father

said, with one of his pleasant smiles, that Professor Long had been diligently reading up all about railways in general, and the Liverpool and Manchester Railway in particular, in preparation for dining with the Chairman of the new London and Birmingham Railway Company; while of Professor De Morgan's talk at the other end of the table, I remember only how he made us all laugh by observing with a delightful twinkle in his grey eyes, when somehow the name of our new coachman, "Caswell," happened to be mentioned, "That is a name that would be as well without the C." Good riddles, play upon words if really clever, rhyming puzzles, &c., were welcomed by our family circle, especially as we sat round the fire, according to custom, after the six o'clock dinner; and on one occasion (a Christmas-day) I remember exulting greatly when in the course of the latter amusement, my beloved sister Charlotte having had the words "crescent" and "evanescent" given her to rhyme with, she popped out the improvised couplet:

> "Last Christmas-day I spent at the Crescent,
> But found all its joys were quite evanescent."

Two hand-screens, covered with riddles and puzzles by my sisters, were my first instructors in these useful branches of knowledge, and greatly stimulated juvenile thought.

While my family were living in London that session, things went on much the same in Langham Place as during the previous winter. At breakfast I heard interesting fragments of political news, and social "events." Then there were frequent dinner and evening parties from which I obtained snatches of delight, like Herr Teufelsdrocek at Weissnicht-Wo "hovering on the outskirts of Aesthetic Tea," or drinking in no end of lasting joy from the music and singing which generally formed part of the evening's amusement. After the family returned to Leyton, at Easter, I rode up to the College

classes on my pony or walked to Clapton Gate, and came on thence by the stage-coach which journeyed two or three times a day from Upper Clapton to the "Green Man and Still," Oxford Circus. (By-the-by, I often longed in those days to discover the origin of that extraordinary sign, but never could. Does anyone know it?)

But enough has been said about those days, for I must not enter on the momentous events coming to pass that year in the political world, in which, however, I took a deep interest. My father also was having his attention drawn to the new and wonderful development of railway enterprise in which, during subsequent years, he was to take a leading part. But I was working my hardest, harder than I have ever worked since, though I have not been exactly lazy during the intervening years: and as the examinations drew near, of course one's exertions increased. As a slight set-off to all this brain-work, my brother suggested my commencing another arbour when I had a spare hour at home for out-door amusement. It was begun on the opposite side of the grounds to that where my "Allegro" beamed resplendent in the sunshine with its wealth of lovely flowering creepers, and was erected in a shady nook, on a much more scientific and elaborate plan than the former one. When completed, some three months later, I christened it "Il Penseroso." Indoors I had increasingly delightful hours with my sister Charlotte in the vacation mornings or afternoons, studying Hartley's "Mental Philosophy," and reading Scott's romances in the summer evenings.

The results of the examinations which closed the session of 1830—31, were more satisfactory to my family and myself than those of the previous session, especially in Mathematics and Latin. I was beginning to get a tolerably firm grasp of my subjects of study; and though there were too many older and much abler competitors in

all my classes for me to attain to the height of my ambition and go down to the chairman to receive a prize in any of them, yet happily I was quite aware that I was gaining what was of infinitely more value, and for which I have been grateful ever since.

The results of the examination in the Senior Latin Class that year were, I think, to give the first prize and Certificate of Honour to J. C. Means, the second to W. Dougal Christie, and the fourth certificate to myself; while, in the Senior Division of Mathematics, I find myself placed in the "First Class," according to the Certificate of Honour now before me; but the first and second prize and certificate were awarded to my fortunate competitors. The University of London had not then the power of granting degrees, or I suppose both they and myself could have taken ours that year in Classics and Mathematics; as I could have done in other subjects with another year's study.

During the vacation which followed, young Mill and I again interchanged delightful visits; while I have also the remembrance of a very charming visit to Tunbridge Wells, where my eldest brother had taken a house for his wife, who was out of health. We started early on horseback from Leyton, and had a beautiful summer day's ride. I shall never forget the view which opened before us from the top of "Madam's Court Hill;" nor the extatic gallops on my pony over the lovely hills and commons of that beautiful neighbourhood. But that summer vacation brought with it something else, more beautiful of its kind than anything I had every known before—one of those experiences which seem to give us, more powerfully than any other, faith in the existence of Paradise, in the possibility of a life more beautiful and blessed than is revealed to us at any other time, or in any other way.

And yet what an old, old story it is; although that experience comes to each in a new form and way. It

came to me in this wise. My brother-in-law and eldest sister, of whom I have spoken before, and who lived in a very pretty house just beyond Whips' Cross, on the borders of Epping Forest, this summer had two charming young lady visitors staying with them, who, by their grace and sweetness, won all hearts. I lost mine to the youngest; and a delightful "Forest party," given by Mr. and Mrs. Rule, at "Queen Elizabeth's Lodge," in the centre of that grand old Hainault Forest, afforded beatific opportunities for our becoming better acquainted. Then there was a "water-party" to Richmond, given by the same amiable relatives, of which I have also some beautiful memories; and, altogether, that happy summer-time was redolent of idyllic poetry and romance. But what is the worth or wisdom of courtship between a boy of seventeen and a girl of fifteen? It was, indeed, "The Dawn of Love," and we were both, I think, aware of the fact; but not the noon-tide passion of later years. We met only once again in our teens. For Mr. and Mrs. Rule's delightful hospitalities came soon after to an untimely end, owing to misfortunes in business. The young auroral nymphs returned to their distant home, and came back to our sphere no more. That sweet little romance died a natural death, but I have never forgotten it. And when, several years afterwards, I heard of that bewitching young lady's marriage, I fervently uttered a "God bless her!"

CHAPTER VI.

In the Counting-house.

But now came a very different experience—one which, at the time, seemed to crush the very life out of me, just when I was revelling with indescribable happiness in the growing powers of thought, and in the acquisition of knowledge.

One day, my mother and elder sister broke to me the fact that my father had resolved that I was not to return to the London University, but to go at the beginning of October or November into the counting-house of my brother-in-law, Edward Rule, who was then extricating himself from his financial difficulties, and was about to commence business again, no longer as a large ship-owner and ship-broker, but in the latter capacity only. There I was to be initiated into the mysteries of trade, and to serve my apprenticeship to "business." This and other plans for the future disposal of myself and my time were being warmly discussed in the home circle during my absence, as I afterwards found; and I shall never forget one evening, when my brother Samuel was telling me that a Mr. Bayley, leading partner in the great London solicitors' firm of "Smith and Bayley," had offered my father to give me my "articles" free, in his office, if my father would let me thus qualify myself for the legal profession. For an articled clerkship in such an office a fee of 500 guineas would not have been an unusual sum; and the offer was made to my father in acknowledgment of helpful kindness from him when it was of great value. My brother was strongly urging me to be prepared to accept this offer with gratitude, and setting forth the immense superiority of such a professional career to anything that could come from grinding in a ship-broker's counting-house. He knew more, I suspect, of my aspirations and ambitions than I then supposed—and he, as well as my mother and sister, had been a little excited by such humble success as I had attained at college. My father, however, I am inclined to think, had felt less satisfaction in what honours I had gained than disappointment in my not having achieved distinction in the "Natural Philosophy" department, in spite of my hard work there. But his mind had long been made up, as I

have said before; and, when my brother came down from my room, and told the family circle what he had been doing, and that he thought he had almost persuaded me to prefer the lawyer's office to the counting-house, my father sent him up again, in double-quick time, to tell me that the choice was not to be given me—that he intended to decline, with thanks, Mr. Bayley's proposal, and that I was to go to Mr. Rule's place of business, 102, Leadenhall Street, as soon as he was ready to receive me.

My brother was flushed and excited, and I was grateful for the interest he took in my fate; but the cutting me off from finishing my University career was the kind of blow which makes a fellow indifferent to whatever may next befall him; and whether I was to be mewed up in a lawyer's or a ship-broker's office for the next five years did not greatly interest me. Either occupation seemed to me intensely distasteful; and, indeed, the legal outlook, during the time of apprenticeship, was the more repulsive of the two.

But, before being finally immured in what seemed to me a penal settlement, my father and mother took me with them, by way of *solatium*, on a very pleasant little trip to Brighton, whither we went in the open barouche, my father driving, with the coachman on the box, my mother and I chatting together inside. We stayed to dine and sleep one night on the way in a great house near Reigate, where old friends of my father and mother resided, of the name of Warre, and reached Brighton in the afternoon the next day. But the little jaunt was made sad to me, and I fear to my mother, by my repining at the severance of my connection with the London University, which was also a great blow to my mother's hopes and ambition. When I recall my father's large and liberal views of life and duty, his sympathy with all well-devised or even imaginative schemes for improving the

condition of society, his intense delight in literature, and his remarkable interest both in political progress and engineering triumphs, I should be puzzled to understand why he gave me so little sympathy in the choice of my life's work, were it not for remembering the exalted view which he took of the duties and privileges afforded for enlarged and beneficent activity in the career of a British merchant. What he did not adequately consider was that, amid the declining fortunes of his house of business and the growing claims of a large family, he no longer possessed the means of furnishing his sons with the capital necessary for attaining and keeping the position he had won for himself.

The first thing I wanted to do when I got to Brighton and Hove, where I had passed those three years of a blessed youth, and on which I now looked back so longingly, was to get a boat and row out once more to sea. The last time I had done so was with one of my school-fellows whom I persuaded to accompany me, though the roughness of the waves made him tremble a bit, while heightening my own joy. We then pulled out some way to sea, and this reminds me, by-the-by, that those three years at Hove had put a new heart and life into me, so that I seem to have got rid of all fears of every kind; and not until I had fallen into a very morbid condition both of body and mind, six or seven years later, did I know what fear was, save from memory. And even then it was far more fear for others than for myself. But a stronger attraction than even boating during this visit, was at first to go and visit my old school, and play the great man by asking for a holiday. Going through the beloved old playground I talked to three or four boys (youngsters when I left—now among the elders), and was followed into the house by a train of wondering and hopeful juveniles. There I was kindly welcomed by Mr. Malleson, the Master, had an interesting conversation with him on the best means of purifying the school, got the promise of a

half-holiday in honour of my visit, went off for a row, and came back to London in due course, refreshed in mind as well as in body.

Before long I was perched on a high stool at a desk in the aforesaid counting-house, and from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., was duly initiated into my new duties by a rather sour-tempered head-clerk, and by two good-tempered but vulgar and younger individuals. The desk work was of course dreary enough after Thucidydes and Livy, Analytical Geometry and the Differential Calculus. Charter-Parties and Bills of Lading, analysing Custom-house "Returns," and making copies of dry business-letters, had no intrinsic charms; while a dull, hopeless longing, day after day, for a different life, often made me walk up to town before breakfast to my brother Sam's rooms in my father's house in St. Mary Axe (about 6 miles), to still the heart-ache by tiring me out a little during the rest of the day.

But there was one bright gleam shone upon me during those days. When John Stuart Mill heard from his brother that I had been put into a counting-house in Leadenhall Street, he very kindly sent me an invitation to call upon him when I liked, in his room in the India House (also situated in Leadenhall Street), the lordly *habitat* of the great East India Company, where he was working in the "Examiners' office," of which his father was the head. I need not say I speedily availed myself of this great privilege, one which I continued to enjoy, on and off, for several years. On one of the first of these visits I went full of exultation at having found what seemed to me (rightly enough) a wonderful treasure. My father, as I have said, was a great admirer of the *Edinburgh Review*, and I had recently lighted on an article in a number of the previous year, called "Characteristics," which filled me with unspeakable delight, as anyone could understand who appreciated both the essay itself and my particular

condition at that time. I was reading it one evening in the drawing-room at Leyton when an old friend of my father's looked over my shoulder and asked what it was in which I seemed so interested. When he saw the title of the essay, he said "Ah, yes, it is a fine paper, written by a friend of mine, Mr. Empson, Principal of Haileybury College."* Greatly delighted to learn the name of a writer who seemed to me like a mighty prophet arisen in our dreary "unintelligible world," I poured out my rapturous delight to Mr. J. S. Mill (which he evidently shared), and gave him the interesting information I had gained as to its authorship. To my surprise he replied with his quiet genial smile, "Oh no, it is not written by Empson, but by a friend of mine, Thomas Carlyle. He has written several other essays which, I think, you would like." Among them was "Sartor Resartus," and that exquisitely beautiful and noble essay on Burns, perhaps the finest that our great 19th century prophet ever wrote.† Thenceforward, for many years, Carlyle and his writings became a great inspiring and guiding force in my troubled life; and many a delightful and vivifying talk I had concerning him and his works with my hōnoured friend up there in the Examiners' office at the India House. As I was editing *The Workman's Magazine,* in 1873, when John Mill died, I put together the few recollections I retained of those conversations (would that they had been more) for a short article in the Magazine, and, though so meagre, they may still be of some interest. After speaking of

* Many years later I learned that this gentleman was then one of the editors and chief contributors to the *Edinburgh Review.*

† I never understood why this alone of all Carlyle's published writings (except his earliest, "The Life of Schiller"), was not characterised by his peculiar style and diction, until I saw in "Lord Macaulay's Life" that Jeffery (the Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*) claimed to having polished it up a bit, and put it into plain English.

Mill's character as a man, and the nobleness of his heart and life, I continue thus :—"But there was a very interesting remark he uttered on one of these occasions, with so much feeling, that it is worth recording, 'I never can be sufficiently grateful,' he said, 'to my father for not having stamped all his own opinions on my mind, but for leaving me free, and constantly encouraging me to think for myself.' Those who know anything of that father's character, of his hard inflexible will, and intense conviction of the exclusive truth of his own views, will appreciate his rare merit and devotedness to principle by this statement."

Well, yes, it was a happy thing for the world that John Stuart Mill was not made a mere *replica* of James Mill. Sons and daughters should certainly not be mere copies of their parents—undoubtedly most important that they should be taught to think for themselves. Yet it is no less important that the garden of their young minds should "be biased towards fruit and flowers," not towards poisonous growths, or be left to be over-run with weeds. The right path in this matter is not quite so easy to follow as some have thought.

After narrating my first visit to J. S. Mill at the India House, I go on to describe a visit in which "when speaking of Carlyle's overwhelming admiration for Goethe," I asked Mill whether it was not exaggerated, and how he accounted for this. He said he thought it was excessive, and added, "I think it is to be explained by the fact that Carlyle went to Germany, when quite a young man, in a state of profoundest gloom and wretchedness, almost in that state when the next thing is suicide. There he became acquainted with Goethe; saw in him a man of immense intellect and power, who impressed him as being a thoroughly *great* man; and this person, he also saw, believed life to be worth living; believed in the dignity and nobleness of life; worked on, also, with

unfaltering energy for ends which he believed to be noble and worthy of all sacrifices to attain them. Then Carlyle began to find that he could bear to live, and could rejoice in life and work. Hence ever after he looked up to Goethe as his deliverer, and worshipped him accordingly." I cannot be sure, at this distance of time, but my impression is that Mill did not by any means share in that admiration, much as he admired Carlyle himself. But amid all J. S. Mill's great intellectual gifts a capacity for appreciating poetry is not evident.

Among those brief recollections of Mill, I also see the following:—"Some of Mr. Mill's earliest writings are to be found in a periodical which was never widely known [though it well deserved to be], and is now almost forgotten, but which, while it was edited by the Rev. W. J. Fox (afterwards M.P. for Oldham), was full of interesting matter, and often contained articles of rare merit [especially several by Harriet Martineau]. We refer to the *Monthly Repository*, then published (1831) by C. Fox, Paternoster Row, but long since discontinued. We are not sure whether Mill's contributions had any distinguishing mark or signature. . . . A sentence worth quoting, in one of those essays [which made a great impression on me, I remember, when I first read it], full of moral wisdom, and quite characteristic of the writer, was 'Not what we do, but the spirit in which we do it is of importance.'" But like most epigrammatic wisdom it needs supplementing, for it is of immense importance whether what we do helps or hinders progress, does good or does evil to our fellow-creatures, quite independently of the spirit in which we do it. It does, however, present a most important view of the matter, too much lost sight of by persons who look merely, or too much, at the *actions*, only, of others and themselves.

Thus the time wore on. The habit of reading a

sermon with my mother every Sunday evening, which I had commenced when I was a boy, I continued in after years, when I no longer had her company and admirable comments. And at the time of which I am speaking, I had the great benefit and happiness of reading W. J. Fox's noble sermons, "Christ and Christianity." One evening I well remember coming on the following passage in a beautiful discourse on "Christ's Legacy of Peace." The preacher had been speaking of the duty and blessedness of bringing our minds into harmony with our circumstances when we have reason to believe those circumstances have been arranged for us, or permitted, by the loving will and wisdom of our Heavenly Father, and then, dwelling on the peace which is our Saviour's legacy to His faithful disciples, the sermon continues thus:—"Good men have lived to see that what had been their heaviest sorrows—what had appeared the saddest restrictions of their usefulness towards others—nay, what had seemed most unfriendly to their own improvement, had all been benignantly arranged by Him who leadeth the blind by a way which they knew not, making darkness light before them, and crooked things straight." (Vol. ii. p. 132). When I read that sermon in one of my solitary Sunday evening hours, I could not help being struck with its exact description of my own troubles at that time, and wondering whether I should ever live to find the preacher's words come true for me. But without living to become one of those good men of whom he speaks, I *have* lived to see all that he describes come true for myself. Had I continued at College I should certainly have thrown myself more vehemently than ever into my studies, and in all probability like many another enthusiastic student whose physical stamina is not strong enough to bear the strain (as mine certainly was not), I should have left College a year or two later with a shattered constitution, and health permanently

undermined. Moreover, I had at that time no such decided definite aptitude for any really worthy and useful line of life and work as would have fitted me for a useful and honourable career, unless I had taken cordially to the friendly solicitor's office, which I fear was very doubtful. Yet I think I might have acquired a deep and even enthusiastic interest in the study of Law, for it is a grand subject; and though there would have been a lot of distasteful drudgery connected with both learning and practising that profession, I could have gone through it pretty faithfully, as I did on the whole both in Mr. Rule's counting-house, and in another at a later time (especially when I was over head and ears in love). Yet, on looking back over the sixty years that have passed since I pondered over that sermon, I feel deeply thankful "to Him who leadeth the blind in a way that they know not," and I would not for worlds have had my lot that of a prosperous solicitor, or even that of a successful barrister, instead of that which it has been. One of my old school-fellows before mentioned as a very clever lad, Frederic Janson, ultimately obtained the situation in "Smith and Bayley's Office," rising to be the head of the firm with a large income. But because he thus prospered it does not of course follow that I should have done the same; while I look back on the work which I have been permitted to do during the last half-century with more satisfaction than I think I could have done on any merely professional legal or commercial success. Yet as in some measure excusing and explaining the deep-seated rebellion in my heart, both then and subsequently against my father's purposes, I may be permitted to observe that they were certainly operating to wound and crush for the time, all the strongest desires and aspirations which his generous treatment of me in the matter of education and all my surroundings previously, had done so much to foster. He

was, however, at that time becoming more and more fully engrossed both with political events and still more with the magnificent Railway and Steam Navigation enterprises of the day. I venture to offer these reflections in case they may ever be of any little use to anxious fathers meditating on the future of their boys, or to perplexed and discontented sons rebelling against their fathers' choice for them of an occupation.

One evening, not long after I had been planted in Leadenhall Street, I went up to the College, under an indescribable longing to re-visit once more its fascinating scenes, and to meet former fellow-students. I chose, of course, a night when the Debating Society was to meet, and had the great pleasure of hearing my friend Christie make a capital speech in introducing the question whether "Duelling was a justifiable and desirable practice." There had recently appeared in the then new *Westminster Review*, a powerful article by Charles Austin, Q.C., showing the egregious absurdity and inefficacy, as well as the moral guilt of duelling, and Christie applied both Austin's arguments and his own in a masterly style. For the first, and, I was going to say, the last time,* I ventured to rise that evening in this Debating Society and speak on the same side. To my surprise and delight I found that I *could* speak in public—and that Christie actually complimented me, doubtless because I supported his views. I think James B. Mill was not there that night, as I don't remember seeing or hearing him. The evening

* Many years afterwards, when my son was a student at the College and a member of its Debating Society, I went one evening at his invitation and took part in the debate. John Bright, M.P., happened to come the same evening (his son, also, then being a student), and said a few weighty words on the subject which was the duty and expediency, I think, of enlarging the right of Parliamentary Suffrage.

was always memorable to me, both because it gave me the sensation which a young fellow naturally feels when he has plunged into the water and finds he can swim; but also because I happened to go into the University bookseller's shop, opposite the College, and had my "Treatise on Conic Sections" (which De Morgan had set us to write, and was pleased to commend), handed to me by the bookseller in whose charge I had left it (and forgotten it) at the close of the previous session.

The depressing contrast between College life and the ship-broker's counting-house was somewhat relieved, after two or three months, by being initiated into the out-door mysteries of my new calling, such as "entering" newly-arrived vessels and their captains, passing them through the great Custom-house in Thames Street, searching the various docks for ships in want of freights; while my employers, Mr. Rule and his younger brother Alfred, sought for merchants in want of vessels; it being the business of the ship-broker to bring the two together, and get them to sign an agreement (called a "Charter-party") by which the merchant bound himself to supply the ship-owner with a cargo, and the latter undertook to convey it on specified terms from one port to another. These agreements and arrangements were conducted by the broker's or his clerk's visits to "the high contracting parties," and largely on 'Change, where each merchant and ship-owner had his accustomed place, in which the busy brokers, dodging about in the assembled crowd at and after four p.m., could find them, and propound their inquiries or offers. Sad disasters, however, sometimes checquered the agreeable variety of out-door work—especially, and more than once at the Custom-house; where there was a bewildering variety of rooms and duties, and where, on some occasion when "entering" a vessel, I irritated a burly official so greatly, by an omission I had

made of a necessary document, that he broke into unseemly anathemas on my employers for sending them a clerk who couldn't do his business properly. My anguish on this dismal occasion was aggravated not only by forgetting what other papers I ought to have brought with me (a difficulty ere long got over by a kind-hearted clerk from some other office who was standing near), but still more by the offence given to my client, a rather surly captain, who complained to Mr. Rule when we returned to the office, of the way in which I had been shepherding him in the thorny wastes of the "Long Room" of the Custom-house.

Another very *mauvaise quart d'heure* (a good deal longer than that by-the-by) was when I had been sent to the Trinity Light House office to pay some Light dues, and came away without the receipts, so that Mr. Rule could not enclose them in an important letter which should have gone that night to the ship-owner or captain of a vessel departing on her voyage. And, worst of all, one terrible night remains painfully vivid in my memory, when I was sent off, post-haste, with a letter to the Head office, St. Martin's-le-Grand, containing a charter-party for a ship-owner, the brokerage on which (Mr. Rule's remuneration), if the letter got in time, would be over £100. I was to run all the way to get there before the box closed, and arrived in the big hall in a state of such confusion, that having prominently before me the fact that the letter would be too late for transmission that night at any other office, and seeing a box marked "too late" in the big hall, I popped my precious epistle (by an exquisite combination of blundering and haste) into it, informing a post-office clerk that I had deposited it there according as I supposed to the directions given. Imagine my horror on his coolly replying, "Then there it will stay till to-morrow." Rushing back to Leadenhall Street, I

confessed my unfortunate mistake, and can never forget the storm which broke not on myself only, but far worse on the unlucky clerk who, Mr. Rule declared with a torrent of invective, and the profane language common then among gentlemen, ought to have taken the letter himself instead of sending me. Poor Mr. Rule was already beginning to feel the inroads of the fatal disease, consumption, which unhappily carried him to his grave only a few months later; and a disaster like this, coming just when he was struggling to restore the fallen fortunes of his house, was too much for his self-control. The offending clerk was discharged on the spot, and I was in sad disgrace for a week. In the end, however, the delay in sending the charter-party did not prove fatal to the completion of the transaction, and the unfortunate clerk was taken back again after a week's purgation. In the meantime, I went "softly" in some "bitterness of soul."

But my brother-in-law's increasing illness and consequent absence from the counting-house, as well as his ultimate decease, was seriously detrimental to the prosperity of the business. He was a man of remarkable ability, tact, and energy, very popular both with merchants and ship-owners, and had his health lasted, he would soon have regained his former position. But his brother who succeeded to the command, though possessing greater steadiness and "balance" and a very amiable temper, had not the natural gifts required for that kind of business amid such an amount of competition. But he was always kind and long-suffering towards me, and bore with my erratic and unbusiness-like proceedings in a way that did infinite credit to his goodness of heart. It is true both he and his brother felt under great obligations to my father, who had tried hard, to his own loss, to prevent the financial catastrophe which overtook his son-in-law, as he

had previously done to a far more serious extent in the case of his own too speculative but clever brothers.

Whatever the troubles that befell me, however, in the City, there was always much to cheer and make me happy at home. My hours of work were certainly not excessive. From 10.0 or 10.30 a.m., to 5.0, or, occasionally, 6.0 p.m., was a stint which thousands of young fellows and old business hacks in those and previous days would have jumped for joy to have had allotted to them. Our Sundays were always observed with much of the lofty old Puritan austerity; but as long walks, rides, and even boating on our lakelet were permissible, and as I could chat with my mother and sisters, read Channing and Fawcett, &c., those Sundays were always most refreshing.

It must have been somewhere about this time that Harriet Martineau began publishing her charming and instructive Tales of Political Economy, which I read with great eagerness both at home and on my journeys to and from town, when walking along the Lea Bridge Road, riding on the new omnibus just started to run between Clapton Gate and the City, or sometimes when walking the whole distance back to Leyton. This latter operation, however, proved too exhausting for frequent adoption—reading, while walking six miles, taking too much out of one, as I found to my great regret, now that my time for reading and study had become so limited. My father was, of course, immensely interested in these Political Economy stories, though, in common with other veteran disciples of Adam Smith, Ricardo, and Mill, he was inclined, at first, to view the attempt with suspicion. But there was a tremendous sensation created in Society generally, by Miss Martineau's mode of treating what, in her hands, certainly was not the "Dismal Science." And then there came the news one day (which threw us all at Leyton House into a state of great excitement), that she and her mother had

accepted an invitation to dinner. Our enthusiasm regarding her had been carried even much higher by learning that she had won three prizes offered by the British and Foreign Unitarian Association for the best essays on certain subjects, by writing the noble and altogether admirable papers which she entitled: "The Spirit of Judaism," "The Faith as unfolded by many Prophets," and "The Essential Faith of the Universal Church"—being "Addresses" respectively to the Jews, the Mahometans, and the Roman Catholics.

Of course, our enjoyment of her visit was a little damped by finding that she could be addressed only through an ear trumpet; but that did not prevent her talking in a most interesting way, so that it was a memorable evening to us all—the more so to me, personally, in consequence of getting an opportunity, in the course of the evening, of raising that formidable trumpet to my lips, and actually commencing a conversation with her. It was a delightful moment when, on asking if she had read what I described as a remarkably interesting article on "Physical considerations connected with a Future Life," in the last "Monthly Repository," she replied, with a sparkling smile in her dark eyes, "I wrote it myself." Of course, my father discoursed with her on Political Economy, and all of us were greatly delighted with the bright little old lady, her mother, who charmed us with her conversation, her beaming smiles, and her gracious manners. We did not know then to what heights of beneficent influence and renown another child of hers would attain; although Harriet's brother, James, was already beginning to be recognised as a minister of mark in his denomination. I remember my youngest sister and myself hearing him preach the annual sermon for the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, at Mr. Fox's Chapel, South Place, Finsbury Square. It was the

first time we had heard that eloquent voice, and we looked at one another, in silent rapture, as he concluded his discourse with a splendid illustration drawn from the new undulatory theory of Light. But, at the business meeting which followed in the afternoon, there was considerable and, what appeared to me, most unseemly excitement over some question which I did not understand then, nor remember now. But a vivid recollection of the vehement, indeed passionate, wrangling which ensued (the respected minister of Essex Street Chapel being so greatly moved as even to mount on the seat of the pew where he had been sitting), long remained to foster a prejudice I had unhappily contracted against the Christian ministry as a profession, and to deepen the notion that, in spite of sundry exceptions, it was not a gentlemanly calling. But I did not then understand how largely this clerical effervescence (which breaks forth not in Nonconformist assemblies only, by any means), and which I regarded as mere vulgar excitement, often springs from deep religious earnestness and a noble interest in spiritual things which, however, at times it may be unworthily manifested, often contrasts favourably with that serene indifference to the "Higher Life," which characterizes selfish men of the world.

It must have been some little time after her and her mother's visit to Leyton, that I called on Miss Martineau in the apartments she had taken in Westminster, and where, after having worked at her Political Economy tales and other writings from 8 a.m. to 2 p.m. every day consecutively, she received various guests, some of them persons of great eminence, till 4 p.m. When I entered her small drawing-room, a broad-shouldered man of middle height, with rather a florid complexion, much like an intelligent farmer (except that he had eyes unlike any farmer's I ever saw), was standing with his back to the fire, talking to Miss Martineau or to himself (for he was

not using the ear-trumpet), while she, knowing my admiration for the author of "Characteristics" and Sartor Resartus, kindly "drew him out," as she told me after he was gone. For it was, indeed, Thomas Carlyle. He was speaking of Macready's splendid revival of "Coriolanus" at Covent Garden, which he had witnessed the night before, and it was an experience never to be forgotten hearing him give, with a strong Scotch accent, a description of the effect it had on him, adding: "And when I saw all those old Roman shows, that had been dead and buried these thousands of years agone, come glittering across the stage, I could scarce keep the tears out of my e'en." It was most interesting. But I never again had the privilege of being in any private room with that great man, much as I longed for it during the rest of his life. Three or four years later, I attended two of his lectures on "Hero Worship," in Willis' Rooms, and well remember feeling, more than once, during the first lecture (given chiefly extempore), that he would surely break down and have to give up the whole attempt; when, just as one was getting into despair, he would come out with such brilliant sentences, and utter thoughts at once so novel and profound, that everyone present must have been thankful to be there to hear them. It seems that he afterwards wrote out fully both the first and all the subsequent lectures, which remain as "a possession for ever" to delight, instruct, and ennoble mankind. Many years subsequently, when I had published a little volume of lectures on "The Development of Religious Life in the Modern Christian Church" (which John Stuart Mill, on accidentally meeting him, kindly told me that he had read through with "unabated interest from beginning to end,") and in the last of which I quoted from "Characteristics," I ventured to send Carlyle a copy, accompanied by a short note. But I never received any answer or

acknowledgment of my poor offering, nor any permission to call on him; and, of course, I prudently refrained from making any further advances, for which, no doubt, if he knew the fact, he was profoundly grateful.

By way of further alleviating the severity of my compulsory apprenticeship to "business," my mother and sisters encouraged me to join them and my brothers in attending those "Cinderella" dances mentioned in a former chapter, and called "The Woodford Assembly," held, during the winter, once a month, at the White Hart, Woodford, when, from 8 to 12 p.m., the gentry and county families "chased the flying hours" with dancing for the younger folks, and whist for the elders. There my sisters and brothers had successively made their *debût*, and there, with much misgiving, that winter (1831—2) I followed their example. But not hopefully, nor very joyously. I liked talking with my fair partners, and weaving little romances about them; but I didn't care much for the dancing.

Three excellent aunts, my father's sisters, one of them living in Chapel Street, Park Lane, another in Curzon Street, Mayfair, and the third in Great Ormond Street (at the house occupied now and for many years past by the Working Men's College), benevolently and at suitable intervals, sent out invitations to balls, at which one met a large number of relatives, and a great many other more or less interesting and charming people. These dances were varied by evening parties at which music and delightful conversations in sequestered nooks and corners with companions of either sex could be indulged in. At one of the latter, given by my aunt in Chapel Street (a maiden lady with whom resided two very clever and accomplished nieces), I met a young lady of whom I had heard my brothers speak in glowing terms of admiration when they had met her once or twice at some other parties. She was the eldest daughter of my uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs.

Shaen, who lived at his paternal seat (called Crix), near Hatfield Peverel, in Essex. Her mother was my father's youngest sister, and as he was the eldest son and brother, this young maiden's age and mine were nearly the same. Mr. and Mrs. Shaen were considered one of the handsomest couples of their time, and when I saw their eldest daughter amid all the gay company assembled on that (to me) memorable evening in Chapel Street, I did not wonder at my brothers' emphatically expressed admiration. Our near relationship and mutual tastes made it easy and natural for us at once to sit together in deeply interesting conversation in a retired corner, much longer than is usual on such occasions, amid the general buzz of conversation and strains of music going on in other parts of the drawing-rooms. I need hardly attempt to describe the fascination of that talk, but the effects were permanent, and which, with their consequences, may be seen subsequently. Another similar meeting followed by the same results, when we sat together a long time, conversing behind some myrtle bushes in a pretty little recess between the drawing-rooms, comes up before me as I write ; and one or other of those meetings, I forget which, was succeeded by an invitation from the Chapel Street ladies to both Miss Shaen and myself to breakfast the next morning at their house, to meet the celebrated Rajah Rammohun Roy, who had lately arrived in England. So it was arranged that I should call for my cousin, who was staying with our aunt, Mrs. Lister, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and bring her to the august presence of the Rajah, the mysterious joy of which service I could estimate in some degree by the fact, that for many years I could never pass under the arch which leads out of Lincoln's Inn Fields to Queen Street, through which we walked on our Westward way, without a mysterious and ecstatic thrill of memory, equalled only by the pang with which in later days I heard (incorrectly as it happened)

that the arch was to be pulled down! The breakfast party was no doubt interesting, for both my companion and myself were greatly exercised by the arrival in our country of the remarkable man whom we were so kindly invited to meet. But the walk thither was the great event for me, and from that breakfast party I had to return—to the Counting-house!!

Yes, to the counting-house, where I was supposed to be laying the foundations of future mercantile grandeur, and where I am thankful to remember I certainly did try pretty hard both to learn my business and do it efficiently, but soon the difficulty recurred of attempting to "serve two masters," of very opposite character and aims; for, not having learnt that truth, I was constantly trying to do so all the time I was in the Leadenhall Street counting-house, in more ways than one. First, I usually worked hard when I got home at night, wrestling with my old studies in Greek, Latin, and Mathematics, with History tacked on, but finding to my sorrow and bodily pain, that it was a very different thing fagging at these studies when I had the whole day at their command, and coming to them in the evening when I was already tired with the day's hard work. Then, as I was very anxious to enjoy the benefit and delight of a Debating or Mutual Improvement Society, yet found it impossible, owing to the distance, to attend my old College Debating Society, I had got about a dozen young men, some of them old school-fellows, who were at work in different offices in the City, to join me in forming a little society of our own. A meeting was held accordingly, one evening, in my father's counting-house parlour, and, amid mild enthusiasm, the said society was launched under the rather pretentious name of "The Academic." It lasted for several years, and was an unfailing source of intellectual improvement and enjoyment. The extent to which those fortnightly debates

stimulated us (or most of us, certainly myself,) to read History, Political Economy, and in fact on every subject brought forward for discussion, was a striking testimony to the value of such meetings; and, though the reading, of course, was very desultory, it was most valuable for young men engaged all day in an office, and who, in all probability, would otherwise be reading only novels or newspapers, or engaged in less innocent pursuits. But an advantage, perhaps even greater, is the mental and moral education one gains by hearing one's favourite theories, views, arguments, and prejudices keenly contested, perhaps utterly smashed, or triumphantly supported by abler speakers than oneself. An experience of this kind impressed me deeply with the value of debates and discussions, where those who take part in them honestly endeavour to master the subject on which they intend to speak. Most of our members certainly did this, more or less. And herein lies an advantage of small societies over large ones —in them you are more likely to have picked men—members whom you can trust for working at their subjects. In a large society there will generally be many who come merely for a little amusement and excitement, who care more for showy clap-trap than for solid argument or information; and some, therefore, who speak chiefly for applause. But even then there is some wholesome and useful influence exerted; while a really well-conducted discussion class, or a good debating society, beats any other agency, with which I am acquainted, for adult education, by promoting reflection and reading, for developing the power of judging and balancing arguments and looking all round a question, as well as for stimulating a determination to gain information and useful knowledge. These discussions are like the thin end of a wedge for breaking up the indifference and apathy which beset many men in regard to questions of public concern, and of

historical or political importance. In fact, most of the views urged by Dr. Channing, in his admirable essay on "Self-culture," are arguments in favour of this form and species of education. There is all the moral benefit, in addition, to be derived from the lessons of self-restraint, of consideration and courtesy for others, especially towards opponents, besides the advantage of having subjects of thought and interest to occupy one's mind, instead of letting it be engrossed and, perhaps, defiled by meaner things. Hence the value not only of discussion meetings, whether in colleges, Mutual Improvement Societies, or Workmen's Clubs and Institutes, but also of "Conversation meetings" or classes, when someone who has travelled, or had any kind of interesting and instructive experiences, or who can bring a microscope, electrical machine, &c., and can converse with the members round a table or the fireside, instead of delivering a formal lecture.

The meetings of "The Academic" were held once a fortnight during eight months of the year. We had two or three remarkably good speakers among us; and, what was still better, most of us had good sense enough to take pains to prepare for the debates, at all events, when we intended to speak. Another advantage, and a most important element of success, was securing the services of an able and indefatigable hon. secretary, a Mr. Charles G. Chenery, an old Coganite and school-fellow of my early days, who was then in his father's counting-house in Mincing Lane. But of all the pleasant friends (in number from twelve to twenty) who gathered round the table at the "King's Head" in the Poultry, where we held our meetings, the only one with whom I have been able to keep up an acquaintance to the present day is Mr. Janson, one of the Hove school-fellows mentioned in a former chapter. We were all very sociable and good-humoured, yet there was no want of combativeness in speech, and

occasionally of hard-hitting. But greatly to the honour, as it seems to me, of the members they never required the artificial stimulants of drinking or smoking to keep up the flow of thought and speech, nor indeed of carnal refreshments of any kind, though outside our society, I believe their lives were not exactly ascetic. Perhaps it was owing to the purely intellectual and sociable character of our meetings, as distinguished from more convivial gatherings, that during the whole time of our existence as a society I do not remember a single instance of rudeness or quarrelling, scarcely even of loss of temper, until a break-up supper in 1839, when the society was finally dissolved (which, owing to my impecunious condition, I was fortunately unable to attend),—when the drinking was not confined to water, and when our excellent and vivacious secretary, during a playful squabble, as the party were coming away, was pitched into one of the live turtle-tubs standing in the entrance-hall of the tavern!

The faculty of extempore speaking which was acquired at those "Academic" debates has been of essential service to me during the rest of my life, both in the pulpit and on the platform, in the Lecture Hall, and in conferences and congresses. A faculty of that kind has, indeed, its dangerous side, and its possessor has to severely guard himself against becoming a nuisance by over-indulgence in that "fatal fluency of speech," which is sometimes not only a sad hindrance to the usefulness of a meeting, a speech, or a sermon, but which is especially aggravating to those who have often to listen, but are painfully, perhaps enviously, conscious that they cannot retaliate, or display a similar gift themselves.

Among the best of our speakers, because one of the best read as well as most thoughtful of our number, was Mr. J. Toulmin Smith, who even then was writing his interesting "History of the Northmen in America,"

and who afterwards attained distinction in the walks of literature.* Our Hon. Sec. also, Charles Chenery, was always listened to with interest, for his thoughtful and instructive as well as often amusing remarks. Our debates were varied during one or two summers by many delightful games of cricket, played chiefly at his father's house in Hackney, and sometimes at Leyton House. On one of these occasions I remember some wrestling matches, in which, to my good friend J. Tomalin's great amusement and surprise, as well as my own, and that of the bystanders (for he was the bigger of the two), I laid him on his back—a circumstance I remembered because I went from the wrestling match to the house of my brother's father-in-law at Upper Clapton, where I met Miss Shaen.

During this winter and spring it was a frequent source of great enjoyment to renew my intercourse with my cousin James Solly and his very clever amiable elder brother Hollis, the scientific boat-builder, as their family had now left Hove and came to reside on the South side of London. Cousin James was to spend the Easter holidays with us at Leyton, and as my father had given permission for a new boat to be brought from the wharf at Rotherhithe, to replace the old leaky craft which had done duty on our small but picturesque sheet of water, he and I arranged to meet on the Thursday afternoon before Good Friday (1832) at the wharf, and in company with one of the boatmen there, to row the new boat up to the mouth of the river Lea, and thence by canal to Lea Bridge, where a horse and cart from the farm would bring it to our pond. In the early part of that week, however, I was electrified by a call from Miss Shaen's eldest brother (the one with whom I had been at school at Hove), while I was plodding

* Distinction in which his daughter has since shared, as the gifted authoress of the "Statutes of English Guilds," to which she prefixed a translation of Professor Lujo Brentano's valuable work on European Guilds.

at the desk in Leadenhall Street, who had come with an invitation for me to go for a few days' visit to Crix. It was one of those moments in one's youth which can rarely be equalled. Of course I eagerly accepted for the following week. My cousin James and I carried out, previously, our blissful little programme—brought the boat to the Leyton House pond, enacted Cooper's exciting narrative of the adventures of the "Red Rover" and the "Water Witch" all the Good Friday, and, I suppose on the Saturday too; went to the "Epping Hunt" on Easter Monday, and then, in a state of excitement easy to be imagined by youthful and romantic souls, flew off the next day to the beautiful home of the young goddess who dwelt there. Those five days, spent with my cousin James at Leyton, I looked lovingly back on in after years, as the last days of my youth, for my experiences during the succeeding visit to Crix, with their alternations of joy, hope, depression, and despair, seemed to precipitate one headlong into an entirely new state of being. I came away very decidedly and desperately in love, but more doubtful and desponding than ever as to the question—which I had not the shadow of a justification for entertaining—whether my attachment was returned—a state of mind not conducive either to peace of mind or to general health of body or mind. But I knew little then of the subtle mysteries of a woman's heart. Nor had I for a moment reflected on the culpable folly, as well as the mischief, of endeavouring to win the affections of such a peerless maiden when I was but little more than a boy, and had no prospect even of earning my own livelihood. I had not then laid to heart the lesson which the manly Germans, described in my "Tacitus" and "Cæsar," would have taught me.* Neither had I in the least gauged the

* "Sera juvenum Venus;" Tac. Germania, Cap. xx. "Qui diutissime impuberes permansuerunt, maximum inter suos ferunt laudem." Cæsar, De Bello Gallico, Lib. vi., 21.

depth and intensity, or the righteousness, of the opposition that would be made by parental affection and parental wrath to an attachment between their child and her first cousin, and that cousin, also, the son of a man between whom and her father there was alienation and mistrust, arising out of my grandmother's disputed will. (Well, said one of the wisest of men, by-the-by, in modern times, Lavater, in those aphorisms before mentioned, "Let no one think he knows another until he has divided an inheritance with him.") But I had some vague shadowy fear of that parental opposition, and a very distinct and dismal belief that the "Lady moon" would as soon come down to earth as that the object of my adoration would stoop to reward my wooing. I had not then read the riddle of the Latmian Shepherd, nor understood the fable of "Endymion" and his dream.

There was, however, a rather more important business going forward that year, and which served as a very wholesome distraction from private struggles and woes. The Great Reform Bill was fighting its way through the Houses of Parliament, under the leadership of Earl Grey, Lord John Russell, Lord Althorp, and their brave large-hearted colleagues. The London and Birmingham Railway Bill was doing the same, under my father's guidance, and that of like-minded patriotic and influential London and Birmingham merchants, bankers, solicitors, and engineers. Several of these latter gentlemen came in turn to dine and sleep at our house, and I listened with silent interest to their conversation. Sometimes my father would come home to dinner, filled with glowing visions of the grand prospect opening before him and his colleagues in connection with railway enterprise, mingled with rising hopes of a peaceful revolution and Parliamentary Reform —sometimes in a state of suppressed but fierce indignation against the Peers, with the great Duke at their head, who

declared that they never would pass the Reform Bill; while individual "noble" landowners were equally resolved not to let the Railway Bill become law except at the cost of extravagant and almost prohibitory payments for parcels of land through which the railway was to pass. "It is as bad as a highwayman putting a pistol to your head," I recollect hearing my father say, when one evening he told us of that demand of £30,000 for a small bit of the Cashiobury Estate, mentioned above. "And we shall have to give it," he added bitterly. "The Lords succeeded in throwing out the Bill once, and they are ready to do it again." In the meantime, the arduous duty of surveying the ground and taking the levels was steadily being carried forward, week after week, with genuine British pluck and bull-dog tenacity, by engineers, their workmen, and solicitors' articled clerks (of whom my cousin Samuel Shaen was one), amidst the fiercest opposition from local landowners, in field after field, of a large part of the 112 miles between London and Birmingham, and where savage dogs, game-keepers, gardeners, and squires were threatening death and destruction to the intruders, yet impotent to arrest the process.

But a grim shadow was now being thrown upon the scene. Coming one morning, as usual, to my father's house in St. Mary Axe, on my way to the Leadenhall Street Office, I found two of the clerks, standing like sentries, on the top of the steps by the front door, forbidding all access to the premises. For some months that terrible scourge, yet, as it proved at last, beneficent angel, the dreaded "Cholera Morbus," had been making steady progress from India across the Continent of Europe, on its first visitation thither, and had at length reached our shores, whence it was soon spreading through the country with fatal strides. Many cases had been already reported in London, and the number was daily

increasing, both there and in the provinces. But its presence in our midst did not cause any particular alarm either to the circle in which I lived or to myself—it did not seem to concern us at all, and it was with simply a feeling of surprise that I learnt from the clerks on the steps that a young medical man, a pupil of my brother's, who was just going on a distant voyage as the ship's doctor, had been taken ill of cholera in my brother's rooms the night before, and had died there in the course of a few hours. His friends and my brother had been giving him a little farewell supper, in the course of which he complained of feeling unwell, lay down on the sofa, was carried off to bed, and the end speedily came. One incident in that awful night was deeply touching, and most characteristic. In the agony of his death-struggles, the sufferer wrenched a valued ring off his finger, and gave it to his friend, Edward Cogan (a son of the Rev. E. Cogan, my former school-master), who, with my brother, was watching by his bed-side. I did not know the ill-fated young surgeon, though I heard of the last week ashore being spent in "riotous living;" but I did not wonder at Edward Cogan being loved by any man, albeit his rule of conduct, in one respect, was no loftier than that of almost all the young men in those days with whom I was acquainted. He was my father's trusted and much-valued head-clerk through many years, and was always most kind and helpful to myself in many ways.

This melancholy catastrophe brought home to us the reality of the visitation, yet I can't remember feeling any anxiety or alarm, or seeing others terrified. The young man taken thus suddenly had been much valued by his friends for his agreeable qualities and kindness of heart, but, like most medical students in those days, he was not said to be remarkable for steady habits.

But neither the cholera nor the fierce opposition of

the Tory Peers and M.P.'s, with the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel as their leaders, prevented most impressive demonstrations by the wealthy and influential merchants and bankers of London, as well as the great provincial towns, in favour of the Reform Bill; and it was with feelings of pardonable filial exultation, that I read in the *Morning Chronicle*, one day, how my father had taken part in a great meeting at the Mansion House, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor (Sir John Key), for petitioning Parliament to pass the Bill. It was this patriotic conduct of the influential middle classes in those critical times that, no doubt, saved the country from a violent revolution or a civil war. The Corporation of London met in the Guildhall, and voted an address to the Crown in favour of the Bill, and 50,000 persons went up to present it. But it was the "Political Unions," however, and especially the men of Birmingham, and last, but not least, Somerville, of the "Scots Greys," and others of that regiment, then quartered in Birmingham, whose conduct made the Iron Duke give way, and carried the Bill to a successful issue. Those persons who are acquainted with the inner secrets of that remarkable, but bloodless revolution, will remember the influential part played in it by the late Joseph Parkes, the eminent Birmingham solicitor. Some years later he told me, in the course of conversation, that Lord Brougham mentioned to him, not long after the Bill was passed, that when he and Earl Grey had gone to Windsor to tender their resignations to His Majesty on the defeat of the Bill by the House of Lords, and were retiring from the royal presence when that duty was performed, he (Lord Brougham) having backed out of the door, was surprised not to see Earl Grey doing the same. Whereupon, looking again inside, he saw his illustrious colleague hastening forward, throwing himself on his knees before the king, and exclaiming: "Pardon me,

your Majesty, but I dare not leave without saying that I fear it may cost your Majesty your crown if you allow us to return to London no longer your Majesty's ministers!" Then Lord Brougham saw the king pat Lord Grey good-humouredly on the head, and say: "Pooh, pooh! You're a very good fellow, Grey—but I would rather take post-horses, and go to Dover, than create a batch of Peers." Nevertheless it appeared, within a fortnight, on the failure of the Duke of Wellington to form a government, that the good sailor-king changed his mind, and did *not* follow the example of Charles X. by abdicating.

At one of the great meetings held to support the Bill, a weapon was drawn which is, no doubt, among the most formidable in the armoury of moral force when a united people are promoting a bloodless revolution. One of the orators declared he would pay no more taxes till the Bill had passed, and the whole multitude pledged themselves to the same course. Fired by the example, and craving for an opportunity of doing something practical, however humble, towards the great victory, as I rode home one evening through Hackney, I called successively on the three tradesmen we employed in that suburb, and inviting them to come to their doors, I discoursed to them, from my saddle, on the duty incumbent now on every true patriot to refuse to pay any more taxes until the Bill was carried. I must confess I was a little surprised then, and disconcerted, at the respectful smile with which one, if not all three, listened to my exhortations; but I am not surprised now. Yet, for a nation bent on obtaining justice and "righteous judgment" from unrighteous and oppressive rulers, without recourse to arms, there is probably no measure more efficient.

Not long after that momentous political victory of 1832, I remember the Rajah Rammohun Roy coming to dine at my father's, and the interest and admiration with

which we regarded and listened to the great Hindoo Reformer. My father had been strongly drawn to him by his publication, entitled "The Precepts of Jesus," before he came to this country. After dinner, when strolling round the grounds, in the beautiful summer evening, he, my brother Samuel, and myself, were at one time a little in advance of the rest of the party; and, as my brother was enthusiastically dilating on the great Revolution which we, like our French brethren, had just accomplished, but, unlike them, without shedding one drop of blood, I was rejoiced to see the noble countenance of the Indian prince and religious pioneer lighted up with sympathetic enthusiasm at the magnificent triumph Englishmen had just achieved.

The triumph of the "London and Birmingham," and of the "Grand Junction" (from Birmingham to Warrington) Railway Bills, was also effected about this time, though at an immense and, as above mentioned, unnecessary cost. The Marquis Camden had succeeded in compelling the Company to have all its locomotives stopped at Chalk Farm, and to drag the trains into the Euston Station by an endless rope. But, on the day of his death, the locomotives rushed triumphantly up to the Euston platform—no man forbidding.

The great improvement in the dock accommodation of the Port of London, effected by the opening of the new East London Dock, also signalised this period of my father's public work; while my eldest brother was, at the same time, developing the capacities of the "Surrey Canal" as a dock for vessels in the timber trade.

It was about this time that I remember going with other members of my family to hear the speeches made after a great dinner given by the Protestant Dissenters of London to celebrate the passing of the Reform Bill, when Lord Brougham presided and made a grand speech, one

sentence in which I could never forget from the intense earnestness with which he uttered it, though its full meaning I could not then understand. He had been complaining bitterly of the treatment he had received (what it was I did not in the least comprehend), and was even fiercely unbraiding his audience for their share in it, when he suddenly struck the table with tremendous force as he exclaimed, "But, gentlemen, I would rather have cut off my right hand than have left the House of Commons and gone into that House of Lords, had it not been . . ." and there my memory fails me—but it is not difficult to supply the gap. I can well understand the bitter mortification such an orator and statesman must have felt at exchanging the stormy joys and political excitement of the popular assembly, which he dominated by his eloquence and resistless energy, like the fierce spirit of a grand elemental war in an ocean-tempest; but what reasons he gave to those astonished Dissenting deputies for making the great sacrifice to which he referred, I cannot remember for I did not understand them then, and have never had time or opportunity to look them up since. Yet it would be an interesting subject of research. The Life of Henry, Lord Brougham, has yet to be written. At the time of his death I remember asking Lord Lyttleton how it was that little or nothing was said or done to honour his memory, or celebrate his magnificent services in the cause of political, social, educational, and legal reform? The answer, while expressing decided sympathy with my feelings on the matter, was vague, but to the effect that the subject would hardly bear looking into, especially in the public forum of the House of Lords, on account of the deceased statesman's private character and life. But this seems to me a reason only for writing his life with the grand impartiality and perhaps with something of the unsparing severity of the biographers of the Biblical heroes—not for

ignoring the personal history of so great a modern hero and public benefactor. His marvellous personality, as well as his inestimable services to the English nation, require some enduring monument to be raised to his memory, and some faithful record of the lessons to be learnt alike from his failings and from his heroic, world-wide, and herculean labours. Since writing these words, Mr. Shaen has told me that a friend of his mother's, the late much-respected Miss Dalziel, of Edinburgh, when speaking one day of Lord Brougham (with whom in his earlier life and his family she had been well acquainted), that lady remarked, "Well, for one thing I shall always honour Lord Brougham. He was very kind to his old mother." And for that, we also may and should honour him, with our whole heart. I think he brought her to pass her later years at Brougham Castle, in Westmoreland. Some of his friendships, to the last, for high-hearted men, as *e.g.* for the late Sergeant Manning, and especially for his eloquent and high-principled rival, Mr. Denman, Q.C., M.P. (afterwards Lord Denman), were also signs of a noble nature.

I cannot at this moment recall the exact date of an event which created a profound sensation in "Society" circles at the time, but it was very early in the "Thirties" when Miss Fanny Kemble made her *debût* on the boards of Covent Garden Theatre to save her father and the family from the ruin which threatened him, owing to the failure of his expectations when he became the lessee of that theatre. The two great houses, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, had then a monopoly which wrought their proprietors and lessees little good, and the public, as well as the cause of the legitimate drama, much harm. But one benefit accrued—viz., the pressure thus placed on those large establishments to put the Shaksperian and modern serious drama continually and systematically on the stage. For this cause, and also because there would seem to have

been in those days a far greater desire, on the part of the general public, to witness the performance of really good plays, as well as a greater number of really fine actors and actresses, there was certainly a much larger number of thoroughly good performances at the two "Monopoly" Theatres than are to be seen in these latter days at all the innumerable theatres abounding in the Metropolis. As my brother Samuel always gave me a bed in St. Mary Axe when I wanted it, I was able to go occasionally to the theatre, though my purse, and my evening studies, would not allow of this enjoyment very often. I am not sure whether I witnessed Miss Kemble's *debût*, though I saw something of the magnificent receptions she had, not merely on account of the circumstances under which she appeared, and the great *prestige* of her name and family, but for the sake of her own splendid acting. I was present the first night in which she appeared in the "Gamester"; and, at the distance of sixty years, retain a vivid impression of the extraordinary enthusiasm excited by her acting. In the last scene of all, when the friends of the miserable wife are endeavouring to remove her from the dead body of her self-murdered husband, and she wrenches herself from their grasp, to return and, with a piercing shriek, throw herself on his corpse, the applause was deafening. It would seem almost as probable that the performance of this terrible tragedy assisted in passing the Bill for the suppression of the "gambling hells" of St. James' Street, as it is certain that the abolition of slavery in the United States was largely due to the graphic power of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Miss Kemble's dramatic success was, however, most fully seen in her presentation of Shakspeare's heroines; and it is somewhat startling to learn from her recently published letters, that she never liked performing in public, a fact which, while it diminished her greatness as

an actress, not a little enhances the nobleness of her devotion to duty, and of her love for her father and mother. Could she but have loved and honoured her calling, as her aunt did, she might have rivalled that wonderful "Queen of Dramatic Art," and become a second Mrs. Siddons. Would that such actresses were not so rare! Miss Martineau has a fine portrait of her under the garb of fiction in one of her "Political Economy" Tales.

But this shrinking from a complete self-surrender to the genius of art was no less characteristic of another great dramatic artist, of that day, William Macready; and it was even more fatal, I think, in his case, as a hindrance to his reaching the highest pinnacle of dramatic excellence and renown. He confesses, in his biography, to have been ashamed of his art; to having thought of it even as vulgar, so that the perusal of his memoirs makes one almost feel that he was more desirous of being regarded as a gentleman than as a great and noble actor. Why, oh why, could he not have believed that he might be both? Nothing more certainly than that want of faith could have prevented his attaining the consummate excellence which all his other characteristics and genius qualified him to win. If Edmund Kean, on the other hand, could but have added to all his other splendid endowments, the high character and principle, the self-control of Macready and Young, and if *they* could have possessed his entire self-abandonment to the inspiration of true dramatic art, the English stage would have had once more to exult in worthy peers of Garrick and John Kemble. But Charles Young's "Hamlet" was probably as fine an impersonation of by far the most wonderful and interesting of all Shakspeare's heroes as can ever have been witnessed on the stage. It is singular that such a really accomplished actor should have been known so little beyond his immediate generation. But he had a grand ovation when he left the stage.

It would be putting it mildly to say that, at this time, I had a passion for the stage and everything connected with dramatic literature. The early deep impressions produced by the family performance of "Douglas," had quite recently been revived with immense force by reading in Carlyle's admirable "Life of Schiller" (the first work, I believe, he ever published, and which was as great a favourite with my sisters as myself,) how the great German poet, when not out of his teens, had delivered himself from the cruel military service, in which he was then a bond-slave, by writing his wonderful play of "The Robbers." The question haunted me day and night, "Would it not be possible even for me—poor blundering, stumbling mortal—to write a tragedy which, if only it took the world by storm like Schiller's 'Robbers' [rather a big and foolish "if"] would induce my father to let me see if I could not earn my living by literature as well as by ship-brokering or even by grinding in the Baltic trade?" Thenceforth I plunged into the history of the Italian Republics, to find a hero and a framework suitable for the dramatico-tragic conceptions that were whirling through my brain. It was impossible to prevent them rising before me, not merely on legitimate occasions when I was going to or returning from London, and in the silence of my own room, but on the most inopportune and illegitimate opportunities. Not once or twice only, I fear I was writing down scraps of my beloved tragedy at my desk in the counting-house when I ought to have been occupied with a charter-party or bills of lading; and my unfortunate master, coming in my absence to look among the papers on my desk for some document entrusted to my care, was known to have come instead, with infinite surprise and disgust, upon "Act II., scene 1 (2 or 3). *A band of conspirators assembled. Enter Gonzaga with fierce and haughty visage, &c., &c.*"

Well, of course, I couldn't "serve these two masters" —besides I had three, one in Leadenhall Street, one in the Genius of Poetry and Dramatic Art, and a greater tyrant than all in my unlucky body, which began very fiercely to punish and lash me for attempting to combine night and morning studies at home, or on the road, with work in the counting-house, the Custom-house, and the docks. Sometimes I was racked with pains—had to be put into the doctor's hands—had no sooner recovered and got into my "double harness" again, than the same symptoms recurred, and I had to give up the studies, the tragedy, and everything I most valued, except indeed Scott's, Bulwer's, and Disraeli's novels. These were always a great and perennial comfort, the last as an inspiring amusement; but Bulwer's was not only a source of fascinating interest, but also a stimulus, as it seemed then to me, of the loftiest kind to wrestle with surrounding difficulties and "take the kingdom" (not altogether "of heaven, though tending somewhat in that direction,") "by force." I well remember this kind of influence swaying me with prodigious vehemence, as when returning from London, I walked home one summer evening from Clapton Gate, reading "Eugene Aram"—not a likely source of lofty inspiration, some may say who either never read the book or were never swept away by its author's enthusiasm and lofty ambition. I had felt much the same, previously, when reading "The Disowned;" and, as for "Contarini Fleming," it was simply enchanting! Alas, for the illusions of youth, I should tremble to look at "Eugene Aram" now, lest I should despise it and myself as heartily as I did when lately wading through "Contarini Fleming" once more. But the *furore* with which "The Last of the Barons" filled me, in full-blown manhood, was not a thing to be ever ashamed of, and if I could not bear to read that noble romance again, it would be for fear of too much excite-

ment. I suppose I must have once asked John Mill, during one of those invaluable conversations at the India House, how it was that he was able to combine his hard and regular work there with so much severe study and literary labour: for I remember his saying to me, in reply, "I get so much time for that work because I can get through my India work quickly;" adding, with his singularly pleasant smile, "And that's why I can afford time now to talk with you." But I couldn't get through my office work quickly, or if I could, not having a room to myself as John Mill had, I was only given another task till five o'clock came, or six as the case might be; while he left at 4 p.m. when the clock struck, and had then a *mens sana in corpore sano* of extraordinary strength wherewith to do his literary work, and no chronic ailments, I believe, of any kind whatever.

It was in this year (1832 I think), the first Handel Festival took place, and was held in Westminster Abbey. It lasted four days, on two of which I had the great happiness of being present. I cannot imagine anything finer than this celebration in that sacred pile, and having enjoyed it once, can bear with equanimity never having been able to go again. It is of infinite value to have enjoyed in youth and early manhood great and noble delights, which, even if they could be tasted again in later years, could never be to us what they were

> "When all the world was young, lad,
> And all the trees were green,
> And every goose a swan, lad,
> And every lass a queen."

Two more visits to Crix come to mind in this connection, one in the winter of 1832-3, to a ball, and another to an archery party, as well as a ball, in the summer of 1833. I was asked in anticipation of rather a dearth of partners for the Essex ladies to bring down with

me to the former festivity a clever, rattling, agreeable young gentleman (a few years older than myself), who had been a guest at several of my aunts' London parties before mentioned. We travelled outside the stage-coach to Chelmsford, in the dusk of a winter evening, with a cutting east wind in our faces, my companion being wrapped in a great bear-skin and much surprised at my travelling only in a light opera-cloak. But I was in love, and wondered at his wanting so much protection from the cold. I had not known much of him before, except from seeing him once or twice at Leyton and at those London dances! But he was a lively, sociable fellow, and thought he was entertaining me, as we bowled along, with an account of his various amours; among them a description of his dangerous adventures in making love, and paying visits, to the mistress of some gentleman who was engaged in business during the greater part of the day, and thus left the coast clear for any adventurous libertine who might know of the hiding-place. He confessed that his life might be in some danger if the said gentleman unexpectedly returned; but though I believe he would have been shocked at the idea of paying such visits to a married woman, he considered a kept mistress fair game. "If the fellow," he said "doesn't choose to marry her, he can't expect to keep her all to himself." Manners and morals of this degrading nature, though not so adventurous perhaps, as my companion was describing, yet occasionally of a far more heartless and cruel character, were only too common among nearly all the young men of those days with whom I then had any acquaintance; hence they excited no surprise, only mild disapprobation, but not a particle of sympathy. For if there had been no other protection against infection from the almost universally prevalent licentiousness of the age, the safeguard of a pure and absorbing love (there is scarcely any greater),

would have been sufficient, except, perhaps, against the most dangerous and accursed of all, medical advice. Only the highest sanctions of religion, and the moral principle which grows from that root, are adequate to resist either that or other incitements to vice, in one's feverish and ignorant youth. But it never struck me at the time what a strange and detestable anomaly it was to be introducing young men, and for parents to be welcoming them, to the society of pure and innocent family circles, without a thought as to their moral character and private lives in regard to one of the most important of all relations in mundane affairs. Yet if a young man were even remotely suspected of dishonourable conduct in regard to money matters, he would, alike then and now, find it rather difficult, if not impossible, to gain admittance to "genteel" society. The change for the better which has taken place during the last thirty or forty years is indeed marvellous, and one of the greatest of all those changes is the extent to which the equality of the sexes, in regard to the obligations of purity and morality, is becoming recognized. Habitual licentiousness in men has been tolerated or approved by men; while a single fall in the case of some poor tempted woman has consigned her unpitied to a life of infamy. But brothers are beginning to ask themselves with a terrible tingling of shame what they would think if their sisters contended that the law of purity was not more binding on the woman than the man.

In striking contrast with all this train of thought, there comes back to me in association with memories of that visit to Crix, a recollection of sitting by the fire in the dining-room at Crix on the Sunday afternoon following the party just mentioned, and of Miss Shaen handing me a volume of Channing's sermons, recently published, while she pointed to a discourse on "Self-Denial," with which she thought I should be pleased. I read it with eagerness

and deep interest because she had given it to me, and I read it also with profound gratification for its own sake. I thought, and still think, it one of the noblest discourses ever penned; and the impression it made on me, at a most critical time of my life, was indelible. I could never cease to be grateful to her for having asked me to read it, or to Dr. Channing for having written it.

I must not conclude this chapter without referring to the first General Election, after the passing of the great Reform Bill of 1832, and which took place in January, 1833, as I was fortunate enough to witness one of its most striking scenes. The four Liberal and Radical candidates for the City of London were George Grote, Esq., Alderman Matthew Wood, Alderman Robert Waithman, and the Lord Mayor (Sir John Key). Mr. Grote had asked my father to nominate him at the meeting to be held in the Guildhall, and I was not a little gratified by being allowed to walk by my father's side through the dense masses of people who filled up King Street, and the square in front of the Guildhall, even to the very doors, while others had packed the whole interior of the great Hall itself. As we walked down the avenue kept for us by the police, amid tumultuous cheering for Grote and his brother candidates, I felt as proud of being one insignificant unit of the Liberal host, and of being my father's son, as perhaps the Lord Mayor himself, who was to preside over the great assemblage. Unluckily, somehow, I got separated from my father when he had to go on to the platform, and was swept by the surging crowd so far back that I could hear scarcely a word uttered by the Chairman, Mr. Grote, or my father, which was certainly a great disappointment. Yet the excitement and happiness of seeing the latter addressing the meeting, and witnessing the overwhelming sympathy with Liberal principles manifested by the City of London that day, and still more triumphantly at the

polling-booth, was something to gladden one's heart for many a day. All the four Liberal candidates were carried into Parliament by large majorities, Grote, the most Radical of them all, at the head of the poll. Whatever may be the cause of the vast change which has taken place in the political principles of the City in these degenerate times, there can be no doubt that the patriotic conduct of the middle classes generally then was one of the greatest political blessings this country has ever experienced—even though the Reform thus secured was far from being complete. It was a happy evening for me, as for my father and all of us, when Mr. Grote came to dinner at Leyton; and I felt much exalted when, having ventured to talk to him in the course of the evening about the "Ballot," of which he was the consistent and strenuous advocate, he conversed with me for some little time, and with great animation. But he was always genial and gracious—as much so in later years as in those days of his political triumphs. But he did not live to see others carry the important reform in our electoral procedure for which he seemed to himself (erroneously), to have laboured in vain.

CHAPTER VII.

First Escape from the Counting-House.

From the visit of a few days to Fairy-land, in the heart of Essex, during the winter of 1832—33, I had returned with somewhat of revived hopes. From the subsequent visit in the summer, to be present at an archery party and evening dance, when the grounds of that paradise were looking very beautiful themselves, and the nymphs who dwelt or danced there, with their white drapery and straw hats, floating ribbons, bows and arrows, appeared (one above all the rest), more lovely and

fascinating than ever, I came back to Leyton and the counting-house, desponding and forlorn. For a time that season of depression seemed to make another turning point in my ill-regulated career. It was relieved for two or three weeks by a very pleasant visit from J. B. Mill, at Leyton, in the course of which I took him an excursion to Chigwell Row and that beautiful Hainault Forest, the pony, as before, carrying us each in turn, and our provision bag. For many years, subsequently, I had no opportunity of visiting the lovely spot again, but heard that the forest had all been cut down, the land cut up for fields, and that a great iniquity had been perpetrated under the sanction of the "First Commissioner of Woods and Forests." The mischief is irreparable, and the crime unpardonable, for while there were thousands of acres ready for cultivation in Essex if needed, no human art or device is equal to creating a grand old forest which had lasted 500 years—and the desolate farms, the thousands of acres lying untilled in that county for years, seem in their dreary waste to be sending up a silent protest against the injury and wrong which that dis-afforesting has wrought. I learn, however, from Walter Besant's pretty and picturesque "All in a Garden Fair," that some small portion of Hainault Forest has been saved from the destroyer.

This summer was further relieved and gladdened by a return visit to the Mills, at Mickleham, where I remember adding fuel to the flame that parched me with two-fold longings (for literary power and for a woman's love), by reading Goethe's Autobiography ("Dichtung and Warheit"), some sentences in which *(parva componere magnis)* seemed to strike on my soul like the ringing call of a prophet to set one's house in order before we die, or the summons of a hero-patriot to arms. One in particular, beginning, if I remember rightly, thus: "Fiction, I saw,

was thenceforth to be the vocation of my life" or words to that effect.*

These words seemed to reveal to me the true secret of my own life, and of the troubles that had been oppressing me. Everything appeared to fade into insignificance compared with the glory and blessedness of a life spent in evolving ideal creations of beauty and brightness, or of grand and tragic gloom. To live the life that Goethe and Schiller lived, seemed then to me the very height of happiness, of loftiest, noblest, existence—but, thank God, that path was barred. My sister did well to get me to learn, by heart, that poem of Schiller's, "Die Ideale," and more than once, since those days, I have thought, in his own words, "wie klein und karg," how poor and worthless was all that I then idolized, compared with what was offered me instead.

From Mickleham, after a happy little visit, checquered only by occasional "sturm und drang" excitement, with restless troubled thoughts, and increasing physical troubles, I walked on over the hills (sleeping at an inn at the foot of the Dyke) to Brighton, where my eldest brother was staying at Kemp Town, with his invalid wife, and there finished my brief holiday very pleasantly. A row by myself on the open sea, and a walk on the downs or the chain-pier were still, as they always have been, an

*I have carefully looked through Goethe's Autobiography, in order to read, once again, the whole passage which, at that time, struck such a chord so responsive to my own morbidly excited enthusiasm, but in vain. The following gives exactly the same idea, but not in the words which were then graven on my memory—he has been speaking of his "creative talent" and poetic faculty—"My fancy was ever ready to seize every subject that occurred to me. When I reflected on this faculty, independent as it was of any external impulse or obstacle, I perceived that it evidently formed the basis of my moral existence."—*Memoirs of Goethe, written by himself. Colburn*, 1824, *Vol. II., p.* 126.

unfailing source of health and peace, mental and bodily. But when I once more got into harness, it was all the old troubles over again, though considerably intensified in every way. Yet, while I still longed to write that *ignis fatuus* of a tragedy, it was far more as a vent for my inward woes, and as a possible means of deliverance from the bondage of the counting-house, than from any vain-glorious dreams of literary renown. All such aspirations had received a deadly chill from my experiences in Fairy-land, while nobler inspiration from the writings of Carlyle and W. J. Fox, conversations with both John and J. B. Mill, and especially from Dr. Channing's works, were beginning to stir my soul to its depths. Long before I had any more personal acquaintance with the industrial classes, or conscious sympathy with them, than I mentioned in a former chapter, that essay of Channing's, on "The Elevation of the Labouring Classes," was exerting considerable influence on my views of existence, generally. At the time, however, of which I am speaking, I had not the slightest conception either of what were really the sore needs of the working classes, or of having any fraternal sympathy with them. I was conscious only of intolerable disorder all around me, and an overpowering desire to right all the wrongs in the universe. Infinite pity and indignation seemed to be brooding over all one's heart and life, and I thought I was ready to take to any course which might seem to offer the best chance of delivering others from their bonds and sufferings, even if I could not be delivered from my own.

In this state of mind, I was startled one day, during the succeeding autumn, by a visit from the younger Mill to the counting-house in Leadenhall Street, who came to tell me that he had made up his mind to resist his father's decree that he should go to Haileybury College. "Coute qui coute," he declared, he would not enter the East

India Company's civil service, but would remain in England, and devote himself to a political, literary, and if possible, a Parliamentary career. He believed he could earn enough by writing and journalism (with his brother John's assistance, if that could be obtained) to support himself even if, as was probable, his father turned him out of doors. I gave him deep, yet dubious sympathy—for his determination took away my breath by its boldness and fearful risks. Yet, after he was gone, the question haunted me day and night, "Is *he* going to face such desperate extremities merely to pursue a political and literary career, and shall I not be ready and willing to do, and to bear at least, as much to obey what I believed to be the nobler promptings, the higher call, to realize the dreams of social philanthropy and universal improvement," which had been gaining so deep a hold on my mind? "While I mused the fire burned"—until at last I told my mother that my mind was made up, and I would no longer continue being a ship-broker's clerk, but would train myself for acting efficiently on a world that seemed to me sunk in a slough of apathy and ignorance, misery and sin. I declared I was ready to live on bread and water in a garret, while preparing for action, if my father would not let me live at home until I could go forth (which I thought would not be very long!) fitted to do battle with the evil that was in the world, and at the same time earn a bare livelihood for myself. How I was to accomplish either object, I must admit, was by no means clear to me. I only felt sure that a problem of this kind *solvitur ambulando*, and that the way would become clearer and clearer as I proceeded. If my views and dreams on the matter were utterly vague and cloudy, they were at least tinted with gorgeous and even heavenly hues—and my motives were then, at all events, as absolutely pure and devoid of egotism or self-seeking as is a youth's or maiden's

heart in the excitement of a first true love. A great passion like that I then felt burns up all meaner motives, however vague and extravagant the young man's dreams may be. Yet I can see clearly now that the natural love of pleasure, excitement, adventure, all the vehement desire and love I felt for the beauty and enjoyments of the world, the fascinations of woman and the grand joy of conflict with man—in short, "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life," would have carried me away in a very different direction, had it not been for the profound disappointment above referred to. Yet I had received no absolute refusal. But not to receive decided encouragement was enough. And so again I can now see the advantage of what, at the time, was intensely painful; while "all the ills" my "flesh was heir to," or rather was subject to, including self-inflicted austerities, doubtless helped considerably in giving the spirit more or less the victory. Disappointment in love sometimes, unhappily, works the other way; and throws a fellow into worldly or sensual excess. At all events, that disappointment is not such an uncommon thing, terrible though its anguish may be at the time, as to make much fuss about—at least, not since Goethe did make sufficient storm about it once for all, and for everybody, in "The Sorrows of Werther." But what does seem strange to me now, is that I should have anticipated anything else than disappointment, in this case, if I made such ill-timed advances. For I ought to have known perfectly well that my passionate worship of that fair and accomplished "Blumine" was like "the desire of the moth for the star." And though I knew equally well that we shared some deep mutual sympathies, aspirations, and aims, yet I also felt instinctively that her feelings towards me were then different from mine to her. And then, of course, there was the old vulgar difficulty of pounds, shillings, and pence—though as regards that, the

need of having wherewithal to support a wife, or at least a reasonable and not very distant prospect of having it, before endeavouring to form an engagement, never entered my head; neither did I consider that this difficulty, as well as others formerly mentioned, would prevent a wise and dutiful daughter from allowing any attachment, she might have felt, to be revealed.

It seems curious, now, that the way for me out of all this imbroglio, to which I was led a few years later, did not present itself either to my own mind or that of my parents and sisters or brothers. Had I not been, as I thought "crossed in love," I should certainly have been just as anxious to strive for the moral and social recovery of the world from its errors and woes, instead of trying to get ships "chartered," or cleared at the Custom-house. But then I should have simply desired to promote this general well-being by æsthetic and artistic delights—by creating in fact a Paradise of all things beautiful, "lovely, and of good report," wherein would be found on every side temples and altars for the "Worship of Joy" in "the new Heaven and the new Earth" which I thought might be created by preaching the gospel of Art, of Love, and Beauty, of which Goethe and Schiller, Byron, and Shelley were the great apostles. I had been especially dazzled by the glamour of that gospel in the pages of "Wilhelm Meister," for it so thoroughly accorded with all the instincts of one's "natural man," apart from the spiritual influences of Channing and his noble American brethren, of Lant Carpenter, and other English Unitarian divines. Yet even in that epoch-making book, intensely of "the world, worldly," as it is, I found food for the Higher Life, in the "Confessions of a Beautiful Soul," and in a fine, though fleeting, glimpse of the "Worship of Sorrow." Had it not been for the chastening influence of the visitations, if not the worship, of Sorrow, I could at that time

have only too willingly devoted myself wholly, body and soul, to this worship of æsthetic beauty in music, sculpture, painting, architecture, poetry, and worldly artistic or sensuous enjoyment generally, of which those lofty and fiery souls, above named, were such eloquent and impassioned expounders. As it was, however, I sought at that time, instead, only to wrestle against social evils and moral wrongs, "against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world," and was much more inclined to cultivate the "Worship of Sorrow," especially "The Sorrows of Werther." Had I then been fortunate enough to have had Dr. Channing or Dr. Gannett for my pastor, to have been a member of Dr. Lant Carpenter's or James Martineau's, of J. J. Tayler's, Hamilton Thom's, or C. Wicksted's church, I should have better understood the worth, the dignity, the nobleness of the minister's calling, and seen more clearly where and how to find a fulcrum for the lever with which I was desiring to lift the world. But all this was hidden from me. Doubtless I was not then prepared or qualified for living and working on the higher plane, though I think if one of those men could then, and for a few years before, have taken me in hand, I might have been. So for a time I had to occupy a lower sphere, but still it *was* the next best; for—as Dr. Bushnell, of America, says in an admirable sermon—if we are not fit for, or will not take, the best and highest sphere open to us, God mercifully and lovingly offers us the choice of the best yet remaining.

I could not, of course, at that time, see that the Christian ministry was the true path for me under the circumstances; but ardently as I had longed to spend my life in creating the ideal forms and romantic dreams of literary fiction, it needed an even stronger and deeper desire—one that was rooted in the moral and religious depths of the soul—stronger and deeper than even the

love of woman, to enable me to resist my father's will. No one who was not acquainted with the iron strength of that will, and how wonderfully in general—at all events for a time—he over-mastered and ruled, yet with the utmost suavity until roused to wrath, all with whom he came in contact, can understand the strength of the impulse required to lead me to form and act on the resolve I have already mentioned. His manner was seldom imperious, usually kind and gentle, except, indeed, to some grievously offending labouring man; but most people felt that there was something of an almost irresistible force behind it. And we, his children, moreover, had all been brought up in habits of obedience and deference to parental authority, which, say what we will, lie at the basis of a high-principled, self-controlled character, and it had not then been discovered that "the great want of the age is obedient parents." Therefore, up to the critical point I have described, I had never dreamed even of remonstrating with him, much less resisting his will.

But now I was urged to do so by convictions strong enough to confront him. It must not be thought that I came to my resolution merely or chiefly because I disliked the drudgery of the counting-house. This became rather less irksome by degrees, and I liked roaming about the docks when sent to find ships in want of freights. And even that new spirit which had come into me, both before and especially after Mill's visit to our office, could not enable me to face my father's displeasure at first, and I had a private talk with my mother, listening, in distress, to her grief and remonstrances. A much more trying interview with my sister Charlotte followed; for she put before me so powerfully, lovingly, and unflinchingly all the arguments as to the duty of remaining where my father had placed me, the sad consequences that would probably result both to my health and worldly prospects, if I

attempted to earn a livelihood by the precarious chances of a literary career (journalism never occurred to me), with my uncertain health, and increasing ailments. Then she dwelt on the immorality as well as the inconsistency of beginning a life of general philanthropy by open rebellion against my father, with the chances of making myself a burden on him for life; while at the same time she set forth in such glowing terms the probability of my gaining a position of great influence and public usefulness if I earned an honest livelihood in the City by business, illustrating this argument by reference to my father, Mr. Tooke, Mr. Grote, and other eminent City men, that I felt utterly and, indeed, agonisingly bewildered. When I left her and rushed away to be alone, I first knew what real misery meant. It then seemed to me there could be no greater suffering than the uncertainty as to where, in such a conflict of thought and feeling, the path of Duty really lay. But I waited for Light, and at last it came.

During the "storm and stress" of that unhappy Autumn I tried to embody my troubles in poetry, as some temporary relief to the heart-ache, and wrote some verses called "The Exile," which I came upon the other day among some of my late wife's papers and mementoes. I had attempted something in the poetic line a little before when one of my brothers was going out on a voyage up the Mediterranean for his health in a Smyrna fruit-clipper, called the "Siren." The quaint thought struck me that I would give him an Æolian harp to place in his cabin window and let it soothe his melancholy fancies, while the Siren (the gilt figure head of the Smyrna beauty) was supposed to be striking the chords of *her* harp in harmony as they "rode o'er the waters wild." My dear mother, I remember, was so pleased with the idea and with my wish to cheer up my brother, that she gave me a book I had long wished to possess (Heeren's "Manual of

Ancient History"), to celebrate the birth of my doggrel poetry. But the verses were a poor affair. "The Exile" was rather better, and expressed, with poetic fidelity, the writer's emotions under the similitude of a wild and high-mettled steed, torn from his native "Araby the blest" and perishing in his vain endeavours to return to his beloved land. The end, however, of all the wretched muddle, as it seemed to me, into which I had now got, was that my father consented to give me a little holiday to see if, under proper medical treatment and with rest and care at home, I could not recover from the physical ailments which he erroneously imagined were the cause of my mental and moral troubles. During this time of comparative seclusion, amid a good deal of quiet thought, I yielded to my sister's reasoning; saw, or believed I saw, it was my duty to return to the counting-house and plod away there once more. My father kindly agreed to the suggestion made to him, and promised me a month's tour in the Highlands during the ensuing summer, when the holiday would do me much more good than an outing in November.

As it was evident that my bodily powers were not equal to the strain of carrying on, in the early morning or evening, either serious study, or of composing essays, dramas, &c., while working all day at my business, I took my sister's advice and went in for lighter pursuits, such as the study of Vegetable Physiology, the lectures, papers, and discussions on a variety of practical subjects brought forward at the meetings of the Society of Arts in John Street, Adelphi, where my clever cousin, Hollis Solly, the boat-builder, was a constant attendant, and a cousin of my father's, Horsman Solly, was a leading potentate. Mechanical inventions, machinery, experiments in various departments of practical science, with world-wide experiences in material improvements and discovery, took the place of poetry and art, history, and classic lore;

while more frequent enjoyment of concerts, theatre-going, and evening parties alleviated my sorrows, and kept me at least in touch with some forms of artistic delights. Anything, in short, was to be resorted to except the gratification of those desires with which my heart had been all a-flame. And thus limping along on these useful crutches of material interest and worldly delights, I managed to go through my daily duties and disappointed desires with probably too much self-pity, though not much audible grumbling, but with too little gratitude, decidedly, for the many blessings still vouchsafed to me. My father allowed me a sum for all my expenses and amusements which slightly exceeded the stipend I received, in after years, from the first two congregations to which I ministered, and which was in addition to my board and lodging, while he added a sum (about £30) for three successive years for a summer's outing. For a year or two, while I was in the Leadenhall Street office, I also had the daily relief and enjoyment of being allowed a horse for my journeys to and from my Leyton home.

It must have been some time during this year (1833) that I learned, with immense interest and sympathy, of the forthcoming production of a new play called "The Provost of Bruges" (founded on a fine historical romance in Leitch Ritchie's "Romance of History"), which had been accepted by the authorities of Covent Garden or Drury Lane (I think the latter). With a young medical friend of brother Samuel I witnessed the first performance, longing, no words can tell how ardently, as the progress of the performance showed its triumphant success, that it was my own tragedy which was being thus received. Why that drama has not retained a permanent place on the English stage would be a matter of wonder, were it not that the taste of London play-goers (and provincial ditto also) has too evidently degenerated during the last fifty

years; so that such first-rate plays as "Douglas," "Fazio," "The Hunchback," this "Provost of Bruges," and others to which preceding generations had shown such great and well-merited favour, are seldom or never performed. Strange to say I cannot be sure what leading actor took the principal part, though I know it was remarkably well put on the stage, and I think it must have been Macready.

To this period, also, I should refer the opportunities I had of witnessing some of the splendid performances of Macready, in Shakespearian characters. I was particularly interested in his "Hamlet" (which I always wished I could see from a darkened auditorium, so as to heighten the illusion by shutting out from view everything except the stage and the performers), in his "Macbeth" and "Virginius," and, above all, in his "Othello," in which the mannerism, which sometimes detracted from the charm of his acting, was scarcely, if at all, perceptible. His "King Lear" also was very fine, but this last I remember only in one of his later magnificent revivals, when he was making unparalleled exertions as sole lessee of Covent Garden Theatre to give the legitimate drama, as it was called, a permanent and self-supporting foot-hold on the boards of the great Monopoly Theatre, sacred to the memory of the Kembles and Mrs. Siddons—a noble enterprise, in which he was baffled by the lessors of the theatre cruelly raising his rent. In connection with the theatre, I may mention the enchanting performances of Madame Malibran, in the beautiful opera of "La Somnambula;" and those of Schroeder-Devrient, Tamburini, Rubini, Ivanhoff, and Lablache, in Beethoven's one grand opera, "Fidelio;" of Grisi, in "I Puritani" and "Il Barbiere di Seviglia," &c., which I was privileged to enjoy through the kindness of my clever and accomplished cousins, the Misses Solly, who lived then in Chapel Street, Park Lane. They wished for a member of the

inferior sex to accompany them, not exactly as a chaperon, or even as a protector, but still as a suitable conventional partaker of these enchanting enjoyments; while they seemed to like my company, and certainly wished to give me pleasure. Once I remember being taken behind the scenes of the Italian Opera House, when the ballet was about to begin, by a fashionable "man about town," who appeared to be paying court to the younger of my cousins. Fanny Elsler was then the chief female dancer, and the idol of men who loved the ballet performances; but the visit behind the scenes, and consequent disillusionizing for me, was rather painful, and decidedly repellent. Yet Taglioni's dancing was the true "poetry of motion," and wonderfully beautiful. There was a world of difference between her performance (not only in point of grace and beauty, but in decorum also,) and that of any other ballet-dancer that I have seen or heard of. But, at the best, such dancing might be bettered; and, below the best, it were assuredly better dispensed with altogether. As to the performance of the operas above mentioned, however, it would be difficult to imagine a finer company, as regards both singing and acting, than that which was composed of the two prima donnas and the four male singers, whose names I have given. Nothing like it has since been known, at least in England, though individual sopranos have equalled, and that high-hearted, generous, and admirable woman—the "Swedish Nightingale"—may probably have surpassed their predecessors of fifty-five and sixty years ago. Then there were often pleasant evening parties at my aunts', at one of which, in Great Ormond Street, (Mrs. Anthony's), I remember an incident indicating the commencement of the craze of Alpine climbing. I was enjoying the honour of conversing with Mr. George Long, one of the London Police Magistrates, a member of Mr. Madge's congregation, in Essex Street,

and who had occasionally been at Leyton House. In the midst of our talk, he turned towards the opening drawing-room door, and, as a tall, handsome young man entered, Mr. Long said, with pleased surprise, "Ha! here comes the new Knight"—and I heard the footman announce "Sir Charles Fellowes." He had been familiar to us young folks as "Mont Blanc Fellowes," because he had been the first Englishman, if not the first man, to reach the summit of the "Monarch of Mountains;" but he had recently been knighted, I think, for his valuable and most interesting excavations and discoveries in Lycaonia.

Among other amusements I enjoyed, was witnessing a Derby Day at Epsom, in consequence of Mr. and Mrs. Tooke kindly inviting me to accompany my brother and sister to spend a day or two at their country-house, on Wimbledon Common, whence we drove over to Epsom. Certainly it was a sight well worth beholding, at least for once in one's life. On the Friday following, I walked over to Epsom Downs, to see "The Oaks," and coming back, feeling rather tired, I practised the school-boy trick of riding behind some gentleman's carriage for two or three miles, without being whipped. But when for some reason it stopped, and I quietly got down and walked away, I believe I felt rather remorseful to think how often, as a boy, I had peeped through the little window at the back of my father's carriage, and called to the coachman to "cut behind," when I saw an uninvited passenger there. It is highly useful, no doubt, to learn the condition, wants, and troubles of other people by practical experience, as Dickens and the "Amateur Casual" taught us. Everlastingly true, is it not? that motto I wrote for a journal in later years—"Sympathy depends on Knowledge."

Considering how many trifling things stick in one's memory, not worth recording, it is provoking that I cannot recollect what I would gladly recall, viz., how my friend,

J. B. Mill, managed his little rebellion in regard to going to Haileybury. But we were not thrown much together at that time. He had remained at University College a couple of years, I believe, longer than I did; and, as he continued to practise elocution at the College Debating Society, he was not at liberty to join ours; while the interesting little "Octonian" Society had been dissolved some time previously. There was, however, a much less creditable cause of temporary alienation between us just then. Among all the admirable "Aphorisms on Man," by Lavator, which had been so marvellously useful to me for years, there was just one, and only one, that was decidedly erroneous and mischievous, viz., "He who forgives a trespass of sentiment to a friend is as unworthy of friendship as that friend himself." There well might be such a trespass of sentiment as would show your friend to be unworthy of any continued friendship; and it may be well to point out the danger, or to put one on guard against the possibility of its occurring. But it is *not* well to put such a thought in an aphorism, for one ought to have a much clearer notion of what a trespass of sentiment is than can be conveyed in a brief sentence, before it can be safe to act on such advice. Unhappily I, being entirely left to my own hasty judgments, and morbidly fanciful discontents, took great offence because Mill would not give me his confidence in some love-affair wherein he was enmeshed; whereupon, I decided that his conduct was a case of trespass of sentiment, and for a time our intimacy cooled. Hence, I am not aware of how he steered his bark in regard to attempting to carry out the plan of life which he told me he had resolved on. But I do remember, however, that he must have given way to his father's will, and went at last to Haileybury; for, a few years later, we exchanged parting gifts on the occasion of his setting sail for India, to take up the "writership" which the East

India Directors had accorded him. He gave me De Tocqueville's "Democratie en Amerique," in two handsomely bound volumes, and I gave him a copy of Channing's works in similar form. With his settlement in India, after the interchange of one or two letters, and with my own absorption in immediate and pressing cares, our intercourse came practically to an end. I made one attempt, many years afterwards, to see him when he was over in England on furlough, but without success.

I am here reminded, by a recent circumstance, that during the Christmas holidays of 1828-9, which I spent in Harley Street, being backward in Geometry, and agreeing with my mother and sister that some regular study in the holidays was not only useful in itself, but made the rest of the time happier, I willingly took the benefit, at that time, of some lessons in Euclid, from a worthy and able dissenting minister, a Mr. Cannon, who had been my sister's instructor in that subject. One day, he was speaking to us enthusiastically of a young sculptor of remarkable genius, of the name of Lough, who had come up from Westmoreland (I think) to London at the instance of one or two men of wealth and discernment, and was then engaged on modelling, in a garret, a magnificent statue of "Milo of Crotona," with his hands imprisoned in the cleft of the oak which, by over-confidence in his prodigious strength, he had attempted to rend asunder. The statue had grown so far beyond the size originally intended, that the roof of the garret had to be taken off to permit the sculptor to complete it. Mr. Cannon kindly took me to see it, and the visit to Mr. Lough's studio was an era in my artistic education, the benefit of which I have felt through life. Needless to say, I was greatly impressed with the fierce grandeur of the strong wrestler in his agony, on whose defenceless body a savage wolf is just springing. But no less impressive was the bewitching

form of the sculptor's "Musidora," just preparing for her bath, according to the beautiful description in "Thomson's Seasons" ("Summer,"), one of my father's and mother's favourite poems, by-the-by. Hence I was highly gratified when, about the time of which I have last been writing, I received an invitation from a friend of my father's to come, one evening, to his house to meet Mr. Lough, who was then rapidly achieving a great reputation, and nearly at the height of his fame. I remember I was immensely excited and supremely happy, and thought the Westmoreland peasant one of the most interesting and agreeable men I had ever met. The Crystal Palace has something to show in evidence of his genius, but it might well have more.

As the summer of 1834 came round, the time for my promised visit to the "Land of the Mountain and the Flood" drew near, and my brother Samuel, who knew it well, arranged a month's tour for me as skilfully as if he had been a great military strategist. He forgot nothing, from the list of places I was to visit, down to every article of wearing apparel and the knapsack I was to carry—nothing, *except* to explain to my mother and myself how and where I was to receive letters from home. Neither she nor I remembered the necessity for this; and after I had written two letters home, one from Dunkeld, and another from Kenmare or Killin, and of course had no reply, I am sorry to say I didn't write again; while it seems never to have occurred to me that if I knew where letters would find me I ought to have let my father or mother know. But I suppose I felt my movements were rather uncertain, and as I had not been asked to give them any such references, I did not think myself of sufficient importance to trouble them or myself about it, whereby I found afterwards much anxiety had been caused at home.

I went to Dundee by a magnificent new steamer called

"The Dundee" (magnificent for those days) in forty-eight hours; thence in the early morning by another steamer to Perth, where, having lunched, and thinking it would be useless to look for "The Fair Maid of Perth" or her heroic lover, much as I had admired them in Scott's fascinating narrative, I shouldered my knapsack, and toiled along the high road, under a broiling sun, to Dunkeld. While enjoying my evening meal in a spacious coffee-room of the large hotel there, and still more the beautiful prospect from it in the light of a lovely tranquil summer-evening, I can never forget the impression produced by hearing two or three residents in the neighbourhood conversing about their recent experiences in salmon and trout-fishing. The whole surroundings contrasted so strangely and charmingly with both East and West London and even Leyton life, with all I had ever before experienced, that it seemed as if I had dropped into another planet—one of surpassing freedom, peace, and beauty. I wrote something of this to my mother. The wild beauty of the scenery, and the apparent freedom from every care and sorrow, were simply transporting; and I pursued my journey, with a buoyant heart, next day through the Pass of Killiecrankie to Blair Athol. The effect of that day's walk on me was indicated in a letter to my sister which began in a very gushing style, but it was utterly unaffected, and anything else would have been unnatural then. I wish I could have a peep at it now. "I have seen, I have seen, I have seen! For me, too, the mountains have raised their magnificent heads, and the rivers have dashed down their rocky beds, &c., &c." A clever working man once said to me, when confiding the fact that he had actually written "poetry" and sent it to his sweetheart,—"But I think everyone writes poetry, Mr. Solly, when he is in love." Even so, in the intoxicating rapture of beholding grand and beautiful scenery for the first time, how many

of us write or at least think and speak in poetry. It is the beauty and the blessedness of first love in both cases alike.

From Blair Athol, after breakfasting on red-deer venison (in the strength of which I walked 30 miles that day), I turned somewhat south again, and steered across the lofty moors towards Mount Schihallion and Loch Tummel. But I should have inevitably lost my way on the moor, not being clever at such work, had it not been a Sunday walk, and I should have been picked up in some out-of-the-way corner a month later in the shape of a bag of bones. But as it was, I met a number of Highlanders in full costume, splendid-looking fellows, with their families, on their way to "Kirk," who most courteously directed me in the way I should go. As I went round and down the side of Schihallion to the lake, a grand thunder-storm broke round its summit, and gave me a sight never to be forgotten; but though the whole walk was full of interest, grandeur, and beauty, I certainly was very thankful at last to find myself sitting in a comfortable inn at Kenmare at the head of Loch Tay, and much more thankful than when I reached the head of Glencoe a week or two later. For there where, according to my guide-book, I expected to find an inn, I came only to a fine large upright stone with the words "Rest and be thankful" engraved on it, and a stone seat whereon I rested, but without being thankful, except for the grand prospect of the "Glen" below, as when asking for bread I was given a stone. My want of gratitude, however, was perhaps not so discreditable, as Lord John Russell must have thought the popular reception of his advice couched in the above words, after he had gained the great Reform Bill victory.

This march over the Blair Athol moors to Kenmare, I think, was my longest walk, as in general I found a good resting place nearly every twenty miles, which, when carrying a knapsack, is about as fatiguing as twenty-five if

not so burdened. Besides, I always had to lose time in starting on account of the need for quiet after the morning meal. From Kenmare I went along the beautiful shores of Loch Tay to Killin, and thence worked my way up to the western end of the Caledonian Canal. On the way thither I remember climbing some lofty table-land whence I had a glorious view as a thunder-storm was clearing off towards evening, far away down to the radiant misty lowlands in the dim immeasurable distance, all lighted up by the rays of the setting sun, "calling forth" (as I find myself writing in rather younger and more foolish years) "a divine extacy of joy, the remembrance of which age could only dim not destroy, and which even youth could not describe." Well, if we are not foolishly enthusiastic in youth, perhaps we shall not be wisely contented in old age.

At some period in my travels I found myself at Tarbet, on the shores of Loch Lomond, not far from where the towers of Balloch Castle rise on the opposite side of this magnificent lake. This castle was associated in my mind with a visit paid to the owner, Mr. Buchanan, about ten years before, by my father and mother, my sister Charlotte and my brother Samuel, while I was grinding away, playing or fighting, at Higham Hill, and thought of their expedition with feelings of romantic envy. My father on that occasion drove the whole party down to Scotland in a new light barouche, and the glowing accounts they sent home showed the enjoyment they all received from the expedition. My brother even broke into poetry, much to the mingled awe and admiration of the whole family, for the verses were really pretty and poetical; but, alas, I can remember only the first line, viz.:

"The moon shines bright on Balloch's towers,"

which, however, clearly indicates the situation and charming environment. But I fear the surroundings of St. Thomas' Hospital and St. Mary Axe were not favourable

to poetry, and I am not aware of any further manifestations of poetic genius on my brother's part, though I know it was latent in him. Neither did the moon shine on "Balloch's towers" when I was at Tarbet, but the countenances of three pretty, modest young women, daughters of the landlord, shone on mine, and made an impression on my mind which led to speculations concerning their subsequent fate. Hence, when I was on board the Loch Lomond steamer, nearly thirty years afterwards, with my wife and school-boy son, and we were approaching Tarbet, I asked the captain if he had happened to know anything about them. He answered "Yes," with vivacity, agreed with me in my recollections of them, and told me that they had never married, adding that he thought they were "somehow too refined and shy to take up" with any of the young men of the district, though he believed they had several offers.

Talking of steamers on Loch Lomond, I remember how, as I walked up that beautiful valley, Glen Falloch, on my first expedition, the next morning, from Tarbet, on looking round I saw, at some distance off, a small vessel creeping along, and could hardly believe my eyes when it showed itself to be unmistakably a steamer! I had long been familiar with the singularly lovely and romantic scenery of the spot from a beautiful water-coloured drawing of my sister's, made when she was learning to paint under Robson, one of the founders (in conjunction with Copley Fielding) of the modern school of water-colour drawing, the beauty and transparent loveliness of whose paintings has probably never been surpassed by his disciples and successors. Hence, it seemed to me, an intolerable desecration of the fairest gifts of nature for a steamer to be allowed on the waters of Loch Lomond, and I went, for a little while, rather sadly on my way to the head of the Loch and up the glen—little thinking

I should ever be thankful to enjoy the beauty of that lake, in company with wife and child, from the deck of another and rather bigger steamer. But, alas, I have lived to hear of a railway to Jerusalem!

Another memory comes to me from Loch Katrine (where I indulged in romantic visions of "The Lady of the Lake" and her royal wooer) and Loch Achray. I had arrived about five o'clock at an inn on the shore of this last lake—where from I can't remember—after a shorter day's march than usual, and ordering my supper and depositing my knapsack, I started for the ascent of Ben Venue without a guide, which, as it was a fine evening in the middle of August, did not seem to me at all a risky proceeding. The event, however, proved otherwise. I had never before climbed a mountain, and thought I could reach the top and return in about a couple of hours, but found, of course, the difficulties of ascending even such a mountain as Ben Venue incomparably greater than I had any conception of previously. Once I said to myself, "I shall never have to face greater difficulties than these in the journey of life, if I live to eighty!" "Where ignorance is bliss, &c." The sight of some descendants of the roe-bucks, chased by the gallant Fitz-James, was refreshing, and at last I gained what I felt sure must be the summit, only to find I had still some distance yet to climb before I attained the actual highest point. But, oh, the vexation of seeing, as I thought, another traveller who had reached the top before me, standing calmly there. I wanted to be alone with Nature on that grand vantage-ground; and great was the relief of finding when I got there, that the objectionable tourist was only a huge beam stuck in a "cairn" to mark the end of one's ascent. I was much farther off the top than I had imagined.

But as at length I stood upon it, and looked round on that glorious panorama with the grand mountain-peaks of

Ben Lomond and other unknown giants of the Highlands, rising distinct and dark all round me, and on the west, standing out against the roseate flush of the sky, where the sun was about to descend from behind a mass of clouds, I knew that I had never looked on anything that came near that scene in sublimity, and I thanked God I had lived to behold it. Then finding the lateness of the hour, I began rapidly to descend; it was fortunate I could do so. Before I had reached the bottom of the mountain, on turning and looking up, I saw the whole of the upper part enveloped in mist, from which, had it caught me before descending, I should probably not have emerged alive. When climbing mountains in North Wales another year, I learnt how an unfortunate young man was caught in a mist on the top of Moel Siaboed, behind Capel Curig. The mist hung on the mountain for several days, and his dead body was not discovered till the end of the week, four miles from the spot where the mist first came upon him.

Of course, the Pass of Glencoe was included in my brother's "Plan of Campaign," and thence I wandered on till I got to Fort William at the western entrance of the Caledonian Canal. Then by steamer up the canal to Fort Augustus, where I landed, and walked across a wild, desolate moorland country, on my way to Loch Hourn and the Isle of Skye. I arrived about dusk at an inn on the moor, as desolate-looking as the scenery, and knowing, for the first time in my life (through some break-down in the commissariat during the day), what it is to feel regularly famished. The resources of the inn, however, appeared equal to supplying only oat-cake and musty bacon. I was in despair, having to be rather careful in the matter of victuals—when I saw a sheep lying near the door with its legs tied ready, as I supposed, for the butcher. Accordingly, I insisted on mutton-chops—and prevailed. They were about the best I ever tasted, which may have

been partly due to the best of sauces, according to the ancient sage—hunger. Next morning, I proceeded cheerfully to Loch Hourn head, before breakfast (about six or seven miles, I think) and looked in vain for an inn—found only one or two "wee black bothies," alias dram shops—began to doubt again the expediency of travelling in such regions without a sumpter-mule and provisions, when a comely-looking, kind-hearted woman, who stood at the open door of a neat-looking gentleman's residence in the village, observing my perplexed and anxious countenance, came forward and said there was "no inn in the place, and master was not at home, but she was sure he would like that I should come in and have some breakfast there." Needless to say, I thankfully accepted the invitation, and was regaled with a salmon-trout just caught, and an excellent breakfast. Hiring a boat of the most primitive construction, I was rowed down the loch and across to the Isle of Skye by two sturdy Highland boatmen, and wended my way up to the house of a Highland Laird, whose father had been hospitable, some years before, to the ship-wrecked crew of one of my father's Baltic vessels, and been handsomely compensated for his kind services. A firm friendship had sprung up in consequence. My brother had experienced the laird's hospitality, and assured me I should do the same, which, after an anxious moment of suspense, while the cautious Highlander satisfied himself of my identity, I did, and was most kindly entreated. The next day he sent his nephew with me to pilot me over the hills to Loch Coruisc, to see which was the chief object of my visit to Skye. For when my sister Charlotte was taking those lessons, before mentioned, from Robson, she made a beautiful copy of her master's grand sketch of this Loch (among many other lovely copies), which hung in our drawing-room at Leyton, and was an object of my constant admiration.

But this view of the lake had been taken from the sea at the rugged entrance of the loch, whence the mountains, which surround and hem it in, could be seen to the greatest advantage. I suppose it would have been impossible for my young guide to have taken me to see the lake from that point of view; but my disappointment, I confess, was considerable when, after a long walk over bleak and uninteresting moorland, I found that the only view to be gained of Loch Coruisc, that had so long filled my imagination, was by looking down on it from one of the mountain ridges by which it was enclosed. All the grandeur and picturesque effect of the scene was lost, and I returned through the rain somewhat sadly to my host's hospitable dwelling. There, however, I spent a pleasant chatty evening. He had asked a couple of neighbouring lairds to come in, and the talk went pleasantly round. So did the "whiskey toddy" later in the evening; and when, to the intense amusement of my host and his friends, I resolutely refused to share their potations, I found they were laughing because, as they explained, they were quite sure I abstained only because I must have been "fou'" somewhere a night or two ago! My ingenious protests, however, did not succeed in undeceiving them—they were sure I was "lying by" for a night, in consequence of previous excess.

Taking leave of my kind host and his lady the next morning, I embarked on board a steamer for Oban, and experienced for the first time in my life the delights of sea-sickness; thence up the Clyde to Glasgow, where I spent the following day, and it being Sunday, I went to the Unitarian Chapel. There I heard a powerful sermon, preached by the Rev. George Harris, then, and for many years, the eloquent advocate of the faith he held. Next day, by coach to Edinburgh—spent one day in viewing that noble city; and next morning, being determined not

to over-stay the month given me for my holiday, I left for London by the mail-coach about 7 or 8 a.m., and spent just two days and two nights chiefly on the roof of that coach, travelling as fast as successive teams of nearly thorough-bred horses could lay legs to the ground. I turned in for two or three hours each night, as there was vacant space inside, but saw the sun set and rise, and the stars shining aloft when waking up from a doze as the guard toottled-tood. Thus hour after hour I sat watching all the curious varieties of life and scenery, as we went flashing and dashing along over more than 400 miles, the leaders cantering or galloping, and the wheelers at a splendid trot, twelve miles an hour nearly the whole way—over hill and dale, moorland and common, midst foliage, past hedge-rows, through towns and villages, on and on—an experience never to be forgotten, well worth all the fatigue and expense, and making a fitting wind-up for the beautiful and blessed joys of that month's tour. I should like to be able to give my father, now, the thanks which I fear I did not give him then.

On the journey, I had several rather pleasant fellow-passengers from time to time, but none of them faced the journey right through, those who were going to London stopping to sleep at Newcastle. I remember reaching York in the early morning, and snatching a few minutes from breakfast-time to rush up to behold York Minster. I also remember a servant of the then Marquis of Exeter stopping the mail at Burghley, his master mounting the box and taking the reins. How long he drove I cannot say, but in the course of his charioteering the coach-man and myself were once under the impression, that he was very near upsetting us. However, we reached London in safety about 6 or 7 a.m., by the Kingsland Road, and getting down at Shoreditch Church, I walked up to 15, St. Mary Axe—turned into bed for three or four

hours, and after being warmly welcomed by my father and brother, went and reported myself in Leadenhall Street, pretended to do a little work, just to show I had "kept tryst," and then down to Leyton House. There I was received by my mother and sisters with an amount of satisfaction which greatly surprised me. For, as I came up the stairs from the hall to the drawing-room, they came forth almost tumultuously, beaming with delight, and my sister exclaiming: "I said he would come, not write!" and then I remembered, with remorse, that they had not heard from me for three weeks, and that I had not given them any address where they might write to me. But I never knew before of how much importance my well-being was in their eyes. They ought, perhaps, to have arranged with me before starting where letters should find me, and then I should certainly have answered them. I had to rest in bed nearly all the next day.

Once more I buckled to in my ship-broker's office, much refreshed for a time by this delightful holiday. I think it was during the following winter that I enjoyed several fine musical treats, greatly relieving my daily grind, by subscribing to what was called the "Societa Armonica," and by going to two or three concerts given by great violin performers. I had previously heard Paganini more than once, and thought nothing could exceed the joy of listening to his marvellous performances. But De Beriot, Masoni, and Olé Bull gave me, if possible, even more delight, and I have never doubted since, that such music affords the greatest happiness which music, whether vocal or instrumental, can give. There was also a remarkably beautiful performer, in those days, on the piano, Madame Dulcken, a little German lady, who gave my sister Charlotte lessons, and who, with her husband, came more than once to dine and sleep at Leyton House, and enchanted us all, especially my father, with her exquisite

playing. The rapidity of her execution was something marvellous.

Time wore on and as the summer of 1835 approached another delightful holiday was planned for me, this time to be occupied with a pedestrian tour in North Wales to which my brother again furnished me with a first-rate programme. He had developed like my sister, a great talent for water-colour drawing, but far surpassed her in sketching, and ultimately became one of the best amateur landscape painters (as good judges have told me) in England. So he was well acquainted with the Welsh Alps and could guide me therein. But on this tour I thought I should like a companion, though I certainly enjoyed my first tour in fine scenery all the more for being alone. My old school-fellow and friend of later years, William Wansey, willingly consented to accompany me, and we agreed to meet at Pontypool, for I had accepted a very cordial invitation to Bristol from W. B. Carpenter, eldest son of the Rev. Lant Carpenter, and afterwards known to fame as Dr. W. B. Carpenter, the eminent physiologist. He had come to London a year or two previously to "walk" St. Thomas' Hospital, with an introduction to my brother, who showed him kind attention. He had consequently been a good deal at Leyton, and was now asking me to return with him to his home at Bristol, whence I was to walk up the valley of the Wye, and meet my friend as before said. So we went down by coach a long day's journey to Bristol—I being accompanied by a beautiful young black-and-tan curly-haired dog given me by my eldest brother (a cross between a retriever and a very handsome spaniel), which I had the audacity to take with me on this tour, and the impudence to introduce to Dr. Lant Carpenter's household. However the family all received both me and my dog most kindly, and I spent a delightful week with them, before proceeding to the Wye and North Wales. My

friend took me several picturesque walks, including an expedition down the Avon to breakfast at the house of an eminent Bristol Merchant, Mr. Bright, a leading member of the Lewin's Mead Congregation, who had a lovely residence near the junction of the Avon and the Severn. Then there was the pleasant company and interesting conversation of his three sisters, the eldest of whom was just beginning to be known for those admirable labours among the poor and down-trodden, which in after years made the name of Mary Carpenter honoured and beloved throughout the civilised world. Their younger brother, Russell Carpenter, with whom some years later I formed an intimate friendship, and Philip Carpenter, also a truly noble-hearted worker in after life in many a good cause, were not, I think, then at home. But I can never forget the impression produced on me by the saintly christian character and spirit of their father. I was talking with him one day in his study, and in the course of conversation, I remember the gentle surprise he expressed on finding I was out for a six weeks' holiday without a Bible or Testament in my portmanteau or knapsack. My surprise was as great as his, but it was caused by finding that he cared so much about the matter. I had never before known any minister who ever said a word to me about personal religion, and his interest was so simple and unaffected yet so deep, and his manner so gentle and kind, so utterly free from anything like assumption or cant, that I felt touched and grateful to a degree at which again I wondered. Then he fetched a little Testament, wrote my name in it, and added some words which he told me were suggested by a message he had received not long before from a young lady formerly a member of his catechumen class, who had gone out to the Mediterranean in hopes that the voyage would restore her to health, but died during the voyage. Almost her last words were, "Tell Dr. Carpenter that

the words of the Book of Life which he gave me when we parted have been with me unto the end," and I shall never forget the expression on his face as he looked up after writing in the little book and repeated those words and the occasion on which they had been uttered. When he handed me the Testament I found written in it—"To Henry Solly from his friend, Dr. Carpenter, with the earnest hope and prayer that the words of the Book of Life may be with him even unto the end." Certainly he was a faithful minister in his Lord's service, one of "the excellent of the earth," whom to have known and loved must have been a wonderful blessing. Would that I had known him earlier, and not merely for this brief visit, yet the memory of that conversation was a life-long privilege. Even so was my subsequent intimacy for many years with the various gifted and excellent members of his family.

From Bristol I went with my beautiful little dog to Chepstow, spent a day among the ruins of the castle, reading Shakspeare, and then walked day after day up the lovely banks of the Wye, reading "Childe Harold" or Shakspeare, in Tintern Abbey, Goodrich Castle, and elsewhere, till I reached Pontypool, found my friend, and started by coach for Llandrindod Wells. The rest of the expedition was very charming, but like most other pedestrian tours in pleasant company and in civilised lands, not presenting many features or incidents worth recording, save one. My friend had a remarkable talent for sketching, and filled his book with beautiful pictorial recollections of the magnificent scenery through which we passed from "The Devil's Bridge" at Hafod, by Bedgelert, ascending Snowdon, winding round Dolbadern Castle and its glorious pass and adjacent lake, and so to the grand pass of Nantfrangan. Here we hired a guide to take us to the top of the highest peak in the pass, who, to magnify his office, took us up a rather dangerous ascent, part of which

was round the face of the precipitous rock whence we looked down to the road at the bottom of the pass, some two or three thousand feet. At one critical point we had to swing ourselves round an enormous jutting crag, which our guide did successfully, and then held out his hand to my friend, who, grasping it, and resting his right foot on a tuft of grass which grew out of a cleft in the crag, prepared to take the required spring. To my surprise, however, he didn't take it, but remained in *statu quo*, preparing, but not springing. The keen bracing air and the excitement of the whole scene, set me off shouting and singing, and my dog frantically barking and prancing. Looking down I saw three open carriages which, one after another, had stopped in the road below, looking no bigger than bumble bees, and the occupants of which appeared to be looking up with alarm at the strange spectacle my friend must have presented. I think the guide at that time must have repented his fool-hardy experiment of bringing us to such a perilous point; but just when Wansey must have been nearer his end than ever in his life before, he made one final desperate effort and, with a vigorous pull from the guide, sprang round the rock and was safe. It seems curious to me, remembering the agony of fright with which, when a little boy, I had climbed up a ladder only twelve feet high, that I did not feel the slightest fear or giddiness on this occasion. And though the projecting tuft of grass had been quite worn away by my companion's continued pressure on it and final spring, and I had nothing but the guide's hand and a lusty pull to help my jump round the corner, I landed safely on the other side without damage or delay. But my poor dog—what was to be done for him? Clearly he could not do as his master had done, and he barked his anxiety and trouble of mind in unmistakable terms. The guide crawled back over the crag, as he might have done and

made us do before, told us to climb the short remaining distance to the top, and got there before us with my faithful four-footed pet, whose joy in welcoming us was touching to behold. We paid off our guide, came down the mountain by a comparatively easy descent, bathed in the lake at the bottom (the temperature of which was the coldest I ever experienced), and reached a fine hotel at Bangor, where we sat looking on the beautiful Menai Straits, and quite prepared for supper.

But on this journey I *had* arranged for the receipt of letters, and I found one from my mother in the Bangor Post-office which agitated me not a little, both pleasurably and painfully, for it told me that my sister Charlotte was engaged to be married. I suppose most brothers don't like at first to hear that a beloved sister is going, on this account, to leave the home circle. Sisters are equally averse to their brothers' matrimonial prospects if they have previously held undivided empire in the fraternal bosom. Only in very unselfish hearts is the first emotion agreeable, but fathers are often equally indignant with darling daughters for purposing to leave them, though mothers, I think, are generally ready, from the first, to rejoice with their children on such occasions. My father was no exception to the usual rule, and put the gentleman who asked him for my sister's hand, to rather severe proof of his ability to maintain her in the rank to which she had been born, although he was a friend of Mr. Tooke and made her acquaintance at that gentleman's house. However, everything was at length satisfactorily arranged, and Dr. Speir was warmly welcomed among us as a member of the family, by whom his friendship was valued and cherished till his death. He was a physician by profession, but had been invited by two of his brothers to join them in the management of a large East India business in which great profits were then being made. This invitation he

had accepted, and my sister would have to accompany him to Calcutta, where they were to reside for three years, when in all probability they would be able to return home with a considerable fortune, and which expectation the event justified.

It so happened that my sister had for some years taken a deep interest in India, especially in its antiquities, history, and literature, long before this nation generally had learnt to do the same, and the result of her residence in that wonderful country was, in after years, the publication of a deeply interesting work, entitled, "Ancient India," which seems to have now an honoured niche in the temple of Indian Literature. They were married in the autumn of this year (1835) and soon after sailed from Portsmouth to Calcutta in one of those magnificent floating castles engaged in the East India Co.'s Service.

One little event of some slight interest to my friend and myself may be mentioned, which occurred when in the course of our rambles we reached Dolgelly. Having agreed to pass a night on the top of Cader Idris in order to see the sun-rise, Wansey hired a horse as he was not very well when we arrived at the "Red Lion," and the owner thereof piloted us to the summit while the evening shadows sank around us. The views in one direction, especially where the side of the mountain fell away, dark and precipitous, into deep ravines, were very grand. At the top we found a rude stone hut in which we endeavoured to get a little sleep until, about three a.m., the guide roused us, and we came out in time to behold one of the most glorious scenic effects that can be imagined. From the horizon up to the zenith for about half the circumference of our panorama, rainbow tints of the most exquisite beauty filled the sky for at least a quarter of an hour, while the rocky world on the other side and the ravines below lay in deep shadow. Then as the sunrise glory faded

from the sky and the monarch whose approach it had heralded rose on the scene, we descended weary and flat to the common-place world below, and consoled ourselves for the departure of the sublime and beautiful by a hearty breakfast and a late repose. While staying a day or two at this pleasant spot, I executed a desperate and long-formed purpose. For while Wansey was out sketching I began to write in due form, "Act I. Scene I." of the oft meditated tragedy. True, I didn't get very far, but was it not something at last to have really begun ?

My friend and I parted in the vale of Llangollen as I had to be in London and at home the following day in order once again to be true to my furlough. My young retriever (whom, by-the-by, I had named "Max" after the young hero in Schiller's Wallenstein) who grew in strength and beauty, week by week, had shown himself as intelligent and clever as he was handsome and loving. If I placed my umbrella behind a tree, directing his attention to it, he would go back a considerable distance when I gave the signal and bring it to me with a gallop and great joy. The Llangollen coach deposited him and me at the inn, in Shrewsbury, whence the celebrated "Wonder" was to start the next morning at 5 a.m. for London. I secured the box seat and with Max between my knees, and a bit of sash line fastened to his collar in my hand, away we went with successive teams of nearly thorough-bred nags at the twelve mile an hour rate necessary to bring us to London that night. After a time my poor dog got restless, rose up, put his paws on my knee, looked in my face as much as to say "Good bye dear Master—I can't stand this any longer, I'd rather run than ride,"—turned round and in an instant sprang from the box. No doubt he would have safely cleared the wheels, but for that fatal cord by which for a moment he hung suspended. The cord snapped, my dog fell under

the wheel. Would that it had killed him outright. Howling with pain he dragged himself to the side of the road. I was after him in a minute. The guard followed me—the wheelers became restive at the stoppage—one of them began kicking—the coachman roared to us that he couldn't and dared not wait. A carter came up, whom I paid to put my beloved friend out of his misery, and there was an end of "Max," the faithful, loving, and beloved. It was a sad end to my beautiful six weeks' holiday, and I sorrowed for my dog.

On the road from Birmingham to London I found myself treated with extra consideration, when to divert my thoughts I talked of the new railway which was then in progress, and confided to the coachman who revealed the fact to the guard and successive coachmen that my father was chairman of the Company. I remember asking the guard who at one time was standing on the front step, talking with the coachman and myself as we whirled along, what would become of him and his mates, when the railway was finished. His reply illustrated the prevalent idea of the time, prevailing extensively among directors or at all events shareholders, if not many civil engineers, that it would be necessary to have men stationed and patrolling at intervals all along the line to see that there were no obstructions in the way of the trains. "What will become of us, Sir? Oh, they are going to turn us into milestones!" Had that bright idea been carried into practice, no doubt many railway accidents would have been prevented—partly by the cessation of railway travelling (on account of its increased cost) if not altogether yet to a very considerable extent.

CHAPTER VIII.

Second Escape from Counting-house, and its Consequences.

On returning to work, I found the difficulties greatly increased of combining office and Custom House work

with my growing, unreasonable, yet inexorable determination to write the tragedy so long prepared for by sporadic and fragmentary effusions, but finally commenced in due form at Dolgelly. I certainly tried conscientiously to do my duty in the day-time, but I tried equally hard to compose my drama at home—with two results—equally inevitable. The old symptoms of break-down in health reappeared, and I found it perfectly hopeless to expect I could write anything but rubbish under the said conditions. It might be equally impossible for me to do otherwise under any conditions. But my father at last yielded to my mother's and brothers' appeal to him to let me try what I could do in the way of dramatic composition if I had three or four months entirely to myself to employ in the experiment. He was the more inclined to yield because of the representations made to him by his partner, my eldest brother, who learned from my kind-hearted employer, Mr. Alfred Rule, the distress I caused him by my comparative inefficiency as a clerk, and in pushing forward his ship-broker's business with success.

So, some time during the month of October, 1835, I left the counting-house in Leadenhall Street on a furlough of three or four months, came down to Leyton House on a beautiful day, walking through the fair Leyton meadows (miscalled marshes), by the banks of the River Lea, and, sitting beside the river in a state of tranquil extacy, I realized the fact that I was, at last, free to try my powers and do my little best. From that day forth, I rarely left our house and grounds, except on Sundays, for three or four months, working at the play as many hours as I could, and taking my exercise in transplanting young trees and rambling about the fields, with an occasional walk to Epping Forest, though that took up too much time to come often. My father and mother, with my youngest

and eldest sister (Mrs. Rule), were at Brighton the greater part of this time at the house of a wealthy, kind, and eccentric cousin, my father going backwards and forwards. My eldest brother, who had recently lost his wife, had come back to live at Leyton, and so I had his company in the evenings. My brother Samuel came down occasionally from the hospital for country air, and to see how I was getting on with "Gonzaga," in which he took a great interest. When I couldn't write, I played chess by myself, studying "Phillidor" for a more scientific understanding of that splendid game, and relishing this one-sided strife almost as much as I ever enjoyed the more usual style of play.

Those few months were about the happiest in my whole checquered life, for the joy of at last being able to throw my whole heart and soul into the work for which I had long felt the strongest possible attraction, and the reaction from the dull and mechanical routine of the counting-house, were intensely delightful, even as the plunge of a Newfoundland dog into the cool waters of a lake, after trotting for hours on a hot day along a hard and dusty road. I was then also in better health than at any subsequent period. And then there was the indescribable happiness of hearing my medical brother, for whose literary and critical ability I had a high respect, express considerable satisfaction with what I read to him the first time he came down to see what I was doing. For I knew he would not be very easy to satisfy; and I well remember, when I was rather discouraged or discontented with some subsequent criticism, saying: "But I thought you liked the thing; you praised it when you were down before." "Yes," he said, "because the first point was to know whether you could write at all. Then, when I saw you *could*, the next thing was to help you make it as good as possible." Sensible critic! Fortunate author!

Having had this drama in my mind for two or three years, and being able to take the best hours in the day for composition, I wrote pretty rapidly, and yet always acted on the valuable advice in one of Lavater's aphorisms, viz., "The poet who composes not before the moment of inspiration, and ceases as that leaves him, composes, and he alone, for all men, all classes, and all ages." I had found the historical basis for my plot in one of the most note-worthy of the Florentine revolutions; and my historical hero in Michel Lando, who led, and moulded for a time, the great up-rising of the oppressed lower classes in that illustrious community during the frequent conflicts between the Guelph and Ghibeline functions of the 15th century. I wanted a stormy outburst of this nature for the framework of my plot, as both a fitting environment and channel for the expression of that passionate thirst for deliverance from bondage, which had been consuming me during the last four years. But I had also seen the necessity for another character in the play of greater power and more complicated elements in his nature to give scope for that personal human play of passion in relation alike to love and ambition, without which I could not conceive of a drama possessing deep and sustained interest, or indeed of any tragedy such as I longed to produce. But this character I had to evolve from my "inner consciousness," and, therefore, to a considerable extent (like most authors in describing their first heroes or heroines), from my own experience.

By the time my mother and sisters returned from Brighton I had got to the last scene of the last act of my beloved bantling, and was in a state of high excitement over it, as their carriage wheels were heard in the front court. Then came an evening duly arranged for my brother Samuel to read it aloud (or portions I rather imagine, else the business would have occupied us till midnight.) What

seems to have made the most lasting impression on me in that reading, and the only thing I distinctly remember, was the fact of my eldest brother, who was certainly not enthusiastic about things in general, becoming excited at the closing scenes, and observing with some suppressed emotion, "Ah! if Miss O'Neill could only act that part she would bring down the house." I think my father was not present, preferring, perhaps, to have a report from others. But my mother was very happy, and wrote out the whole play in a manuscript copy. All which was satisfactory and gratifying; but on looking at that first version of the thing some years later, while liking some portions as much as others did then, I see a lot of lamentable stuff, and am thankful that I re-wrote a great deal of it before having the temerity to print it.

As soon as I had finished my drama, and while "waiting for the verdict," I began writing two or three other imaginative pieces of a very dreamy character, sometimes daring and ambitious, sometimes frivolous and weak. But while luxuriating in the wantonness of my freedom, and sauntering on my pleasant way in the retirement of Leyton House and its picturesque grounds, I was rejoiced by a visit from my cousin Tom; who was however, happily for me, somewhat disturbed at seeing that I was drifting into aimless flabby ways of literary *dolce far niente*, which would be fatal alike to character, usefulness, and success. Under the influence of his remonstrances and advice, I began buckling-to once more at hard study (especially on "Thucydides"), and was recovering a healthier tone, when a practical idea occurred to me.

Hoping to make a beginning in the way of earning a living by literary work, I had asked my former professor, Mr. Long, who was then engaged in editing that valuable *Penny Cyclopædia*, remarkable alike for its excellence and its cheapness, which the eminent publisher, Charles

Knight, had set a going,* to let me write some article for it. He kindly consented, and gave me "Catiline"; and I think it must have been about this time that I wrote the sketch which figures under that title in the Cyclopædia. The really valuable portion thereof, however, is the last paragraph, added by Mr. Long himself, without which it would have been painfully incomplete, though perhaps the paragraph throws a little too much doubt on the historical evidence for the view taken by Cicero and Sallust, since the statements given by them were placed publicly before the Roman world, while many were living who could at once have disproved and denounced them, had they not in the main represented the facts fairly. I received 30/- for this little affair, the first and for many years the only cash I could manage to earn.

My literary and critical brother having become acquainted, some time previously, with W. M. Macready at the rooms of a mutual friend, he gave me an introduction to the great actor which obtained for me a very kind and sympathetic reception at his chambers in Lincoln's Inn. The conversation ended in his promising to read my play carefully, and let me know his opinion of it at the earliest opportunity. Had it brought me only two or three interviews with a tragedian for whom I felt so much admiration, I ought to have considered myself a rather fortunate young fellow. One striking description he gave me of the uncertainties attending on an actor's profession and an author's chances of success, was described too vividly to be forgotten. He had once been engaged, while Edmund

* The labours of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge" (originated and carried on for years by Mr. Knight, with the steady and powerful support of Lord Brougham and the men who founded the London University), were productive of great benefit to large numbers, at a time when "adult education" was perhaps more valued than now.

Kean and Young were still in the ascendant, to play the leading part in a revival of Massinger's "Fatal Dowery," when its success would have seemed to the ordinary play-going public abundantly assured by its flattering, indeed triumphant reception on the first performance. But, added Macready, success on a first night goes but a little way in a manager's estimation as regards deciding the fate of a new production. It is the nature and extent of the audience on the *second* night that is the great test, and the attendance then, Macready said, was the best he had ever known. But unhappily he was so ill on that occasion that he could go through his part only by using repeated draughts of brandy;—when it was over, he was taken home dangerously ill, and it was five or six weeks before he was again able to set his foot on the stage. But, alas, all interest in the revival of the great Elizabethan drama had by that time been dissipated, "and when it was once more brought forward," said Macready with considerable emotion, "it fell as flat as ditch-water." Soon after that interview I was transported by receiving an invitation from Macready to dine and sleep at his house at Elstree in Middlesex, and was equally depressed by hearing from him, before the appointed time came, that an outbreak of scarlet fever obliged him to put me off. Within a comparatively short time, however, he asked me to call on him at his chambers in Lincoln's Inn, told me he had read my play; and though it required some alterations to fit it successfully for the stage, he was quite prepared to submit it to Mr. Bunn, then the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, with whom he had an engagement, and to act the principal part if Bunn accepted it. This raised my hopes, and those of my family very high. But, alas, the lessee had no soul for "the regular drama" (though he had taken one of the only two theatres allowed for such performances), and had no more idea of doing justice to the great tragedian,

whom, unfortunately, he had engaged for a season, than of giving encouragement to an ambitious, but perhaps not very promising, young dramatic author. On the contrary, he was shortly afterwards doing the greatest possible injustice to Mr. Macready (and would certainly have done the same to me), by requiring him to take subordinate parts in order to drive him to break the engagement which Bunn was greatly regretting he had made with him. These repeated and scandalous indignities were the next things I heard of and then came the news that, irritated beyond all endurance, the tragedian (who had never been remarkable for self-control in regard to temper) had suddenly, one unhappy night, burst in upon Bunn, behind the scenes, with violent reproaches and knocked him down. Of course that blow annihilated Macready's engagement and all my hopes (which, however, it seems never had much solid foundation), and led to an action at law, resulting, I believe, in rather heavy damages against the ill-used and exasperated actor. Thereupon I tried the manager of Covent Garden Theatre, Mr. Bartley, and had an interview with Mr. Charles Kemble, by both of which gentlemen I was treated with what seemed to me really touching kindness and courtesy, but, of course, without any successful result as concerned my poor tragedy, Mr. Bartley explaining that nothing would pay except comedy, which came as near to farce, as the two great monopoly theatres were allowed to perform. Then I waited awhile, until Macready became lessee and manager of Covent Garden Theatre, when I ventured to call upon him, with my M.S. in pocket, at his private residence in Marylebone (not having been able to see him at the theatre), and got a lesson on such matters which lasted me for life. Having been on such friendly terms with him that he had invited me to his country house, I innocently thought I might call on him in town; but when he returned home and

found me waiting to see him, he exploded with wrath and indignation at my having come to his private residence. Seeing me take my hat and move off with an expression of regret, he recovered a little of the courtesy and kindness of previous interviews, made a half-apology, and explained that having now incurred such an immense responsibility, he could not possibly take the risk of bringing out a new play. There was nothing, of course, to be done but to accept his decision, and retire from any further attempts to get the play performed on the stage. Not knowing any provincial managers, and beginning to see the hopelessness of the whole business, I gave up the vain and cherished dream without further useless struggles. I thought, however, it was just possible some enterprising publisher might print the M.S., and W. D. Christie having come to dine and sleep at our house on his way from Cambridge, he accompanied me the next day to two or three well-known firms, but, of course, here also, in vain. He reminded me in after years, when he was an M.P., of this "voyage of discovery"; but agreed with the publishers that a tragedy written for the stage was about the very last thing it would be safe to publish with any chance of a remunerative sale. So I crept back into my shell and pondered at home on the vicissitudes of life and "Vanity of Human Expectations." But I did go to see two or three of those splendid Shakspearian revivals, "Hamlet," "Lear," and "Macbeth," which Macready put on the Covent Garden stage during his short tenure, and which I humbly confessed were rather more worth acting than my play. The public rewarded him by hearty support, and he might have achieved a great and lasting success, had not the trustees, with insane greediness, raised his rent, and compelled him to retire from his enterprise.

During all these years, occasional rows up the river

with my brother Samuel, furnished exceedingly healthful and refreshing diversion from morbid meditation and painful depression. On one of those occasions, when, for some special reason, we had taken a fine old boatman with us, I got a lesson that has been helpful ever since. In the course of our row I became tired and offered that as a reason for giving up my oar, "Lor' sir," replied the boatman, "tired! why that's just when you should pull hardest!"

Making mention again of Christie reminds me that, when I was visiting my cousin, Thomas Solly, at Cambridge, I met him one day in Trinity Street, and by way of renewing our former intimacy, he turned into Deighton and Bell's shop, and gave me a little book, just published, writing my name in it. It was the first book Arthur Helps ever published—"Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd" —and one of the best. I always valued that gift very highly, both on account of the giver and because of the remarkable amount of terse and epigrammatic wisdom it contained. A friend borrowed it of me when we were living at Cheltenham, contrived to lose it, replacing it with another work by the same author, which I suppose he considered of equal value!—but for which I never much cared. Long after, I managed to pick up another copy, to which I imagine somebody else took a great fancy also, as it has disappeared from my shelves, and I have since tried in vain to meet with it. Its scarcity and value may be guessed from the fact that a leading second-hand bookseller (Reeves and Turner, in the Strand,) told me, not very long ago, that he would give 15s. for a copy if he could find one. Then why, oh why, has it not been reprinted?*

When Christie first went to Cambridge, everything seemed to promise for him a brilliant career. There

*Since writing this, I am thankful to say it has been just reprinted by Walter Scott, Warwick Lane, and my wife gave me a copy last Christmas day.

appeared to be no reason why he should not be a Senior Wrangler and a "Smith's Prizeman," or Chancellor's Medallist as well. Of course much depends, in such cases, who a man's competitors are, but there is little doubt that had he then continued at Cambridge, he would have been one of its most distinguished students, as well as one of the finest debaters in the "Union." Unfortunately his father, who had left the East India Company's Civil Service with reputation, was bent on his son's entering on the same career, and took him from Cambridge to place him at Haileybury before he had completed his second year. This seemed metaphorically to break young Christie's back. He was fiercely indignant, alternately went in for dissipation and sulked—did no good—and, when too late, his father repented and let him return to Cambridge, he then did very little there either. The next thing I remember is meeting him in Fleet Street one day, when (his head aloft in air, and with a pleasant smile on his face,) he stopped and told me, with demure satisfaction, that he had become the Earl of Minto's private secretary, and should probably soon be going into Parliament. I stared with astonishment, and heartily congratulated him; not, I fear, without a slight sigh of envy, and we went our respective ways, not to meet again till he *was* in Parliament (for Weymouth) and attaining distinction there, where his name was long associated with his courageous and public-spirited exposure of the Andover Union Workhouse scandals. But he did not expose, unscathed, these iniquities in lower departments of official life, nor the discreditable screening, in higher places, of the offenders. The then President of the Poor Law Board became his political enemy for life, and Lord John Russell took the part of his distinguished relative, with much the same consequences. Of course Mr. Christie's unfortunate temper, as well as his inflexible sense of justice, had

something to do with those results; and also with a scene in the Select Committee, which he succeeded in getting appointed to investigate the Andover Union case, and over which he presided. For a young nobleman on the committee took such dire offence at some of the chairman's remarks to him, that he rushed out of the committee-room and sent Christie a challenge. That gentleman, for many years, had persistently condemned the practice of duelling as alike absurd in itself, often cruelly unjust in its operation, and inefficient for its purpose. On this occasion he was nobly consistent, and set the public opinion of the day at defiance by refusing young Lord ————'s challenge. But I believe the false standards of honour, then prevalent, were too strong for him, and he did not continue, for many years, a Parliamentary career begun with such brilliant promise. Nevertheless, he lived to see the custom of duelling abolished in England, under the influence of the Duke of Wellington; and Lord Palmerston, who remained his faithful friend and champion to the last, employed him repeatedly in high diplomatic service.

In those days, when pugilism was still patronised by scions of the aristocracy, and long columns in the newspapers were devoted to descriptions of brutal fights in the prize-ring, it is not to be wondered at if humbler mortals, in their teens and twenties, still fresh from memories of their own fights in the playgrounds of Eton, Rugby—and even Higham Hill—took an ardent delight in the numerous descriptions and anecdotes of pugilistic encounters which were constantly circulating. For the English come of a fighting race, and though by no means quarrelsome, they are essentially combative. The two elements in this fisticuff fighting which, I think, chiefly interested us, were the science and the pluck exhibited. I remember reading long accounts of prize-fights with almost as much interest as descriptions of "brilliant runs" with foxhounds, given

in the *Sporting Magazine*, and listening, with charmed attention, to stories of how some small and dapper gentleman had actually "thrashed a big and sturdy, but insolent and brutal carter," by sheer pugilistic science. One evening, when a youth, I sat listening to a rather heated discussion between my father and brother Sam, and heard, with surprise, the latter contending, with excitement, against my father's views. For he was asserting that, "in these days a gentleman ought to take lessons, as he himself was doing, in boxing, since he never could tell when he might not have to defend himself against an extortionate and bullying hackney-coachman or other member of "the lower classes." My father replied that it would be an ungentlemanly thing to engage in such a fight, and most gentlemen now would certainly agree with him. But he was rather before his age in this, as in some other matters—and I confess my sympathies, on the whole, went with my brother. That plucky cousin of mine, Thomas Solly, took strongly the same view: gave me some lessons with the gloves, and knocked me over in the process. Some little time after, the young Scotch medical friend, whom I have mentioned as coming to stay with us for a time, had also practised both sparring and fighting at his Northern University, and carried on my education so scientifically, that when my cousin next visited us, at Leyton, he was greatly surprised to find I could turn the tables on him with success. All this reminds me of a curious illustration of the manners of the day, though they were then fast improving. My Scotch friend had been taken up very cordially by the head of his Highland clan, the Marquis of B————, who was a firm disciple of Homœopathy, then recently introduced into this country, and who brought his young clansman into professional and intimate relations with Dr. Quin, at that time the only Homœopathic practitioner, I believe, in England.

All this led to my friend's becoming acquainted with some of the aristocracy, and on one occasion he had to call at a nobleman's house in Park Lane. From what cause he never knew, but perhaps under an impression of mistaken identity, a very aristocratic young "swell," dressed in the height of fashion, suddenly issued from the door of the mansion, and asking him with an oath,* "What the devil do you want here?" struck him a violent blow on the face. My friend's Scotch blood, of course, was up in a moment, and he returned the compliment with such a "smasher" that the young aristocrat retreated into the house, the blood flowing freely from a wound in the face caused by a ring on the young Scotchman's finger. The latter had to meet me somewhere soon after, and his first remark was that as he expected a challenge in the course of an hour or two (for the footman knew his name and address), would I kindly act as his second. With an amount of *sang froid* which excited my admiration, he narrated his adventure; and there it all ended, except the memory of the business; but he never heard anything more about it, and probably did not call again for some time at the mansion in Park Lane.

One other anecdote of a much pleasanter character recurs to me in connection with this "braw young Hielander," when he had become the family physician of another nobleman, the Marquis of A——. Lord Brougham was a guest one evening there at a dinner-party, and by good luck my friend found himself placed next to the illustrious but irascible ex-Lord Chancellor. The new four-wheeled cabs which were named after Lord Brougham, and had the letter B painted on them, became the subject

* An expletive I often heard on the lips of gentlemen in my youth, though, like the custom of boxing and the vice of imtemperance, the habit was gradually being branded as vulgar under a female Sovereign's reign.

of remark. Brougham was evidently rather pleased at the compliment thus paid to him, and turning to my friend, asked him what people said about them. The hardy young medical replied in the most deferential manner, but with an audacity which, in some of the eminent statesman's moods, would have been rather dangerous, that when people saw him riding in one of these cabs they said, "Why, there's a bee outside and a wasp within!" Instead of being waspish, however, the great man, to his credit, rewarded my friend by laughing heartily, and probably (though of this I can't be sure) repeated the joke to some of the assembled company.

But while all this had been going on, an event took place which coloured the rest of my life. One of my cousins, Thomas Solly's sisters, who were then living at Brighton, was to be married about that time, and as the bride was a dear friend of Miss Shaen, she had engaged that young lady's services as a bridesmaid. I was asked to be present also, and returned to London with hopes revived and heart cheered. For I had a vague, sanguine, and groundless confidence in my own ability to do what I had never yet done, viz., earn a fair income in one way or other by my own exertions.

Some little time previously, after all my hopes *in re* the tragedy had received their quietus, I had consented to return to Mr. Rule's counting-house if he would receive me once more. This, however, after careful deliberation, he prudently declined to do. He felt that in giving me a four years' trial, he had done as much to return my father's kindness to his deceased brother, as could fairly be expected of him. Therefore he declined to receive back "the Prodigal," and no one could blame him. For myself I fear I was greatly relieved when his refusal came. Like Mr. Macawber, I was sure something better would "turn up," and thought nothing worse could

happen. But something that seemed worse, at the time, did happen. Goaded by anxiety, I pressed for an engagement which it was neither wise nor right to seek under the circumstances. My youngest sister, who was very intimate with Miss Shaen, wrote to her, and received a reply which ought to have made me, at all events, rest in hope, and was certainly the utmost that could then be said. But in my troubled and morbid state of mind it drove me to despair.

Nevertheless, in the course of that summer of 1836, not very long after the letter just referred to had arrived, and when I was ready for any desperate course, "something better" actually did turn up, though in a different department. Why my father, who at that time was chairman of three or four large joint-stock companies, and had great opportunities for appointing suitable persons to good situations, did not endeavour to place me in one of them, I never thought of enquiring then, nor did I ever hear afterwards. But most probably he did not consider I had shown any capacity for such situations, and he was too conscientious to perpetrate a job. But my eldest brother heard one day of something which appeared to him the very thing for me, and he proposed it forthwith. It seems that a wonderfully clever and inventive chemical genius, of the name of S——, had been taking out two or three patents, and wanted, first, some person to invest a little capital in trying various experiments in connexion therewith, and then a young man to help him in making and superintending those experiments. The latter individual was to be recompensed, in the first instance, by being taught practical chemistry, and as soon as any of the patents could be brought into working order, he was to have a well-paid post as superintendent thereof. It was this situation that was offered to me. My brother had found a gentleman who was willing to risk a little money

in these ventures, and my father consented to let the requisite machinery and a small wooden shed for a laboratory to be put up in the yard of his large wharf at Rotherhithe. So I had now to consider whether I would not only put my neck into the business collar again, but whether I would pull away in harness with a right good will. The proposal came at a very opportune time. I was sitting at home "deject and wretched," looking back on my literary efforts and aspirations with deep disappointment and almost disgust, utterly miserable as regarded all matters of love and sentiment, rejected by my former employer—with not a ray of hope of any kind in any direction—and here was an entirely new world opened up to me, a world of science and adventure, offering possibilities of fabulous triumphs and fascinating experiment, with curiously interesting practical work of a kind I had never been engaged in before. Novelty, change! and perhaps an assured income for the rest of my days which would place me in a very different position from that I then occupied, if ever I ventured to go wooing again!

Still, I had been so utterly broken down, both in health and spirits, that I did not seem to have energy enough left even to accept and attempt any new departure. But once again, the representations probably of my mother and elder brothers, and the generous readiness of my father to act upon them, sent me across the sea to Antwerp, with my knapsack at my back, at the beginning of August, and thence, by the first railway built on the Continent (if I remember rightly) to Brussels, for a fortnight's holiday. At Antwerp, a letter of introduction and credit to a leading merchant there, a friend of my father's, procured me kind attention and an escort to the cathedral, where I saw Rubens' grand picture of "The Descent from the Cross," and to some famous collection

of pictures, on which, however, I fear I looked with "lack-lustre eyes," but enjoyed my first ride on a railway in an open third-class carriage, filled with a number of merry Belgian workmen, returning to Brussels from a holiday trip. I managed to have a little pleasant chatter with some of them in my broken French, but the conduct of one of the men, in the course of the journey, was so coarse and unseemly that I exploded, with indignation, and regardless of consequences, exclaimed to his face "Quel bête!" thinking I had reviled him with a most opprobrious epithet, and that my words were equivalent to "What a beast!" Not till afterwards I learned that I had merely exclaimed "What a fool!" and consequently, at the time, I was rather surprised by the hearty shouts of laughter (instead of a scrimmage) with which my rebuke was greeted. Perhaps it was well for me that I did not excite more serious resentment; but the culprit certainly looked rather foolish and ashamed.

At the hotel where I put up in Brussels, I found a party of Englishmen, "personally conducted" by an eminent mining engineer, editor of a London mining journal, who were come out prospecting for a mining company, and who invited me to join them in devoting a day to seeing the sights of Brussels, as we were told we could not have our passports *viséed* in time to go on by "diligence" for the Rhine. I was far from well, as the foreign cookery was not suitable to my condition, but I accompanied the party throughout a long, hot day, to all the principal buildings in Brussels, which I found very interesting; came away at night in the diligence for Liége, and thence to Cologne, where I arrived the following evening after 24 hours' travelling in those stuffy, lumbering machines, which contrasted so dismally with the Edinburgh mail or the Shrewsbury "Wonder." During the latter part of the journey from Liége to Cologne,

however, I had a comfortable seat and fresh air, with a pleasant view of the country in the *coupée* of the diligence, with two rather amusing young English fellow-travellers. But, of course (for it was a matter of course then, whatever it may be now), their conversation was sometimes licentious and even low, though they had the conventional stamp of gentlemen. At Cologne, without stopping a day or an hour, I went on board the steamer waiting to take us to Bonn, where I arrived on a beautiful summer evening, and had a splendid nine or ten hours' sleep in a clean and very comfortable hotel. The next morning, all the world seemed changed from what it had been to me for many a month. The air, the weather, the scenery, even the breakfast, were all enchanting. I seemed to have taken a new lease of youth and happiness; and I wrote home to my father, saying I would thankfully accept the situation offered me, would punctually return at the end of the fortnight to fill it, and thanking him for the health and pleasure he was giving me. Then I shouldered my knapsack, and set off on my pedestrian expedition up the beautiful banks of the glorious river so dear not to Germans only, but to all cultivated mankind. At Godesberg, I crossed over, climbed the Drachenfels, and looked far away, with misty eyes, into the lovely distance thinking, with Byron, how beautiful and blessed life would now be if only there were one beside me, who——but I dashed down the torturing thoughts, and went on my way, refusing to be their victim.

Then came the delight of visiting Coblentz and Ehrenbreitstein, and, above all, that exquisitely beautiful little village of St. Goar; and, as I paused on my way, one sunny afternoon, to gaze on the ruins of the "Rheinfels," I thought I had never seen anything so lovely before. Yet how much depends on the weather, on one's health and frame of mind, on the surrounding

scenery especially, as regards the enjoyment of such prospects. For the ruins I was then looking at are not to be compared, for instance, with Tintern Abbey, which I had visited the year before. The only other incident worth noting in that charming ten days' walk, and steamer-ing up and down the Rhine, was the reception I met with at an inn (to which I had been recommended by a wayfarer) in Bacharach, called "Der Goldne Engel." A rather prepossessing, but flighty sort of young woman, was standing at the top of the door-steps, when I came to the inn, and on my asking if this were "Der Goldne Engel," for it was getting dark, instead of answering, she burst out laughing and ran indoors. I walked into what seemed to be the coffee-room, very tired, and had laid aside my knapsack and sat down, when the damsel, accompanied by three or four of the rest of the family, all of them laughing, came into the room, explaining that, as I had asked her if *she* was a golden angel, she and her family couldn't help laughing. I wonderingly looked on. But when they all began jabbering at once, as well as laughing, and I couldn't understand anything more, I mildly intimated that I was very hungry, and wanted some supper as soon as they found it convenient to provide it. The merry young woman got me all I wanted, but by the time I retired to rest I was obliged to recognize the fact that she was by no means a golden angel, but one of baser metal, and "a fallen angel," if angelic at all. The whole scene came back to my memory about twenty years later when, having been up the Rhine once again, I was returning by steamer through the beautiful "Rheingau"—when, by one of those curious coincidences which sometimes occur by a deeper law than what we call chance, as I was looking at a picturesque village on the banks, my wife at my side, I suddenly saw the name of the village to be Bacharach, and in the next moment I saw the sign

and the legend of an inn. It was "Der Goldne Engel," and I was more thankful than I care to describe that I could look at that inn without a blush of shame.

On my return home, greatly refreshed, I got to work at once. While the little laboratory was being erected at the Rotherhithe wharf, and the small steam-engine and great iron "back" or vat, required for S——'s experiments, were being put up, he came one or two days a week to Leyton, to give me lessons in chemistry, for which, under his direction, I had got a lot of apparatus and chemicals, also a French elementary work on chemistry. This new study interested me immensely, and all I learned then has been both interesting and useful to me ever since. As soon as the preparations at the wharf were completed, I took up my abode there, in a queer little room on the edge of the river, underneath the counting-house, a wooden structure, which was reached by an ascent more like a step-ladder than flight of stairs. Here I was provided with a sofa-bedstead, table and chairs, and had a fine view of the river, with all its moving stream of barges, boats, and shipping. I had brought with me a great lot of books, and, in all respects, got along very cheerfully and pleasantly, usually going home on Saturday afternoon and returning Monday morning, walking across, in steeple-chase fashion, the country between Limehouse and Leyton. A nice lad, the son of the wharf foreman, rowed with me to Limehouse-stairs; and, occasionally, I had some pleasant rows with him up and down the river. On one occasion, finding a man on a huge floating raft of timber, which he was struggling to keep out of the way of the numerous steamers, we hooked our boat on to one of its corners, and had the satisfaction of helping to bring him out of danger. Another time, when rowing by myself, and attempting to land at Greenwich without making sufficient allowance for the strong tide running, I was nearly

capsized, and saved from immersion by a boatman just in time. I ought to have been able to swim well by this time, but I never could manage more than a comparatively few strokes. Those, however, were enough once to save me from drowning at Dover, when I was washed by a wave out of my depth while bathing there. It seems as important that every Englishman should be taught to swim as to learn the three R's.

The principal invention which S——— was engaged in patenting and bringing to perfection was the manufacture of soap out of flints, and the experiments I had to make in the little wooden laboratory were connected with that curious and interesting process. One day, when at work on this business, I suddenly found I had obtained a beautiful blue powder as a precipitate, while I was dissolving in water a calcined mixture of steel filings, silica, and potash. When S——— came down to see how things were going on, and examined my "blue," he exclaimed: "Why, Solly, you have made your fortune! This is a new and valuable dye." Of course, I set exultingly to work to reproduce it, and thought I observed the same conditions in the process; but no, something was wanting, though what I could not discover. Month after month, I continued trying in vain. Of course, he ought to have had the powder analysed if he couldn't or wouldn't do this himself; but I had never heard of such a thing, and, even if I had thought of it, I knew far too little of chemical manipulation, then, to have been able to discover by analysis of what the blue powder was composed, in addition to the three substances just mentioned. Unhappily, with all his cleverness, in fact genius, and wonderful inventive powers, my master had one fatal vice —intemperance. Brandy and water—the latter element in diminishing quantity—was his favourite potation; and not once or twice only, I had to go and hunt him up in

some tavern on the other side of the river when an important experiment was waiting for his finishing touch or inspection, and the clocks were telling us it wanted only an hour or two of midnight. A mere tyro like myself could not make much progress in chemical experiments, or the perfecting of patents, under circumstances like these. Yet he was so pleasant, plausible, and good-natured, that it was impossible to be angry with him, and my brother's and his friend's remonstrances produced but little improvement.

In the meantime the preparations for trying experiments on the cheap and rapid production of malt, which was the main object S—— had in view, and to protect which he had entered a "caveat" at the Patent Office, were now sufficiently advanced to begin operations. Two journeymen-engineers (a mill-wright and engine-fitter I was told to call them) had been hard at work for many weeks erecting a great iron vessel in the huge shed on the wharf, originally built to receive an enormous cargo of hemp for a Government contract which my father had obtained during the great war, and they had also set up the small steam-engine which was to work the air-pumps, &c., necessary for the projected experiments. These men were quite of a different order from any of the working-class with whom I had previously been acquainted, and I was struck, both with their independent spirit and their intelligence. But I could not help thinking them supercilious and "stand-offish," so that though we worked together quite smoothly, we decidedly did not fraternise. Another idea running in S———'s head was connected with the great waste of cyanogen gas in the usual mode of then manufacturing Prussian blue; and I was set to calcine the parings of hoofs and horns, bullock's blood, &c., with carbonate of potash in a close iron vessel. In doing so I saw a mode of performing the requisite production of

cyanogen and combining it with the pearl-ash or carbonate of potash, which would save the waste of the present system and ensure the combination of every particle of the gas with every atom of the potash. S——— was much pleased with my suggestion and resolved to see if we could get the great manufacturers of Prussian blue, Messrs. B—— and Sons, of Homerton, to take it up. The question was whether the saving of the gas would more than compensate for the extra outlay in securing it. So we went together to Homerton, laid our plans before one of the partners there, and obtained a promise from him to try an experiment for the purpose of testing the relative value of my plan compared with the one then in practice. We were to return at the end of a fortnight to learn the result of the trial; and being over-sanguine of success in this as in most other matters, and not being wanted for a little while at the wharf, I resolved to give myself a holiday, by walking down to Brighton where my father and the family were again staying at his nephew's in the neighbourhood of Kemp Town. The cost of travelling by coach being more than I felt justified in affording until one or other of my great discoveries (!) bore golden fruit, I tramped hopefully along the 52 miles to Brighton in a day and a half, and enjoyed a happy little visit, had two or three rows on the sea, and returned to my den at the wharf at the end of the fortnight in the same pedestrian fashion, which my cousin, Mr. M——, at whose house we were staying, and who was of a deeply religious disposition, strongly, not to say sternly, recommended, on the ground that St. Paul "when he was going to Assos was minded to go a-foot."

Then my master and I journeyed to Homerton, and to my infinite disappointment as well as disgust, were coolly informed that nothing had been done in fulfilment of their promise because the firm did not think the experiment sufficiently hopeful to be worth trying. So much

for keeping faith with poor inventors! They had got my secret, might have found it of value, and, if not restrained by principles of probity, may have been working their manufacture in accordance with it from that day to this! However, there was nothing to be done but to "grin and bear it," and as by good fortune I was able, about this time, once more to recover my beautiful blue dye, and S——— was so uncertain in his doings, I did not trouble myself any more about "ferro-cyanate of potash" but, when not occupied with the flint soap and malting, gave all my time to perfecting the dye. Unfortunately, not knowing what was wanting I could not succeed entirely either to my own or S———'s satisfaction in reproducing a colour as fine as in the original accidental discovery. Nevertheless I was sufficiently ignorant of the craft and wickedness of the world and of my own incompetency to carry the business through successfully, as actually to press S——— to get his lawyer to begin taking out a patent for the manufacture of this new blue. S——— seemed rather doubtful as to the wisdom of such proceeding, but ultimately yielded; and having drawn my specification, I was told that the lawyer was taking the requisite steps to secure the patent. The malting experiments were now in full swing, and required only occasional attention. But my imagination had been fired by the accounts which the young medical gentleman before referred to (who had travelled with one of my brothers to the East for his health), had given me of the heroic uprising of the Greek patriots against their cruel Turkish oppressors some twenty years previously. Especially his enthusiastic description of the Greek Hetairists had raised visions in my mind of a noble drama, the hero of which should be one of the leaders of the Hetairæ; and all the tumultuous longings to create a dramatic work of art which had driven me to write "Gonzaga," and which had been carefully laid to

rest for more than a year, revived in full and unseasonable vigour. So I worked away during some spare hours on my heroic Greeks, and thereby, at all events, effectually stilled the heart-aches and impatience which otherwise were disturbing my peace. For among other causes of unrest, were reviving hopes and desires which, like "homing pigeons," were spreading their wings towards those fair bowers in Essex woods which were protected by guardians who seemed to me more cruel than those that kept watch over the "Gardens of the Hesperides."

Now it so happened that, after I had dwelt in the little den on the edge of the wharf for several months, a small house belonging to my father (one of a row opening by the front door on the street, and at the back into the wharf yard) became vacant, and I and my belongings were transferred thither. One day, when S——— was in my parlour, he remarked how easy and convenient it would be to have company there, and made a suggestion which he was a little surprised to find was not welcomed. It was too much in accordance, however, with the habits and notions, which I have before remarked, were prevalent among nearly all the young men with whom I had any friendship or acquaintance, to create surprise or much disgust in my mind; but while I am referring to it, some very wise and useful words, spoken to me by my father, once, when I was in my teens, may be worth mentioning: "When you go about in the world," he said, "you will find young men making improper suggestions to you. But when they see you decline to listen to them, they will not be repeated." What led up to his remark I cannot in the least remember, but the words themselves made a deep impression on me, partly because he so seldom spoke to me on any personal matter, and on this never but on that occasion; and partly because I felt proud that he was taking for granted that I should

decline to listen to such talk. His words came true as regarded S ——, and many another of my early companions; and, though I remember the latter gentleman, either before or after the above conversation, taking up Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living," which he happened to see among my books, and making fun of some of the advice and warnings he found there, I am pretty certain he never tried to trouble or tempt me again. And the somewhat remarkable fact, on account of which I mention the foregoing circumstances, is that, when in some confidential conversation with him, I hinted at the great and terrible disappointment I had suffered in my love affairs some months before, he so vehemently scouted the idea that the lady was not to be won, and so cogently resisted the desponding, indeed despairing, view of my chances of success, that from that hour I plucked up "heart and hope," and never despaired again. For this changed attitude on my part led, before very long, to the discovery that truly there was no need for despair. And one dark, wintry night, I walked away from my brother's house, in St. Mary Axe, after sending a message to the Essex bowers, down the Commercial Road to Limehouse Stairs, in a state of extacy, such as I suppose can come to a young man only on such an occasion. I doubt if the distance was ever traversed on foot in a shorter time or with a happier heart. Thenceforth life was transfigured for me through all the dreary scenes and most painful experiences which were ordained to follow.

Those experiences did not come immediately. S—— and I worked on in hope at our experiments and budding patents. The "Academic" Society had continued its useful and pleasant meeting during successive winters, and I used to walk up that Commercial Road, or along the Old Kent Road, with great regularity once a fortnight, primed and loaded, to its debates. Three of these, I

remember, as specially interesting, were on Cromwell, Napoleon, and Frederic the Great—each of them, I think, adjourned two or three times. With regard to Cromwell, I found a mine of wealth in a favourite book of my father's, "Godwin's History of the Commonwealth," where the character and policy of the Great Protector were admirably and conclusively vindicated, long before Carlyle did the History of our country the incalculable service of bringing home to the convictions and political conscience of millions of Englishmen that vindication with equal force and distinctness. In the earlier days of the Academic, I remember two or three animated and (for us) exhaustive debates on Charles I., for which I worked hard in my bedroom at night, at Hallam's Constitutional History of England. But that work, first-rate as of course it is, needed the corrective and supplementary reasoning of Godwin. I was also (at the time under review) deeply revolving a suggestion thrown out by S———, as to the fortune that would be made by anyone who could find a cheap and reliable substitute for the expensive "smalts," largely imported by the Staffordshire pottery-makers from Germany, for giving a blue colouring matter to their wares; and, having bought a treatise on the manufacture of china and porcelain, I there learnt that arsenic was constantly found in combination with the cobalt from which smalts were obtained. One of the first things, therefore, that seemed worth attempting was to calcine silica, iron filings, and arsenic together. I believe I also used some potash. A little difficulty was experienced in prevailing on a Rotherhithe druggist to sell me the required arsenic; but my father's name ultimately overcame his scruples. One Saturday night, at last, I had made up my experimental mixture, got a roaring fire in the laboratory furnace, deposited my crucible therein, and retired to rest.

But during the last two or three weeks thus ending,

the storm that had long been brooding over the commercial world, taking its rise in America, had been breaking with terrible force on English mercantile firms. If successive British Governments had not agreed, or been compelled, to keep up the insane policy of Protection for Canadian timber by heavy duties on the far better timber from the Baltic, my father's timber business, which was extensive, would have been sufficiently remunerative for himself and my eldest brother, his partner, without going in for more risky and profitable speculations in other Baltic produce, such as hemp, corn, and especially tallow. But, under the existing circumstances, the meagre profits of this timber business left my brother without any share in them worth speaking of, and accordingly he got my father's consent, in a fatal hour, to invest in other produce. My brother was, however, also driven to this step by my father's strong objection to his dissolving the time-honoured partnership of "I. Solly and Sons," and going into another firm that would have gladly received him, where he would have secured a far better income than by remaining where he was. His speculations in "tallow" were well devised, and had he possessed larger capital, the firm could probably have weathered the storm without difficulty, and held on till considerable profits were secured. But, during the week of which I have been speaking, when many old and respectable firms, as well as new or rickety ones, were coming to the ground, the St. Mary Axe bills had been refused when presented for discounting, and my father and brother had to stop payment. Their downfall was felt in the City, and far beyond it, as a real calamity from the position my father occupied both in the ranks of the Liberal party, and still more from the lead he had taken in the great commercial enterprises of the day. The following reference to his misfortunes is taken from the leading Liberal daily paper of the day, the *Morning*

Chronicle :—After speaking in his City article of the great pressure on the money market, the Editor continues—"On the whole the day has passed off better than was expected, and only two failures have yet been announced—one in Dantzig and Memel trade, and the other in the wool trade. From the many difficulties with which the first has had to contend, the trading community were not wholly unprepared for such an event ; but the confirmation of their apprehensions caused great regret, as the firm was of long standing and the gentleman at the head of it was generally esteemed."—*Morning Chronicle*, March 6th, 1837.

In the obituary memoir of my father, quoted from Chap. I., p. 6, it is added, "The severity of the crisis is indicated by the remarks that follow, when after acknowledging the judicious course pursued by the Bank of England [the writer in the *Morning Chronicle* continues], 'Had not this timely step been taken, it is well known that many of the oldest houses in the City, and of undoubted means, must have fallen temporary victims to those severe times.'" About the time of the final crash my mother had come up to my brother Samuel's house in the City to be present at the christening of one of his children, and I could never forget the quiet pleasant smile with which she told me afterwards that, as she rode home with us to Leyton House that night, she knew it was the last time she should ever ride in her own carriage. But her "treasure" was in the beloved ones of the family circle ; and while she had them her "heart" was at peace amid the wreck of her worldly surroundings.

Having heard all this sad news on going up to the City during the week when the crash came, I was, of course, more than ever anxious to wrest a fortune from my crucibles and furnace. So rising betimes on the Sunday morning after the calcination above described, I hurried down to the laboratory, took out the crucible, and to my

infinite delight found inside it a mass of greenish-blue material, which naturally appeared to me to indicate a close approximation to the object of my researches. It was not quite a perfect realisation of my dreams, but sufficiently near to send me across the river, and tramping over from Limehouse to Leyton half wild with joy. When I reached Leyton House the family had just done luncheon, but had not left the dining-room, and were standing round the fire in dismal mood, my father, however, being in London. I seated myself at the table, after interchange of greetings, and began to eat; looked up at the folk by the fire and said, "I suppose you are all in very bad spirits here." "Yes," they replied with some surprise at my cheerful tone, "are not you?" Then I told them triumphantly of what I conceived to be the marked success of my experiment that morning, adding all that S——— had told me would be the consequences of success, and my belief that certain great colour manufacturers to whom I should have to communicate the results of my labours would be all the more willing and ready to take up the matter in consequence of my father's misfortunes. To this they heartily agreed, and were a little cheered.

When S——— came the next day to the wharf, he was much pleased with the appearance of the calcination, praised me for my trying arsenic as an ingredient, told me to grind up some of the mass, and did nothing whatever in any shape or way to carry on the experiment or bring it to success. I did grind it up and obtained, not a blue, but only a dirty red, powder. When I communicated this mortifying result to my clever but erratic master he had no word of advice or instruction to give me in the matter, but consoled himself by the comparative success of his other experiments and manufactures, until they also ultimately failed through his want of attention and perseverance.

A word or two should here be said respecting my valued and beloved friend, Thomas Solly, who having obtained the Skinners' Company's Exhibition or Scholarship at Tunbridge Grammar School to Caius College, Cambridge, had made more than one delightful visit to Germany in the interval, and in the "Long" vacations. It was always a time of great enjoyment to us both when we could meet together either in London, Leyton, or Brighton (where his widowed mother and sisters were living), and have an evening symposium full of those beatific interchanges of our mutual experiences which, in some degree, we may humbly hope foreshadow the bliss of Heaven. (Only in those Elysian Fields, Il Paradiso, there will hardly be such *recent* experiences of sorrow or sin). My cousin always brightened up my (at that time) comparatively rather dismal estate, when we thus met, by glowing and most picturesque descriptions of his wanderings by land and sea, especially, I remember, his journeys in the Saxon Alps and the Hartz Mountains, in the latter of which romantic scenery he enlarged on the magnificent ravine or glen at the entrance of which was the "Wald-Katte" and "Emilien's Ruhk," on which, by-the-by, he composed a remarkably clever and pretty little ballad in German, of which language he was a complete master. Yet amid all the happiness of those meetings, I could not help being made more than ever conscious of my own forlorn condition and prospects. It seemed like a prisoner, say in Silvio Pellico's cell under the cruel Austrian, listening for a few hours to a visitor's glowing description of life beyond its walls, and hearing of joys far beyond his reach.

One visit he paid me when I was living in the little den on the wharf comes vividly now before me, for though it was immensely refreshing to me, I grieve to say I was sadly indifferent to the duties of hospitality towards him.

He, though not in the least an epicure, was rather careful, in matters of diet, to have the best of anything which he cared to have at all. I had weaned myself from luxury and had gone somewhat to the other extreme, among other reasons, because I thought as I couldn't *earn* money I would *spend* as little as possible. Hence, the fare which my cousin found provided for him was certainly none of the best, and the coffee, I remember, was execrably bad. As we were on much too intimate terms for him to conceal his feelings in the matter, I explained in extenuation that I was practising self-denial, and mortification of the flesh. "Oh, but this," he replied, "is each-other-denial," and, smiling, I hung my head in conscious shame. Soon after I visited him in his temporary London lodging, and we had a very jolly evening. At supper he produced some extra delicious confection, pressing me to take of it freely; on observing my hesitation, he so vehemently assured me that it's name was "Self-Denial," that amid much laughter, my resolution gave way, and that genial little feast was heartily enjoyed.

Returning to life at the Rotherhithe wharf, I fagged away with my blue dye for many succeeding weeks, as well as at my other work, but had too little of that practical knowledge of chemistry which S——— possessed in abundance, to be able to bring my discovery to perfection; and though he yielded to my desire to have our patent drawn, and I handed in to his lawyer a tolerably correct specification, he was not altogether satisfied. For this he had good reason as the event showed; but what he did to supplement my imperfect operations, and what his lawyer probably did to cheat us both, I never knew. That there was foul play somewhere seems evident from what followed, and I may as well finish the history of this business at once, though deviating thereby from chronological order. By the time that the summer of 1837 was over, I had become

thoroughly disheartened. Everything was going wrong at the wharf, and S——— became more and more indifferent to setting it right; also more incompetent to do so, for his intemperance increased. The Soap-manufacturer who was working his patent in that line, and which certainly might have been made a wonderful success, first mismanaged the production of the article, and created a strong prejudice against the "Silica Soap," and then got into such serious difficulties with the Excise, that for a time (I do not know how long, but permanently, I think) the manufacture was suspended. The malt successfully produced, in a few hours, in the iron vat, could not be dried there, but had to be taken out and dried in the usual way on a kiln. The lawyer S——— employed had to fly the country for mal-practices of some sort, and not very long after poor S——— drank himself into *delirium tremens* and so into his grave.

Under the weight of these accumulating troubles, I threw up the whole business, left the wharf, and came back to my father's house, desolate. Many years afterwards, when I was married and living at Wandsworth, my wife and I became acquainted with very pleasant neighbours, viz., Dr. and Mrs. Longstaffe, the Dr. being the managing partner of the London branch of the great colour manufacturing firm of Blundell, Spence & Co., at Hull. One evening, when we were at a pleasant little party at their house, I told Dr. Longstaffe, in the course of conversation, of my accidental discovery of a blue dye, and of my unsuccessful efforts to bring it to perfection. "Well," he said, "that is rather curious. When did you get your blue?" "In 1837," I answered. "Why, in 1839," he rejoined, "a new blue came into the market, under the name of the 'ultramarine of commerce,' and drove nearly all other blues out." "What was that made of?" I asked. "Silica, potash, iron, and sulphur," he

said. Now those were just the substances of which my blue was composed, except the sulphur—I had not got that in my crucible, I thought—but a little later in the evening I suddenly remembered, and told Dr. Longstaffe, that I had used sulphuric acid after the calcined mass was dissolved in water to obtain the precipitate, and now it was evident that the "ultramarine of commerce" and my beautiful blue were identical. "Then," said my friend in conclusion, "you missed a fortune. For when the new blue first came over here from Germany, it was sold to us at 2s 6d. per lb. But it was manufactured as a secret, which being found out, the price kept on falling, until we said we would not buy any more till it came down to 1s. a lb., which it did before long, and has remained at that figure ever since." Putting all these facts together, it is difficult to resist the conviction that S———'s unscrupulous and out-lawed attorney, when he fled to the continent, took with him my specification, and perhaps some of the blue itself, got some clever German chemist to analyse or experiment accordingly, and soon mastered the whole matter. But he would not dare to get a patent for the manufacture—thought it safer to produce the dye by secret working, was countermined, *et voila tout!* Yes, I missed a fortune by not adding more sulphuric acid, probably, to my calcined mass in solution, or by not throwing a piece of brimstone into the crucible before calcination—also by not having the good fortune to fall into the hands of a sober chemist and an honest lawyer. But intensely thankful as I should have been at that time to have earned plenty of money for the sake of others, near and dear to me, as well as on my own account, I believe this business also turned out better for myself and friends than if I had secured a fortune by my discovery of one blue, or as the result of experimental efforts in search of another. But some other people have made fortunes

by my discovery of that "Ultramarine" dye. It is now largely manufactured, I am told, on the banks of the Mersey, and "Reckitt's Blue," so extensively employed in the manufacture of starch, is composed, I understand, of the same material; though the best quality is said to be still made in Germany.

Returning to Rotherhithe:—When it appeared evident that no further good would come from a continuance of the malting experiments at the wharf, my brother's friend, who had found the money for trying them was, of course, rather disgusted with the result; though, being a rich and good-natured man, he did not seem to care much for the loss of one or two hundred pounds. Meeting him one day at my father's counting-house, when he had come to town to wind up the affair, he said kindly to me, "Well, but what about you? You have been working hard there for months—are you to have nothing for your services?" Now, knowing that it had been arranged that I was to give my services to S——— gratuitously in return for his instruction in chemistry, and was to have a paid office and salary only in case the experiments succeeded, I at once assured him that I had no claim on him or anybody else for remuneration, and he went away without further remark. But when I heard that, being sick of the whole business, he had actually made a gratuitous present of the apparatus, including the costly iron "back," to the manufacturing engineer who had erected them, I could not help feeling guilty of indifference to the fact that all this time (as from my birth upwards), I had been dependent on my father for everything; and that now especially, when he was losing all his fortune, I ought to have let my brother's friend know that the value of the discarded apparatus would be better bestowed on me than on the engineer, who had been already well paid for his work. Unhappily, I had been so long accustomed to

having a livelihood and pocket-money without being able to earn them, that I suppose it had become a second nature.

It was somewhere in this year, I fancy, that a conference of Unitarian ministers and laymen was held in Essex Street Chapel, for the purpose, if I remember rightly, of promoting more systematic organization and combined action in the Unitarian denomination. I felt some vague interest in the matter, yet went to it, I fear, more from curiosity than any higher motive. But after the Rev. James Martineau had spoken in opposition to the scheme, for reasons which I did not then clearly understand, but which have since been made plain enough to the Christian Church at large, the proceedings became exciting and so interesting that, seeing Mr. Madge standing in the aisle close by where I was sitting, I actually ventured to set before him my view of what was needed to be said. To my intense surprise, and even alarm, he thereupon urged me to rise and say it myself—actually seeming vexed when I resolutely declined. What I wanted to hear said by someone was, I think, in favour of organization; but it was a great disappointment to Mr. Aspland, Mr. Tagart, Mr. Madge, and their supporters, that Mr. Martineau's arguments, and those of his friends, so far prevailed with the Conference as to quash the proposals of its conveners, and make it barren of results. There have always been two formidable obstacles in the way of closer and more systematic organization among Unitarians, as, since that day, I have repeatedly noticed—one shared by nearly all Unitarians, viz., the intense "individuality of the individual" and a deep-rooted love of liberty, prompting them to view, with profound jealousy, any approach to what they specially dread, ecclesiastical domination and loss of personal freedom—the other, felt chiefly by men like Martineau and Channing, who have

protested against the too successful endeavours made by converts to Unitarianism to fix that controversial and theological name on the descendants of the free English Presbyterian and "Protestant Dissenters," and substitute it for the hereditary and ecclesiastical titles they had previously borne. But I shall have to refer to this *vexata quæstio* later on.

It was during the spring or summer of this year, I think, that my cousins in Chapel Street, having given me a ticket to an evening lecture at the Royal Institution, I had the privilege of hearing a remarkable exposition by Faraday, of the discoveries and inferences concerning the phenomena of gravitation, chemical affinity, and electric attraction and repulsion, recently made by a Signor Mossoti. These were explained and developed in formulæ of this kind :—Atoms of matter repel each other—atoms of electric fluid exercise the same repulsion on each other. But atoms of electric fluid and of matter mutually attract one another. These three laws of motion account for and explain gravitation, attraction, and cohesion or chemical affinity, and all electrical phenomena. Professor Faraday, of course, explained and illustrated the eminent Italian professor's views in a most interesting fashion, and his audience must have been much edified. He referred us for more complete information to "Taylor's Scientific Memoirs," where he said we should find the text of Mossoti's paper in French, and which I determined to read at the first opportunity. In the meantime, revolving the whole subject in my mind, and pondering the cause of the lowering of the temperature produced by a thunder-storm, which occurred about the same time, it struck me that there was such a close and uniform connection between the manifestation of electric phenomena and the presence of cold, that possibly heat was nothing more than the phenomena caused by the withdrawal of atoms

of electric fluid from the atoms of matter with which they had previously been in connection, and that, *vice versâ*, cold was produced by a proportionately larger amount of electric atoms in combination with a given quantity of matter. Hence, when I got sight of Mossoti's paper, in the Library of the London Institution, I was greatly pleased to find it concluding with these words: "*Toutes les phenoménes de calorique*" are to be accounted for by the laws now enunciated—or words to that effect. I was quite unable to follow up these lines of study and thought; but the lecture, the paper itself (in which a series of profound mathematical formulæ and reasoning were employed to establish the correctness of the Professor's views), and my presumptuous speculations thereupon have always retained their interest for me to the present day. But, when I had an opportunity of asking an eminent scientific man, my brother-in-law, Professor Allman (late of the University of Edinburgh), what was then thought of Mossoti's views, it was disappointing to find that they did not appear to have obtained that authority and credence to which so great a scientist as Faraday certainly thought them entitled.

Nevertheless the year went on; the out-look was very depressing, and by the time autumn arrived there seemed no way of escape from the dreary situation. One day, not to be forgotten, when I had finally left the wharf and was sitting by the fire-side in the dining-room at Leyton, unable to shake off the wretched despondency and sadness which seemed to weigh on one like a night-mare, my eldest sister, Edward Rule's widow, who had come back to live at my father's since her husband's death, seeing and sympathising with my dejection, said in her low sweet voice a few words which pleased and interested me greatly. She had become a churchwoman on her marriage with Mr. Rule, but religion with her was a far deeper and holier thing than any question of sect or disputed theology.

It filled her whole heart and life, yet, as was the case with my mother and other sisters, in a singularly unaffected, unobtrusive, manner; so that when I found she was quoting a passage from the Bible I was greatly surprised; but the words comforted me in a degree which left its mark for all time on my heart and life. They were very simple: "In returning and rest shall ye be saved. In quietness and confidence shall be your strength." I asked her to show them to me in her Bible, and saw, in turning one of the leaves, that not only this passage was marked (Isaiah xxx., 15), but many others, which were full of comfort and strength. In spite of that touching little incident at Dr. Carpenter's house in Bristol, I had not "taken to" the Bible generally, and valued only a few texts even in the New Testament. From that day I read in it with thankfulness, but only by dipping into it here and there, marking such passages as particularly pleased me, in the manner I saw my sister had done.

It was during this time, of uncertainty, that one of my father's brothers (the uncle who rode and sailed to London from the battle-field of Leipzig), mentioned an opportunity which, as he learned at the Colonial Office, had occurred of getting me appointed on the staff of the Governor of our settlements on the Gambia, in West Africa, with a comparatively handsome salary. At first the idea sounded most attractive; but when we came to understand the nature of the climate, and my own bodily infirmities were taken into consideration, it was agreed that if I went I had better take my coffin with me as I should soon want it. So the opportunity was allowed to drop. But it was this discussion, I suppose, which led to my having an introduction soon after to Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, who was then organising his benevolent and heroic expedition for opening up the Niger to European commerce and civilisation. I had a kind welcome from him, and received his

very interesting printed description (marked "Private and confidential," it is on my shelves now) of his plans and purposes, but fortunately for me, the same reasons that barred my way to the Gambia, prevented my following up the idea of joining that ill-fated expedition. But Sir T. F. Buxton showed a wise and true sagacity in regard to the right measures for putting a stop to the horrors of the slave-trade, and his expedition was one of those pioneer efforts which, however fruitless in themselves, seem needful to prepare success at a later period.

One more unsuccessful attempt was made to obtain employment for me, this time by Mr. Tooke, who was always ready to give me help, and still more anxious to help his old and valued friend, my father. Being intimate with Mr. Lefevre (afterwards Sir John Lefevre, K.C.B., father of the Right Hon. G. Shaw Lefevre, M.P.), he obtained from him an introduction to Henry Taylor (afterwards Sir Henry Taylor, K.C.B., author of "Philip Van Artevelde"), who was then, I think, at the head of the permanent staff of the Colonial Office. It was with a beating heart I found myself standing before a man whose noble works I had so immensely admired; and I retain a vivid impression of his appearance as he stood before his office-fire, tall in stature, with a magnificent towering forehead above his keen grey eyes and eyebrows. He received me with dignified and stately courtesy, read Mr. Lefevre's note of introduction, murmured something about the difficulty of giving an appointment, though, adding kindly, "But you could not have brought a better introduction, Mr. Solly; we will see what can be done." Nothing apparently, however, could be done, and I had to try other paths.

Before long one more occupation was offered me; and as it was to be in London, and gave hope of permanent employment, I eagerly accepted it. Two professional

accountants of the name of H———, father and son, who entertained a great respect for my father and brothers, and who had been employed in the liquidation of the affairs of their firm, endeavoured in several ways to assist them in re-commencing business. Among other schemes, one of them came to my eldest brother and told him that a Joint-stock Company was being formed for the purposes of working the disused silver-lead mines in Wales, out of which Sir Hugh Middleton had obtained the requisite funds for bringing the New River to London, and if I liked to act as provisional and unpaid secretary to help in forming the Company, I was to be installed as permanent paid secretary on its establishment. Once more full of hope and sanguine expectations of great success, I gladly went to work. Mr. H——— drafted a flattering prospectus, and then came the hunt for directors. Several highly respectable names, though not of men eminently influential, were at length obtained and placed on the prospectus. My brother stipulated with Mr. H——— that if the Company were not floated, no deduction should be made from any deposits that might be paid in on allotted shares. As soon as the prospectus was issued, there being then one of those chronic manias for speculative undertakings for every kind of investment, which periodically afflict the British public as well as other mercantile nations, applications for shares came pouring in abundantly to my address at Mr. H———'s office, whereat we were greatly pleased until we understood that a considerable proportion of them came from rather disreputable hangers-on to the Stock Exchange, who had no intention of becoming *bonâ fide* shareholders and paying up the deposit money, but who, on receiving allotment certificates, immediately did their best to sell their certificates for a few shillings to any one whom they could induce to speculate therein. When Mr. H——— realised this fact, furious with indignation,

he got a circular letter printed stating that the directors having considered such and such an application did not think fit to allot any shares to the applicant. This circular, with my name, as "Sec. *pro tem.*," appended to it without my knowledge, he at once despatched to a number of "the wretched swindlers" as he termed them, and the next day I was, of course, inundated with abusive and indignant replies. Among other complimentary attentions thus received was a parcel of street sweepings, and when the directors met and learned what had been going on I remember one plucky young gentleman, son of a London Stipendiary Magistrate, exclaiming, "Why we shall all have to walk about now with big sticks in our hands!" Believing, however, that my insignificant personality was unknown, in an outward and visible form, to fame, I went about the City as usual, without either fear or a big stick, and had no reason to regret my intrepidity. That I was just then well known, however, to the General Post Office was curiously shown by the safe delivery, at H———'s office, of a letter addressed merely "Henry Solly, Esq.," from one of my lady cousins in Mayfair, and accidentally dropped into the post-office without any further address.

Having somehow become doubtful as to the soundness and substantial nature of the proposed undertaking, I felt anxious to go down to Wales and see with my own eyes the mine that was to be once more exploited, and ascertain, if I could, the *bona fides* and satisfactory prospects of the Company. My brother agreed as to the reasonableness of my proposal, and obtained H———'s consent to pay for my journey to Lampeter and thence to Llanvair-Clydogau, the village where the mine was situated. Turning out about five a.m. one dark winter's morning from Leyton, and walking part of the way to London, I left the City for Gloucester by an early morning coach, and went on next day by coach to Lampeter, proceeding

thence in a return post-chaise, with four horses, which had just brought two gentlemen from the mine, and which deposited me near its mouth, safely, in spite of tearing along at a tremendous pace over rocky roads and narrow lanes. I was soon going down a small shaft into the bowels of the earth, and was shown something which the attendant miner assured me was a vein of good silver-lead. I could, of course, do nothing but accept his word for it, and return by another two days' journey to London, able to certify that there assuredly was a shaft and a mine at Llanvair-Clydogau, that I had met the mining engineer who was to be employed by the Company when formed, and who replied to my cross-questionings in what I thought was rather a doubtful strain. Among other questions, I remember my father being pleased that I had inquired at how many years' purchase he, the engineer, would estimate the worth of the mine. But I learned afterwards that it is impossible to calculate at all accurately on the success of mining speculations; it is all a "matter of chance."

Well, I worked very hard at this business, but when most fagged and exhausted I felt it was far better to have too much work than none at all, which it had been my fate previously for some weeks to experience. At last the eventful day came which was fixed for the payment of deposits on shares, and when the bank closed we learned that, instead of the thousands required, only the few hundreds which the Directors had to put down as their qualification for office, had been paid in to the Company's credit. Nothing, therefore, remained to be done but to terminate the ill-starred enterprise, discharge the secretary, shake hands all round, re-pay the depositors all the money they had paid in, and leave Mr. H——— and his friends to pay the expenses they had incurred in the promotion of the "Llanvair-Clydogau Silver-lead Mining Company."

Of how many other Companies, both then and since, this would be the gloomy record, history does not specify.

What I did for the next three months I have not the least idea. I recollect only that some time in the summer of 1838, I had two other brief meetings in London and at Broadstairs with Miss Shaen; and though my own happiness was still clouded by my failures to obtain remunerative employment, there was such a glorious spirit of hope and trust in my betrothed that I went forward once more on my way, also in hope and faith, rejoicing.

One other pleasant incident lighted up that summer—a journey with my uncle, Samuel Solly, F.R.S., in his phaeton, with his sister, Lady Domville, and her daughter, into Dorset, where he had bought a considerable quantity of wild heath land in the neighbourhood of Parkstone. On my return to London, after a week's holiday, as no opening of a remunerative nature offered, I went to help my father in the office he now occupied in Jeffrey Square, and worked away at accounts—specially endeavouring, by his advice, to master the mysteries of foreign exchanges; and, for a time, getting up at 5 a.m., in a sort of frenzied resolve to win by storm the fortress of an independent income, and gain the means of entering on married life. Excellent practice in strengthening and training the will, but no road for me in that direction to even a humble competence; while such early rising, without corresponding early slumbers, soon affected my health.

The members of the "Academic" had resolved on making a new departure, in the way of establishing a monthly MS. magazine, to be called "The Portfolio," in which I greatly rejoiced, but was troubled by their resolving that, although every member, on pain of fine, should contribute something in turn to its pages, it should be lawful to make said contribution in the shape of an extract from a book, provided the extract satisfied the

editor's judgment. No limit was placed as to its length; and, to mark my disapprobation of this mischievous permission, as I regarded it, I sent in (somewhat petulantly I fear), as my first contribution, a bit of Solomon's wisdom—"A fool uttereth all his mind, but a wise man holdeth it in till afterwards." Yet I endeavoured to make amends for this naughtiness in succeeding numbers of the magazine, as for a considerable time I had been meditating on a subject which seemed to me full of interest, under the form of the question "To what extent, and under what circumstances, did the nations of antiquity contribute to the civilization of mankind?" I had enlisted the sympathy and support of several of my learned and literary seniors in a proposal that they should each write a paper in answer to the question, taking one of the principal nations of the ancient world, while I undertook to write the introductory essay myself. I had thus got interesting well-written essays on India (by my sister Charlotte), Persia, Egypt, and I think also on Greece and Rome—but I can find only the three first-named in my old portfolio with my introductory attempt. I suppose my sister liked that essay; for, when she had read it, she told me it gave her more hopes of my ultimately writing something worth reading than anything I had previously produced; but her words of approval were rarely and cautiously bestowed. I had dissented from the view taken by our forefathers on an important point, and expressed by the poet in the line—

"Oh, Happiness! our being's end and aim!"

and I had been revolted by Jeremy Bentham's dictum, that all morality was based on "Pleasure and Pain;" and I summed up the conclusions to which I had led my readers and myself by affirming that, not "Happiness, but Perfection," was the goal of our being, and the grand

object for which we had to strive—which is all I remember of that rather pretentious affair.

The idea of these essays was, like other things, an "unfinished" enterprise; but I believe there was something in it, had it been properly carried out. When I first got the idea (before all the financial troubles), I obtained some valuable suggestions from Jas. Yates, Esq., M.A., who advised me to read, among other works, Wotton's "Reflections on Ancient and Modern Learning" (a curious and instructive, though rather one-sided book,)* and Herder's "Philosophy of History." The first, I picked up at a second-hand bookstall, and found it full of interesting matter; but the second, I could obtain only by buying all Herder's works, in the original, at a cost of £5—a sum I could better afford then, than 5s. a little later. But a much greater difficulty, from my poor ability in mastering foreign languages, was the reading "Der Philosophie, &c.," when I had got it; and year after year sped by with this Tantalus fountain of wisdom and learning on my book-shelves without ever being able to assuage my thirst for its waters. When, about three years ago, I got at a translation of it in the British Museum, I was woefully disappointed with the contents—but that may have been chiefly owing to my want of time to absorb and assimilate its multitudinous stores of learning and thought. One or two of the volumes on theological topics became of great value to me when I had entered the ministry, and had a companion to help me who was a fair German scholar. There was also a volume of charming Oriental parables, and poetical pieces, which I greatly enjoyed. But the members of our Academic Society profited none at all by my attempt to sit at the great German scholar's feet,

*_Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning._ By William Wotton, B.D., Chaplain to the Earl of Nottingham. London, 1694.

though I hope they did by the labours of my kind contributors on the essays above mentioned. For these I now offered to the editor of our Academic Magazine, and, if I remember rightly, they appeared in successive numbers, and were received with much favour and edification. I also began a tale, entitled: "The History of Adam Strangeways," which, to my great surprise (I speak seriously), was welcomed with considerable interest. It was a poor, egotistical affair, but a very genuine outpouring and confession of a romantic, aspiring, and morbid spirit. I had no plot, but made up my story as I went along, and seemed to be just getting into some deeper and more thrilling mystery, with which, of course, an interesting female party was to be connected, when (about a year after the magazine had commenced) both it and the society came prematurely to their grave. Before that event took place, I sent one other small contribution to the Magazine—an allegory founded on the description, in that exquisite poem of Schiller's, before mentioned ("Die Ideale"), of how all the noble company, by which he had once been surrounded and blessed, had one after another left him, and passed away. It seemed exactly to describe the forlorn and yearning mood which I wanted to picture; *but* I thought the unhappy youth thus deserted, should be pourtrayed not as if he had commenced the romantic journey of his life in the bright morning sunshine, but in the "after noon-tide" of a summer's day. That was the season of his early youth; and the eventide, when the shadows were falling around him and the heavens were darkening over him, and his friends were departing, was the period of life described by the poet with such touching sadness. It was beneath the midnight skies he was left thus desolate. Yet the face of the wanderer was set towards the EAST, and if he will only journey bravely on through the darkness, he will at length

surely meet the glorious Dawn and the companions of his youth once more, and bathe his soul in the light of a heavenly and eternal day.

As I didn't seem to be of much use to my father in his new office (for there was really very little to do), I looked anxiously round for other work. He was manfully (I think I may say nobly) striving, though nearly 70 years of age, to do some remunerative business which the esteem in which he was held at the Admiralty enabled him still to obtain in the shape of dock-yard contracts. A highly-respected City firm, with whose principal partners he had long been intimate, Messrs. Cox, Heisch, & Co., executed the contracts for the Government, giving my father a reasonable percentage of their profits, while my eldest brother was seeking other modes of business enterprise. At the end of the year 1838, finding I was neither learning to fit myself for any remunerative employment, nor in the way of earning anything for my own support, I asked my friend, William Wansey, if he and his father would let me come into their counting-house, in Riches Court, Lime Street (where there was a great deal of business going), not as a salaried clerk, for they had no room for me in that capacity, but simply to "learn business." This my friend at once arranged for me, and, mounted on a high stool, in company with two other clerks, I fagged away with desperate energy at all the mysteries of account-keeping in no less than five different departments of trade. Messrs. Wansey & Son were in the "dry-salters'" line, and imported cream of tartar and brimstone from Sicily, indigo from India, logwood from Honduras, with occasional cargoes of wool from Australia, and so forth. Everyone of these various articles had to pass through the "Waste Book" (on the system of double entry, preparatory to entry in the journal and ledger,) and that formidable volume, after a little while, was entrusted

to my care. I suppose my severe mathematical studies at college, merely by training and disciplining my faculties, materially helped me to "wrastle" with this (for me, with my natural inaptitude for figures) Herculean daily task—but the one absorbing aim of my life, and the secret passion in my heart, were the principal factors in my ability to do my task, and in what I suppose I may call my actual success. For, when I was leaving their counting-house, at the end of six months, my friend, who had been working for years under and with his father, said to me, "Well, Solly, I'm bound to tell you, you have done what I never could do—you've thoroughly mastered that 'Waste Book!'"

While in my friend's counting-house I was invited to several pleasant dinner parties at his father's house in Hanger Lane, Stamford Hill, and on one occasion, when Miss Martineau was the guest of the evening, she told me that our American brethren among whom she had just been sojourning, had done what, to our shame, Englishmen had let them do first, viz., reprint Carlyle's immortal "Philosophy of Clothes;" and that she, knowing my admiration for his writings, would let me have one of the half-dozen copies of the book she had brought back with her if I liked to secure it. Thus I became the delighted possessor of "The Everlasting No," "The Centre of Indifference," and the magnificent answer to them both in "The Everlasting Yea," which thenceforth, and for many years (especially when "The Everlasting No" portrayed so much of my own doleful estate), became my bosom companion, "Guide, Philosopher, and Friend." But it seems to me now very strange how little I seemed to care at that time for all the heroic struggles of Garrison and the American Abolitionists in which Harriet Martineau had just been bearing so noble a part.

I must not leave the subject of my labours in that

counting-house in Lime Street (where, by-the-by, I once received a delightful letter from the "Garden of the Hesperides," addressed, *inside*, to "The Poor Beggar in Riches Court"), without referring to the huge columns of figures which I had written out on paper for frequent practice in "addition," and to the sums I forced myself to do in my head when in omnibuses, &c., in order to overcome my great natural inability to deal successfully with the gloomy mysteries of arithmetic. For I knew that if I were ever to succeed in any kind of a mercantile career (which seemed to be the only one in which I had any chance of an opening) I *must* master them by hook or by crook. And I refer to this severe discipline, because, although even that distasteful career never was opened to my ill-guided ambition, all my counting-house experiences have been of great and lasting value to me, not only in the execution of various duties which have fallen to my lot in connection with keeping secretarial accounts, but also in attending to other details, and minor practical arrangements which I have always had a difficulty in dealing with.

During part of this season my friend, Frederic Janson, allowed me to occupy one of his rooms in Verulam Buildings, Gray's Inn, so that I had not to go to Leyton every night, whereby I thought I should get more opportunities of social intercourse with friends, and of enjoying a little recreation to cheer my weary leisure hours instead of brooding over my various disappointments and woes. F. Janson was one of the best and most regular speakers at our Academic debates, and we had several topics of interest in common between us. But he was grinding away in his solicitor's office all day with that unintermitting assiduity which, by degrees, ultimately raised him to be the head of the firm; and at night he was generally visiting friends or seeking entertainments and amusements in

which I could not share on account of my impecunious condition. There must, however, have been some circles or associations in all London in which I might have found a genial welcome, and pleasant society, but beyond an occasional evening at the Society of Arts, or hearing a lecture at the London Institution (to which Wansey was a subscriber), and our regular Academic night, either I did not judiciously seek, or certainly could not find, any of those desirable social elements, and "ate my heart out" silently. Sometimes, when too tired with the day's desk work to enjoy solitary reading, I went rambling about London in the dark, not exactly in the mood to derive either amusement or profit from what I witnessed. One such ramble, however, was made memorable, for I had crossed the river by Waterloo Bridge, got into the Blackfriars Road, and was plodding wearily up towards the bridge on my way back to Gray's Inn, when I overtook a couple of poor old women "crooning" to each other, and as I passed them I heard one of them say, "And so you see he were crossed in love, that is, he were run over the werry day afore he were going to be married." So curious an adaptation of a familiar expression, which, perhaps, in the poor old soul's youth may have had for her a pathetic meaning, and in her old age reminded her of the dangers of crossing London streets, with her undoubting trust that the unfortunate bridegroom must have been in love at least on the day before he was going to be married, amused my dulness at the time, and left its mark.

Another incident occurring one day while I was at work in Riches Court, and which I never forgot, was a visit from my cousin, T. Solly, with a book in his hand, which he had just published at Cambridge. He had come straight from his renowned Alma mater, to my desk, and showed me with quiet pleasure and modest triumph this first printed production of his remarkable brain. Then

proceeding to write my name in it and asking if I minded "being loved by a man," he gave it me with his love, and I rejoiced. He had some reason to be proud of his book. Being a Dissenter, he could then not take his degree, however high a position he might attain in the Mathematical Tripos, and therefore devoted his studies chiefly to metaphysics for which he was one of the very few Englishmen who have a great and decided aptitude. His power of mathematical investigation was equally striking, and had he worked for a wranglership he must have taken a very high rank. But he did something more useful. His book was simply entitled "A Syllabus of Logic," but in a masterly introduction he helped to popularise Kant's philosophy by a singularly clear and concise explanation and summary of some of the leading principles of the great German's "Critique of Pure Reason"—while in the latter part of the "Syllabus" he expounded that marvellous application of mathematical to metaphysical reasoning which he was the first to introduce to the scientific world, and which was subsequently followed up, and carried out more fully, by the late Professor Boole, of Queen's College, Cork. This incident recalls one of the happiest weeks I ever spent in my life, begun by a delightful ride on the Cambridge coach (where I read and was enchanted by "Vivian Grey"), when on a visit which he had invited me to pay him a year or two previously at Cambridge. For then he had "talked Kant" and metaphysics generally, by the hour, to my delighted soul, as we sat in his rooms in Caius College or strolled in Trinity College Gardens, or marched along the Trumpington Road in rain or shine; so that I was well prepared to understand and enjoy the book he had now brought me. In fact, only two or three months before he came to me in Riches Court, I had had another most refreshing visit to him at Cambridge, when I was almost distracted with troubles of various

kinds, and fled to his friendly haven on the banks of Granta. In return for his metaphysics I made the poor return of reading him and two of his cleverest and most intimate chums my half-finished tragedy concerning the Greek Hetairists, which I could not help still regarding with the unreasonable affection a mother bestows on her little sickly child, and which I had never had the heart to touch since I had left the wharf at Rotherhithe in a cloud of gloom. I can't say that I got *much* encouragement from the Cambridge friends to continue my labours in that direction, whereat I did not greatly wonder then, and not at all now.

During that visit or the previous one, I forget which, a party of four of us walked over to Ely one Saturday afternoon, dined and slept at an hotel, walking back to Cambridge the next day after service in the Cathedral. After the Ely dinner, I remember, punch was introduced, and a great deal of wit and fun went round. But I was not then a total abstainer, and I fear it was only through accidentally knocking over my tumbler of punch, and having sufficient strength of mind to refuse its being refilled that I have since been able to say, with truth, on a Temperance platform that I never was intoxicated in my life; for certainly I was perilously near it on that occasion.

One other valued friend did what opportunity offered to lighten my darkness during this period—William Acland, who was then a managing clerk in the office of Messrs. Edward & John Lawford, who were solicitors to the East India Company; Edward Lawford, being clerk to the Drapers' Company, had his home and office in the Company's spacious premises in Throgmorton Street. On several occasions I joined Acland there when he had asked me to go with him to dine at some snug restaurant in the City, after the day's work was over, and where he could read "Pickwick" to me, and its fascinating successors. Like some of my other pleasant friends, he and I

had been school-fellows at Dr. Morell's, and, from being "cronies" at school, we had become fast friends in our young manhood. Like Tom Solly, also, Acland had a large store of quiet fun and humour in his composition, and our intimate chat was generally enlivened by a lot of mirth and laughter. At one time he had very pleasant lodgings in what was then a countrified row of houses in the Hampstead Road, near Mornington Crescent, and very pleasant, refreshing, and interesting were the evenings spent with him there. Having been advised by his doctor to take horse exercise, he bought an excellent nag, and hired a horse for me, sometimes, to take a ride with him. One evening, I remember we rode out to Barnet, dined there, and were coming home in the summer evening twilight when, unluckily, my friend's horse shied on some provocation, and threw him off. Thereupon we changed horses, and reached his home in safety, but he was of a nervous disposition; the accident damped his enjoyment in riding, and I think not long after he gave it up.

The only other event worth noting during these six months' experience in Riches Court was a visit, one lovely May day, to Hampstead, where my aunt and cousins from Chapel Street had taken a house for a few weeks, and very kindly asked me to come and spend the day there. I was always glad to enjoy the company of such clever intellectual women as they were; but that day there was a far stronger attraction given me to their house. For another lady was their guest, and once again we met after a long separation. But so heavy was the cloud which then oppressed my soul, that the world seemed even darker than ever when its glory had passed away. And that is the curse of all yielding to morbid depression and distrust—of faithless fears and hypochondria. It makes even one's happiest hours minister to the mind's disease, and turns our blessings into our bane.

Perhaps one of the most satisfactory things to look back on during the two or three years of which I have been speaking was a small "Secret Society," which a few of us formed for the promotion of personal morality among its members. I had been immensely interested in Goethe's description (it occurs, I think, in his "Wilhelm Meister") of some occult society he formed for the promotion of art and æsthetic culture; and I suggested to my cousin, T. Solly, that what I have just mentioned would be a good move, and was certainly much wanted. He agreed with me that there would be an attraction and charm in a secret organisation, and I soon got three or four other young men to join it—Wm. Wansey among them, and Chas. Chenery, the indefatigable hon. secretary of the Academic —also another member of that society, of the name of Ballance, a quiet, reserved, and studious man, with whom I never became very intimate, though I held him in high esteem, for I believed him to be the one exception among all my friends and acquaintances who held himself entirely aloof from the evil customs of the day.

I cannot recollect that we did much as a Society, though its influence was certainly good as far as it went, and the papers which we wrote and read at our monthly meeting were often interesting and permeated with a high-principled spirit. Chenery suggested a capital name for the society—"The Tugend-bund"—for, though it had been sometimes abused by a few of the German Societies, formed for obtaining greater political freedom, yet it exactly expressed the main idea for which ours was formed. We each had a glass seal with "Tugend-bund" engraved on it, and were bound to carry it always in our waistcoat-pocket, so that, by its mere presence, we should be reminded, perhaps in some critical moment, of the obligation which membership of our Society imposed. The subject of the only essay which I remember writing,

before the whole thing collapsed after I left London, was on "The Proportion between Character and Conduct," and it proved eminently useful to me at a later date, when first endeavouring to write a sermon. T. Solly gave us one or two very interesting papers.

Not long before I left Wansey's counting-house, he strongly urged me to take steps for entering the Dissenting Ministry, for he knew my troubles, and warmly sympathized with me. He also thought that it was just the occupation for which, he assured me, I was fitted. He told me of a young and eloquent minister, the Rev. Charles Wicksteed, who not long before had been invited to fill the pulpit of the Mill Hill Chapel, at Leeds, at a salary of £400 a year, and where there was a large and influential Unitarian congregation. He spoke to me at an opportune moment, because independently of such temporal considerations which indeed offered a tempting prospect to one in my situation, I had recently been affected more deeply by a sermon I heard from Dr. Gannett, the eminent Unitarian minister from Boston, U.S., in a small General Baptist Chapel in Cole Street, Southwark, than I had ever been before by pulpit services. I came away from listening to that sermon, one summer evening on a week night, in a state of mind I could not describe, and, as I walked over London Bridge and stood for awhile in one of its recesses, gazing down on the busy life on the river, on the Custom House where I had once been often hard at work, and thought over all I had heard the eloquent and spiritually-minded preacher discoursing to us, an entirely new view of the world and of human life seemed to pass into my soul and take entire possession, for a time, of my whole being. It was an hour in which all things seemed changed, and I was lifted up into a realm of spiritual life which I had never known before. So that when my friend spoke to me about making the ministry my profession for life, I

was surprised to find how much more welcome for a few hours the idea was than I could have thought possible. Those earlier religious principles and aspirations, which my mother had fostered so lovingly, had somewhat languished in later years, but had quite recently been revived and deepened by my troubles, by my sister's words, and especially by sentences which came home to me, with immense power, in letters from my betrothed. One of these contained a quotation from John xv., 2, "Every branch in me that beareth not fruit He taketh away; and every branch that beareth fruit He cleanseth it, that it may bring forth more fruit"—and I never lost the impression that letter and those words produced.

But somehow I had contracted, as I have said above, a curious and most discreditable prejudice against the Nonconformist Ministry, and I shrank from it with an ignorant aversion. I knew how the London Unitarian ministers were looked down upon by some of the wealthy laymen of the connection; and, though I never heard a disrespectful word about them from my father and mother (who had, indeed, always been on terms of intimate friendship with Dr. Priestley and Mr. Belsham), yet I had heard them spoken of by my brothers in jesting and disparaging language which, in conjunction with traits of character in some of those whom I knew, insensibly coloured my whole conception of the status and character of the dissenting ministry. Then I had been to two or three conferences and annual meetings of Unitarian laymen and ministers where, to my prejudiced mind, they did not appear to advantage. Besides all which my imagination had been early inflamed, during the Reform Bill days, with the dignity and glory of a seat in the House of Commons—and I considered that putting "Rev." before my name would irrevocably shut me out from attaining that political distinction and "place of power."

Hence I turned sadly away from my friend's otherwise tempting suggestions, and "went on my darkening way."

I knew nothing, at that time, about the Established Church or its ministers except that, though I did not regard its ministry as a vulgar profession, I did look on the whole Establishment much as a pious English Protestant of the 17th century regarded the "Scarlet Woman" of Rome.

I never had an opportunity of telling Dr. Gannett how much his sermon in that little, dingy chapel, had moved me, nor how deeply grateful I felt to him, until about a quarter of a century later, when he was in England, and called on me in London, to thank me for a book* I had then recently published, of which I had sent him a copy, and of which he spoke in a way that made me thankful.

CHAPTER IX.

"Go up Higher."

This stage of my experiences was brought to an end in the summer of 1839 by an interview with one of my numerous cousins, Mr. Isaac Lister, a merchant in the City, to whom, and to his younger brothers, my father had several times, in earlier and more prosperous days, shown considerable kindness, and who now desired to be of some use to his son. Mr. Lister had told my eldest brother that a new and very promising Joint Stock Banking Company (called the "London and County") had lately been formed, and that a friend of his being one of the leading Directors, he thought I might have a chance of being chosen as Secretary, to fill which post they were then advertising for a suitable candidate. The salary was to be £250 a year, and my heart beat high with blissful

* "The Doctrine of Atonement by the Son of God," 1862.

visions. When I met my cousin and my brother in consultation on this momentous subject, the former explained to me that I must go round to all my father's influential City friends and any of my own personal acquaintances who might have influence, and obtain testimonials from them as to my competency for this post of Secretary; but I well remember the significant contempt with which, in a stage whisper to my brother, he referred to an extremely comfortable Brazilian straw hat which, in an hour of frantic and desperate defiance of public opinion, I had resolved to substitute for the miserable black chimney-pot silk hat which gave me head-ache.* He soon made me understand that this style of hat would be fatal to success in either seeking testimonials or in approaching the Directors of the London and County Joint Stock Banking Company (now so vast and powerful, but then in its infancy). Of course, the cool and pleasant hat was discarded, and I applied myself diligently to hunting for testimonials. In this quest I was surprisingly successful, as it proved. I got about fifteen such recommendations for the office I sought as certainly astonished myself, if not my friends, and I felt like a notorious prisoner at the bar when he heard his counsel describing his many virtues, till he frankly confessed he had no idea before what an excellent man he was. Some of them were from leading City firms and personal friends (among them I specially remember Sir George H. Larpent and William Oke Manning), but the one that practically decided my fate was from Thomas Tooke, on behalf of Astell, Tooke, and Thornton,

* When London gentlemen were beginning seriously to revolt against those pernicious hats, I heard that the alarmed manufacturers thereof bought a quantity of the white pot-hats which were being adopted instead, and gave one to every omnibus-conductor in London. The gentlemen couldn't stand that, and the silk "chimney-pots" retained, for a time, their hold—but wiser counsels now prevail.

the eminent Russia merchants, whom I have mentioned in previous chapters. For it so happened that one of the principal Directors of the new London and County Banking Company, Mr. William Hawes, was an ardent admirer and disciple of Mr. Tooke, so that when he read that gentleman's opinion of my qualifications for the Secretaryship of the Board of Directors, he was so impressed with it as to overlook the difference between fitness for a Secretaryship and fitness for being a Bank Manager. Hence I was called before the Board in the early part of September, 1839, was told that there had been 180 candidates for the situation to be filled; that they had sifted these down to four, and that I was one of the four. Thereupon I began to have lively hopes, but Mr. Hawes went on to inform me that one of the four was a Mr. Nichol, who had been secretary to the Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, and had had experience of which I could not boast. Hence he had been chosen Secretary, but the Directors were so well pleased with my testimonials that if I would go down to one of their Branch Banks at a nominal salary of £50 a year and learn the business of banking, they would make me manager of a Branch as soon as I was competent to undertake the duties. No wonder that all my friends were delighted with the offer, which was at once accepted, quite regardless of the question whether I ever could become fit for such a position, or rather I should say quite (and most unduly) confident, that I could become so. To myself (who had never yet been able to earn even a 1/- a week) a pound a week seemed a shower of wealth, and with a manager's salary in view in the distance, I was happier at that moment, I believe, than I had been since the ultra-marine golden visions had dawned upon me in Rotherhithe. My generous brother-in-law, Dr. Speir, who, with my sister, had just returned from Calcutta, having made his fortune,

kindly agreed to be my surety with the Company for £5,000, the amount required in such cases, and all preliminaries being thus arranged, I was directed to proceed at once to Braintree, in Essex, where the Manager was pathetically imploring the Directors to send him a clerk immediately. I pleaded earnestly, however, for one week's delay. My lady-love was just then staying with her dear friend, Mrs. Crompton, at Stourbridge, and Mr. and Mrs. Crompton had kindly invited me to come and spend a few days with them. Could I have gone thither at that time it would have been in the highest spirits, full of hope, and we should have met in an atmosphere of brightness such as had never beamed on us since we had been engaged. But the necessities of the Braintree manager would admit of no delay. The Directors promised me a week's holiday later in the year, but said I must go the next day to my new duties. So to Braintree I went rather sadly, outside a fine new coach just put on the line, with "Sartor Resartus" in my portmanteau, and the four volumes of Carlyle's "Miscellanies" (just reprinted and published), for my chief comforters. Mr. Wansey, on shaking hands at parting, had observed truly that I had asked to come into their office merely as a learner without salary, but added that both he and his son had found my services really of value, and put a cheque for £10 in my hands. A kind-hearted uncle, father of my early playfellow, James Solly, also sent me £5 as a *solatium*, and token of sympathy. With these gifts and my £1 a week, I determined, of course, to maintain myself, which I did; and have never applied to my father or any other living soul for pecuniary maintenance since. But it was high time to become independent of extraneous aid.

The situation and air of Braintree (the latter of curious importance to my bodily and, therefore, mental health) being dry and bracing, and the manager being a pleasant-

tempered genial gentleman I got along there for a week or two very satisfactorily. But at the end of that time, at my friend Mr. Hawes' suggestion (I believe), I was removed to the Chelmsford Branch Bank on account of there being so much more done there, and therefore so much better opportunities of learning my business. The manager was a shrewd, clever, quiet Scotchman, thoroughly up to his work, and there was another clerk beside myself, middle-aged, competent, and irritable. At first I believe I did pretty well there, as my labours in Lime Street served for a time to conceal my remarkable inaptitude for duties of the nature now required. In the course of conversation with the manager, I mentioned that I had three or four relatives among the county families in Essex and Hertford, and he asked me to go among them and see if I could convince them of the immense superiority, in point of security, of banking with a Joint-Stock Company over the private banks of the district. So I set out in a hired gig one raw November evening to drive to the residence of an aged aunt and her widowed son at Stonedon Place, where, strange to say, I arrived without accident after about two hours' driving in the dark. Fortunately the ostler at the Chelmsford inn where the gig was hired, lighted its lamps before I started, and my steed was one of the most sagacious of his kind. For as I drove out of the town on the London road, he suddenly, without any sufficient cause that in my near-sightedness I could perceive, he swerved from the middle of the road along which I was calmly and heedlessly pursuing my course, to the side of the road where I ought to have been and should have been had I been thinking about my duty instead of a dozen other more interesting but unseasonable topics. The reason was plain enough, for the next minute a London four-horse coach which I had not seen approaching, came dashing along at a rattling pace, and my horse, gig, and

self only just escaped a terrible smash through his being more attentive to the exigencies of the hour than his master. After that I was more cautious, but not much more capable of seeing my way in the dark; and I remember the surprise and pleasure with which I found my nag neatly turning a corner out of Writtle Lane, on to a bridge when the road required this manœuvre, and without any intimation on my part that it was necessary.

By repeated inquiries I was getting nearer and nearer to my destination when, in the middle of a lonely heath, I found myself completely nonplussed as to which road to take, but at last seeing a sign-post by the roadside I managed to make the light of one of the gig lamps fall on the direction board, and requesting my intelligent animal to stand still, which he did, I got out of the gig, went towards the sign-post, and stept into a little wet intervening ditch. However, I got near enough at last to read the directions, and before very long, to my great satisfaction, was ringing at the gate of my aunt's mansion, Stonedon Place. Yet my difficulties were not yet at an end. In spite of repeated ringing, no one came to open the gate. I was near enough to the house to hear someone vigorously playing the flute, but nobody seemed to heed me. At last when, hungry and tired, I was losing all patience, the hall door was suddenly flung open, and I heard my cousin angrily upbraiding a guilty and musical footman who came hurrying up, as his master exclaimed, "Your mistress might have been burnt in her bed while you are fooling there! This bell has been ringing, &c., &c.!" The end, at last, was a very kind and hospitable reception for man and beast, and next day I went on my further travels with good heart and hope. I then made my other calls, and by avoiding travelling in the dark I returned to Chelmsford in due course without any further mishaps; and am glad to remember that on my homeward way, when dining at an

inn at Dunmow with two or three commercial travellers and local farmers, I thought I might further the object for which I had been sent on my travels by descanting on the great superiority of the new Joint-Stock-banking plan over the old private bank system. I had caught some of the enthusiasm of the first promoters of the London and County Banking Company, and was vividly enforcing the incomparably greater security afforded to customers and depositors by the former plan, and expressing the satisfaction there was in advocating it, when one of the company quietly and pleasantly remarked, "Yes, and I dare say there is some satisfaction in sharing the profits." The others laughed, and I reflected on how small a share of those profits I was, so far, receiving. But I was then in the first freshness of hope and interest in my new employment. My health had not broken down, as it did soon after, and I had not realised the squareness of the hole in which the round peg was being put. But though the excursion was personally healthful and refreshing, I doubt if the Chelmsford Branch Bank benefited much in consequence. And in a very short time the depressing dampness of the climate, the constant wearing heart-ache intensified by being so near to Crix (which lay about halfway between Chelmsford and Witham, only five miles distant), but to whose enchanted gardens I felt I had better not approach, combined with the utter absence of any sort of society or recreation when I left the Bank, and perhaps, worst of all, a growing consciousness of my inability to do my work satisfactorily, all told severely on my health and nerves, until I got deeper and deeper into a morbid hypochondriacal condition, the effects of which I felt for years.

Market days at Chelmsford were terribly tormenting, for then the farmers brought much business both to our new fangled Joint-Stock Bank and to the old original

private bank (Messrs. Sparrows') by whom, of course, our establishment was viewed with intense hostility and disgust. On one most dismal market-day I had, as usual, to go up to their bank, I suppose on some "clearing" business. What dreadful mistake I then committed I know not. But I do know that the manager of our bank was furious at my misdeed, and when I saw what a wretched mess I had got him and the Bank into, I could not wonder at his wrath. But I didn't sleep well that night.

The little holiday the Directors had promised me came off about the end of November, when Miss Shaen, returning from Stourbridge, spent a day or two at Leyton House, on her way to Crix, and we enjoyed, once more, a brief refreshing meeting. It was impossible not to be cheered by such companionship, even for so short a time; and I had at least the comfort of being at last independent of my father, and of earning my own livelihood. But I could not help being aware of how very precarious my position in the Bank was, and my mental condition was already too much off its balance for me to be much the happier for my holiday. Had not my companion possessed, as I have before observed, a remarkable amount of healthy hopefulness, faith, and "soundness of mind," I fear she would have taken but a dismal view of our prospects.

On my return to Chelmsford, I seemed to be continually making mistakes in my office-work which, of course, greatly vexed my employer and fellow clerk. Life generally became more and more dreary. Even "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," became sometimes terrible with ghastly dreams. For in addition to all legitimate causes of sorrow, such as my father's failure and my own chemical disappointments, the prolonged illness of one of my brothers, and the strong but natural disapproval of the parents of my beloved to our engagement (also including the

breaking off an engagement which the young medical gentleman, before mentioned, had made with my youngest sister, the dear companion and playfellow of my early days), I was greatly lowering my bodily strength and vitality, and increasing my nervous irritability by the ridiculous extreme to which, during four of the most wretched years of my life, I carried the practice of "tubbing," a practice in moderation (say once a day) essential to health in youth and middle life, but if used both morning and evening as I used it, detrimental in the extreme.

On Christmas Day I took a long, lonely walk through bye-roads towards Crix and over Galleywood Common, returning to a solitary frugal repast in my humble lodgings, and feeling all the more depressed and desolate by the contrast between that and former Christmas-days spent so happily with my family ever since I left the nursery. Things could not, however, go on much longer in this way; and early in the following year I found that my employer had made arrangements, in London, with the managing director for the Branch Banks to have me removed to Hertford, where the Company had lately opened a branch and placed at its head a young gentleman of good family, of the name of Chessyhere, son of a gentleman who had formerly kept a pack of hounds, drove his four-in-hand, and took the lead among the "Great Unpaid" magistracy of the county. Reverses, I suppose, had made his son a candidate for the post to which he had been appointed, and I found him a thorough gentleman, quite disposed to be friendly, tolerant and pleasant. His friendliness was much increased by a call which was made on me at the bank one day by a county magistrate highly respected in the neighbourhood—Mr. Thornton, to wit—of the firm of Astell, Tooke, and Thornton, before mentioned, who, having been told by Mr. Tooke of my having come to the Hertford Bank, kindly came and asked

me to dinner at his pleasant residence. There were two or three well-to-do and highly respectable tradesmen in the town who had warmly welcomed the infant bank, and were giving it all the support in their power. It so happened that they were leading members of the Congregational Church in Hertford, and one of them in particular kindly pressed me to come to the services there, which were conducted by a remarkably earnest and devout minister of the name of Anthony, whose memory I have always cherished with affectionate gratitude. As there was no Unitarian congregation within many miles, I went once or twice, and then, I think, I scarcely ever missed a service while I remained in the town. There was a warmth and devoutness in that minister's whole tone and manner; such a deep and affectionate interest in the well-being of those he conversed with (and which I had never known before except in my too brief acquaintance with Dr. Lant Carpenter and Dr. Gannett), that in my then condition of mind and body, I felt strongly attracted to and helped by him. I had one or two exceedingly interesting conversations with this minister, and the cloud now and then lifted amid these new and pleasanter surroundings. Then the climate was much more dry and healthy than at Chelmsford, where, by-the-by, I don't appear to have ever thought of finding my way either to church or chapel—why, I can't exactly say. I suppose I wanted an invitation.

In spite, however, of these improved conditions my solitary evening hours were generally very sad, and but little happiness or peace came to me except when I was reading about the call of Abraham and the history of the children of Israel.

Letters from home, and those precious but rare epistles from Crix, were indeed most welcome; but even they had somewhat melancholy associations with them, and did not "minister to a mind diseased" so much as

these old simple stories of how God revealed His power and tender love to man, and how He had led that chosen people about—whom He found "in a waste, howling wilderness," and had called to be the means of teaching all men for all time—how He "instructed them, kept them as the apple of His eye." For I believed in the substantial truth of those records, seeing that the children of Israel are among us to this day, and thinking that they must know as much about Moses and how they came here, as we English people know about our Saxon forefathers and Alfred the Great. The revelation of God as a Deliverer, as caring for His children with an infinite love and pity, as continually watching over them and providing for their wants, training them in ways and habits of piety and righteousness, and leading them gradually on to the "Promised Land," came home to me with increasing force. Hence I said to myself, if God did so much for the Jewish race, how much more will He not do for those who have accepted His beloved Son as their Deliverer, Master, Lord, and have been taught to say "Our Father in Heaven."

With all these experiences I began to look at the profession of a Christian minister with different eyes. My dear old friend, T. Solly, who had now taken rooms in New Ormond Street, London, and was reading for the bar, came down to Hertford and spent a day with me, chiefly talking over the question of my entering that profession. I found he was strongly in favour of it, and as I had reason to think highly of his judgment, his opinion had much weight with me. Previously to coming to see me, he had taken the trouble to go down to Norwich, where our old friend Joseph Crompton (formerly my fellow-student at the London University) was the minister of the Octagon Chapel. From him he learned something of the practical working of the ministerial profession, heard him

preach an excellent sermon on our Lord's words, "I am the Bread of Life," and brought me all the experience he had thus gained for my benefit. Then I had a very interesting talk with Mr. Anthony on the subject as I walked with him one day towards the Workhouse, where he held regular services, and when he said in answer to some question I had put, "Well, I can only say I work harder for Christ than I would or could for any earthly master." And the words laid hold of me. I saw that they were true, and I began to feel it would be an infinite privilege and blessing to be able to work as he did, in such a spirit of devoted love and faith. So at last I wrote to the lady who had the first claim to share my thoughts, and told her it seemed to me right to give up my clerkship, and prepare myself for the Unitarian ministry. Knowing her own deep religious feelings and principles, I thought she would hail such a change with gladness or at least with contented acquiescence. But to her, not unnaturally as I afterwards saw, it seemed at first fraught with evil, ardently as she had often thought the lot of a minister's wife the happiest on earth; for it appeared to be only one more of those repeated changes which, whether through my misfortune or fault, or partly both, I had been continually passing during the last five or six years. Hence her answer came to me with a painful shock; my whole mind and body quivered under it, like a ship suddenly striking on a hidden rock. So I paused in my course, looked round the question on all its sides, saw that the step I proposed taking looked—indeed, to all my friends except my cousin, T. Solly—like throwing away my only chance of earning an independent livelihood. But in the meantime another serious obstacle to my retaining my situation in the Bank had arisen. I found that my brother-in-law, Dr. Speir, who had become my surety, would be answerable to the full amount of his guarantee (£5,000) not merely for any

act of dishonesty (the fear of which did not much trouble me), but also for the consequences of any serious errors or mistakes I might make—such as cashing a forged cheque for instance, which, from defective vision and want of due care and caution, I was very likely to do if the chance were given me. More and more strongly I doubted if it was right to run this risk, and thus, in painful suspense as to the right course to take, I swung backwards and forwards in doubt and pain.

One Sunday afternoon, however, I sat down and wrote a letter to Miss Shaen, putting before her the arguments *pro* and *con* for retaining my position, but frankly admitting that so far I believed she was right in her view of the matter, and adding, in the language of the books of Moses which I had been studying so earnestly, that I did not hear the voice of the Lord bidding me "go up" to assail the strongholds of evil and sin by preaching deliverance in His name. I had got thus far in my letter when the time came for Mr. Anthony's evening service, and I left it unfinished in my desk. There it has ever since remained. The preacher's text that night was, "Who is on the Lord's side? Let him come unto me" (Exodus xxxii., 26), and for nearly an hour I listened spell-bound to such an appeal as I had never heard before. After that night my mind never altered from the conviction that I *was* called to "go up," and that it was my duty, at all costs, even the greatest, to devote my life to the Christian ministry. The letter I sent to Crix conveyed that determination, and another carried my resignation to the Board of Directors in London.

When I went to Leyton and informed my family of what I had done, there was at first great sorrow and serious remonstrance, as we sat round the fire in the evening. But when I said with an effort (for we feared nothing so much as any appearance of cant, but I felt that at last the

time had come to speak out), "I must decide this question as I shall wish I had done when I come to die;" not another word of objection came from any one of them, and I had nothing but affectionate sympathy from them all, including my father, to the day of their departure to the world beyond the grave.

I had a kind reception from the Directors when I appeared before them; and though they certainly had reason to be vexed with my inefficiency in the situation they had given me, they very tolerantly concealed the satisfaction, I imagine, they must have felt at this termination of our connection; and though, no doubt, it was a disappointment to them that I *was* inefficient, yet being so, I think they were glad to part on pleasant terms. I returned to Hertford (after a very refreshing Sunday evening with my cousin, T. S—— in New Ormond Street), to finish my term of service and give time for my place in the office being supplied. My friendly manager had been sore perplexed with my doleful humours and unsettled vagaries, and, I believe, he must occasionally have thought me somewhat deranged. For we were on such intimate terms that I had confided to him both my engagement, and my proclivities towards the Dissenting ministry. But my mind was often so tortured with conflicting views of duty, that I must have presented a strange spectacle to his calm and friendly, yet not always sympathetic soul.

Having determined on my future course, I gave up my lodgings and removed into much humbler and more economical apartments in a worthy labouring man's cottage for the remainder of my stay in Hertford, and somewhat astonished both him and his worthy wife by proposing one evening, soon after I came to lodge with them, that we should have family prayer. However, they willingly submitted, and I read them the 86th Psalm. But I was dreadfully nervous about offering prayer, and was glad I

had written in pencil on the fly-leaf of my Bible what I desired to say. The truth was that having resolved to undertake the sacred office of the ministry, I thought I ought at once to begin family devotion with my humble friends; and I soon gained more confidence in these attempts after once making the plunge.

Mr. Anthony expressed much kind and genuine sympathy with me when I told him of my resolve, and I remember a very interesting evening with him when he had asked me to tea, and we talked of many things pertaining to the work of the Christian ministry. I am sure that if any man ever prayed fervently for a younger brother in the faith, he prayed that night for me. But he could not help (with his strong convictions of the Orthodox creed in regard to the doctrine of the Trinity, the Atonement, &c.,) being much pained at finding how far I differed from his own views on these points; nor could I wonder that he so ardently hoped that with the help of Dr. Wardlaw's celebrated work which he kindly pressed me to borrow from him and study, I might be converted from my Unitarian heresies. I accepted the offered loan and carefully studied its reasoning; but I also read the Rev. James Yates' "Reply" to this very book, as well as Dr. Channing's and Dr. Carpenter's works; and when, after some months, I returned it to him, I could only tell him that I owed more to him than I could ever repay, but that much of Dr. Wardlaw's arguments and exegesis seemed to me unscriptural, and opposed on various points to our Lord's and His apostle's clearest statements.

On leaving Hertford, in the early spring of 1840, I wanted to go "into retreat," and have perfectly undisturbed opportunity for thought and study. I also wanted to have easy access to London religious services on Sundays (not to the London Unitarian services, for I wanted to hear the ablest men in all churches), as well as to my

cousin's apartments in New Ormond Street. I desired to have as much of his company as was compatible with his engagements and studies and my own, for in my then state of health, body and mind, I found his conversation and company had a wonderfully strengthening and healthy influence. But I also longed for as healthy a physical atmosphere and climate as I could obtain. I, therefore, took a room at Hampstead, which had long been my beau-ideal of health and beauty, as it was then a pretty country village, full of greenery, with that beautiful heath undesecrated by material injury or social disturbance. Moreover, ever since a May Day spent there the year before, it had very romantic associations. The lady, whose presence then had thus hallowed the spot, had become not only entirely reconciled to the change I had made, when she had been enabled by my letters to look at it from my point of view, but to rejoice in it greatly—if only I persistently followed it up—as leading to the fulfilment of what, as I said, had been her dearest desire. It was only her fear that I was deserting a path plainly marked out for me by Providence as the way of duty, which had made her, at first, oppose my retiring from the Bank. She presented me, soon after I came to Hampstead, with several books I needed for my studies.

When Dr. Hutton, who had come up from Leeds to be the minister of Carter Lane Chapel, St. Paul's Churchyard, heard of my doings and intentions, he offered, with all the kindness which so eminently characterized him, to let me come to his house occasionally, and read him any sermons I might have written. The Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel's Chapel was close to my cousin's lodgings, and many a time I found great comfort and profit from attending his services, after or before a refreshing chat and cosy dinner with T.S. I also went to hear my old Professor of English Literature at the London University,

the Rev. Thos. Dale, at St. Bride's, and in fact went on a Sunday generally, wherever I heard that I was likely to be edified. For if the regular ministry were to be my life's vocation, I reflected, not without some pain, that ere very long I should have but scanty opportunities, during the rest of my days, of benefiting by other ministers' discourses and religious services. Sometimes, of course, I spent a day with the remnant of my family at Leyton, as the house had not yet been sold—and a walk on the beautiful Hampstead Heath was always refreshing. But there were many hours when, for want of stronger health, I could neither be reading, writing, or walking, and when the solitude of my room was painfully oppressive. There are times and seasons, especially for a naturally sociable individual, and one rather out of health, when the longing for congenial conversation becomes overpoweringly strong, and when however exalted, or spiritual, or studious he may be at other times, nothing can give him mental health and peace but such companionship and converse as I have mentioned. Nay, the more exalted and intense his moods at other times, the more ardent that craving often becomes. Among the happiest moments of that seclusion at Hampstead were my cousin's occasional visits to my picturesque eyrie at the top of Holly Hill, overlooking London, and my more frequent visits to his own rooms. He had materially helped me with a loan for obtaining the books I had to buy; but manifested even far greater kindness by the way in which he bore with my hypochondriacal and repining moods when I sought relief from inward troubles by inflicting them on him, though neither to him, or anyone, could I tell them all. Yet I must say that whatever wretched, self-pitying, and morbid weakness at that time disfigured my life, I was striving upwards to something better. Religion had become to me a reality, wonderful and beautiful beyond description. But earnest, devout,

and spiritual as I can see it to have been, after all it was the religion of a somewhat disordered mind, because devoid of that calm religious trust and peace which a firm faith and unselfish love would have given—the faith which "overcomes the world" and the love which "casts out fear." I had to learn that there may be deep piety without that conquering faith; and that there may be ardent (human) love which only increases fear, because then that fear is more on account of others than oneself. Yet though ignorant, it was not for want of noble teaching being offered me. My cousin had heard Archdeacon Hare deliver a course of magnificent sermons at St. Mary's, Cambridge, while he was there, on "The Victory of Faith" (1 John v. 4), and on one of my visits to him he showed them to me with delight, in the volume just published. He had before described to me the effect they had produced in Cambridge, when the great University Church was crowded from floor to gallery with hundreds of gownsmen listening, Sunday after Sunday, with hushed and rapt attention, to the eloquent preacher; and the joy to me of reading them now, in a copy he gave me, may be imagined. Intense as that happiness, however, was, I did not then *lay hold* of the apostle's words which follow the preacher's text—"Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?" for though in a certain sense I did believe that truth, I by no means grasped its deep, full, far-reaching meaning. And, therefore, I had yet to wait for the victory which Faith secures.

There was also a splendid sermon, in the same volume, preached by Archdeacon Hare, on "The Law of Self-Sacrifice," in commemoration of the worthies of Trinity College, Cambridge, which was full of the noblest inspiration. The style would now, I suppose, be considered too rhetorical, but it seemed to me then, and now,

as much the fitting vehicle for such thoughts as the stately and eloquent flow of Milton's "Arecopagitica," and no one, who is capable of admiring the latter, should be unable to appreciate the style of those University sermons. Reference to them reminds me of one other discourse which my friend also heard in St. Mary's, the effect of which, he said, on an immense audience of under-graduates was most remarkable. It was delivered by the Rev. Theyre Smith, on the text "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world" (et seq. I. John ii., 15—17). What a text on which to preach to a thousand high-spirited young men, full of abounding life and power! An opportunity, one would think, worth living a life-time for, when it could be used as that preacher used it. Yet, why had he not many other such opportunities? Or, did he have them, but was not so equal to them?

There was one other text on which a great American divine (Dr. Channing) had delivered a grand discourse some years before, which I ought to have "hid in my heart" at that season. It occurs in a letter addressed to a youthful and sensitive disciple from an aged and victorious apostle—"For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power and of love, and of a sound mind." Yet at that time I did not understand the mischievous effects of a strong tendency in one's mental and moral constitution to *exaggeration*—how inevitably, if unchecked, it throws the mind off its balance, destroys both the sense of proportion and the power of preserving that "sound mind" of which a special characteristic is the holding "even balances" in all things, both great and small. Hence much of the insanity which afflicts poor humanity, especially in that insidious form called monomania. Ardent feelings and an active imagination, combined with a want of serene rock-founded trust and faith, are always leading their possessor to exaggerate alike the good and

evil qualities and doings of those around him, or the dangers and miseries awaiting him, the value and the joys of what may befall us or those we love. But I knew and felt then, as I have ever since, that I could not exaggerate the value and the power of religious truth. It is in meaner matters that the danger lies. Channing's sermon is of unspeakable value in contending against this disordered condition of the mind; but, like most religious utterances, it needed supplementing, for it generally takes two, perhaps three, minds fully to apprehend and give to the world any great spiritual truths. It was many years before I found that supplement which Channing's sermon required in sundry sermons of inestimable value by a clergyman who, T. Solly told me it was said at Cambridge, had been put into the Church of England by the Almighty, because He did not desire that church at present to perish, and the man in question was the only person in England who could keep it from falling to pieces. His name was Frederic Denison Maurice. But I took no particular notice, then, of what this meant, until about eight or nine years later, when my sister, Mrs. Speir, gave me Maurice's "Kingdom of Christ."

The first attempt I made at composing a sermon was, as I said before, on the lines of a paper I had written for "The Tugend-bund," taking my text from Christ's warning to his poor disciples: "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation; the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak" (Matthew xxvi., 41). As Dr. Hutton commended it on the whole, I took it with me when I went over to Leyton to meet Miss Shaen, as well as my family, and read it to them in some doubt and fear. But I could never forget that young lady's happiness when we talked together soon after the reading, for it seemed to have entirely satisfied all her hopes. She, like my father, mother, and sisters, however, who also seemed pleased,

were rather biassed in the preacher's favour; but Dr. Hutton was too desirous of being of real use to me to judge of my work with injudicious kindness—and it was not till many years afterwards, when one of his sons, the Rev. J. H. Hutton, told me how warmly he had spoken in his family circle of my first crude attempts at pulpit discourses, that I was at all aware of his favourable estimate. I believe in my then despondent mood, it would have been of considerable benefit to me to have sometimes had more encouragement, though, of course, there is danger from that side also.

It may naturally be asked why, if I were going into the Nonconformist ministry, I did not enter a Nonconformist Divinity College, and go through a regular course of training for that profession. I need scarcely say that question was seriously considered and discussed. But, in the first place, I had no funds for the purpose, nor my friends either, or if something had been scraped together to supplement college endowments (of which I knew nothing), I was nearly 27 years of age—I had received a fairly good school and secular college education —and I was very impatient to get settled and in receipt of a regular income. But, while I was pondering over the question, a weight was thrown into the scales which decided it for me. My father, as a Trustee of Dr. Williams' Library, having met the Rev. Robert Aspland, of Hackney, and other London ministers at the quarterly dinner of the Trustees, brought me a message from that gentleman who, by his high principle and force of character, had great weight and influence, and whose services at the Hackney Gravel Pit Chapel we all attended after the Walthamstow meeting was shut up. He had a large congregation, and was much admired as a preacher. My friend, Wm. Wansey, with his father, was among his warmest admirers: and I recollect his specially calling my attention to the remarkable

value of a sermon entitled "Duty Proportioned to Knowledge." He was a staunch adherent of the old Conservative school of Unitarian Divines of that and the previous generation, such as Priestley, Price, Belsham, Lindsey, Kentish, John Kenrick, Mardon, and others. They held, as sacred articles of a Christian's belief, to the absolute authority of the New Testament, to a belief in its genuineness and authenticity, to the miraculous powers of our Lord and His Resurrection and Ascension. I remember walking with Mr. Aspland after service, one Sunday, from the chapel to his house (probably at the time under review), when he was expressing to some other member of his flock and myself, the deep pain he had felt on receiving a letter, that morning, which told him that the Rev. Mr. Kendall, minister of the Unitarian Church, at Devonport, was resigning his pulpit and retiring from the ministry because he could no longer hold or teach the doctrine of the Resurrection. I was struck by the earnestness of Mr. Aspland's sorrow and alarm, in which, to a considerable extent, I shared.

Well, this gentleman invited me to call on him, told me that he took a great interest in the resolution which he understood I had come to, of entering the Unitarian ministry, and was heartily rejoiced to hear of it—but strongly advised me not to trouble myself or my friends by endeavouring to get into Manchester New College (the Divinity Training College for Students for the English Presbyterian and Unitarian Ministry). He said that with the education I had already had, I should do far better to study Theology and Church History for myself—that if I were appointed as minister of some small country congregation, I should have ample opportunity of study, and should be much better trained by such experiences, on the whole, for the work of the Christian Ministry than by going for three years to the Manchester New College,

where, moreover, the session would not commence for five months. Then he told me there was just such a pulpit, at that time, vacant in a charming little country town in Somerset, with kindly, pleasant people, for the congregation, and that, if I liked, he would write at once and recommend them to invite me as the successor of the Rev. John Robberds, who was going to settle at the Toxteth Park Chapel, Liverpool. After this, there seemed no room for doubt, though had my age, circumstances, and health been different, the decision would have been a mistake. The result was that I accepted an invitation to go to Yeovil, in July, for three months' mutual trial, on a salary of £65 a year.

But another result of my father's conversation with the London ministers at that quarterly meeting was that he brought me an interesting account of the General Baptist Academy, then presided over by the Rev. Benjamin Mardon, who had offered to take me into his house for a few months' initiation into Theological studies, at a very moderate expense—a proposal which I gladly accepted. The time for such training was certainly very short, yet it was of great service to me by giving me an insight into the general domain of Theological study and literature. Mr. Mardon was the minister at Worship Street Chapel, the principal G. B. congregation in London; and though not distinguished as a preacher, he was learned and well qualified for a teacher, especially as a controversialist in questions connected with the authenticity, history, and composition of the Scriptures, and on points of controversial theology. But one of the greatest benefits I derived at this Academy was from the genial and in every way delightful companionship of the other two theological students whom I found installed there, for they were Francis Bishop and Thomas Sadler, afterwards so well known and so highly valued in their respective ministerial

careers. They were attending classes at the University College, Gower Street (my old Alma mater) for their secular studies, in addition to the theological instruction they received from Mr. Mardon. It would be difficult to describe the comfort and blessing which companionship, though to a very limited extent, was with such young men after the isolation of the last two years, and the hypochrondria it had helped to engender. The substitution of the smoky air and damp clay soil of Kentish Town for the pure and comparatively bracing air of Hampstead was, of course, rather trying; but the improvement in the moral and social atmosphere far more than compensated.

At length came the ordeal to which I had been looking forward, but from which I had timorously shrunk, for Dr. Hutton kindly invited me to take his evening service at Carter Lane on a certain Sunday; and Mr. Mardon having to preach at the G. B. Chapel in Deptford in the morning, took me with him that I might conduct the devotional service for him, and thereby gain a little more confidence for the (to me) formidable task in the evening. It is curious now to look back and see into what a nervous agitation these first pulpit duties threw me. When Mr. Mardon entered the Deptford pulpit after I had quitted it, he found its floor strewed with the *disjecta membra*, the scattered leaves of the written prayers I had been using; and in the evening, though there were not twenty people present, yet when I stood up to begin my sermon, I felt as if it required a strong effort to avoid falling over the side of the pulpit in my agitation. It was long before I mastered that "fear of the folk" which is so natural to the modest and natural man, but yet so humiliating. I preached that sermon from Matthew xxvi., 41, and Dr. Hutton again seemed satisfied; but looking at it now, the style is stilted, though the thoughts may pass. Later on Mr. Mardon invited me to preach at

Worship Street for an anniversary collection for the G. B. Assembly, when he had to be taking duty elsewhere. Preparation for this occasion cost me a great effort; and as it was for a charitable occasion my text was taken from Galatians vi., 2. A little later I was invited by the Rev. W. Malleson, who had succeeded my old master, Dr. Morell, at the Hove school, to take the service (held in the morning only) at the Unitarian Chapel, Brighton, in the New Road. For this I essayed a more ambitious flight, and took the text (1 John ii., 15, 17) from which Theyre Smith had preached that grand sermon at St. Mary's, Cambridge, of which my cousin's glowing description had fired my imagination, meeting, as it exactly did, my then prevailing mood in its reaction from nearly all that I had formerly loved and sought after. Mrs. T. Solly, my friend's mother, and her daughters were then living at Brighton, and gave me a most hospitable welcome while I remained there. The youngest daughter wrote her brother an account of the sermon which he, knowing my commendable self-depreciation and diffidence, considerately read to me when I returned to London, and thereby helped me a little, on my up-hill way.

It can easily be understood how invaluable to me, in this morbid condition, were the healthy, resolute, qualities of my cousin, his genial regard for me, his quiet fun, and especially unsparing good-humoured satire. But not less valuable were the conversations we held on the deep problems of mental philosophy which he was perpetually revolving in his mind; for they formed a most useful alterative to the absorbing religious reflexions, emotions, and studies which were continually exercising my faculties, although on these lofty and all-important topics, also, he had not a little to say at the right time. One conversation we had at his rooms on a Sunday afternoon had a permanent interest for us both. It was on the compatibility

of Divine Providence, in relation to human character and life, with man's free-will. He had been telling me of a tragic scene on the Thames the day before, which I think he had himself witnessed, in the presence of a vast crowd of about 50,000 spectators. It seems that some venturous acrobat had been giving two or three marvellous exhibitions of strength and skill by leaping from Waterloo Bridge, and executing some remarkable aerial feats, assisted by an apparatus of ropes and small cords. On the previous day when a similar crowd was assembled to see his performance, he had just taken his leap, as on the previous occasion, when, to the horror of the spectators, they saw that something had gone wrong with the apparatus, and that the unfortunate man suspended in his entangling cords and a few seconds before full of vehement life and power, after a convulsive struggle, hung there before their eyes a motionless corpse. My cousin graphically described the thrill of horror which at that moment ran through the immense multitude, and this led me presently to say that I thought some moral and even, in a few cases, a religious impression must have been, at all events momentarily, produced, lasting in some instances for a much longer time. Now, must not the Almighty have foreseen this event and the impression it produced? Was it not, then, a part of that divine education of our race which He is always carrying forward by an infinite variety of methods and events? My cousin's answer was given to me and to the world some years later in that very remarkable book, mentioned previously, which he published when he was a Professor in the University of Berlin, entitled "The Will—Divine and Human." He told me, when he had written it, that at the time of our conversation on that Sunday afternoon he was groping his way towards what the learned world has recognised as a splendid elucidation of the great problems of human free-will,

Necessity and Divine Providence; and that my question had given him some slight impetus and help in his investigations. That work constituted the commencement of a new era in the study of such subjects, and in Germany where metaphysical science is in higher repute than, unhappily, it finds in England, it has been appreciated. But it would be a disgrace to our Universities if they willingly "let it die." Among other more important problems, it entirely disposes of the old and exaggerated difficulty of harmonising Divine foreknowledge and human free-will. Among other high authorities, Professor De Morgan and Sir William Hamilton testified to the remarkable value of Professor Solly's mathematical and metaphysical labours. I may add that he was in one respect specially qualified to write those books, for I think he had almost the strongest and most resolute will of any man I have ever known, combined with an amount of pluck and courage rarely equalled. In this respect he was an object of admiration and almost of envy to me with my nervous and cowardly tendencies. For when only a school-boy at the Tunbridge Grammar School he showed these qualities in a way I could not have attempted, once when a party of gypsies (encamped near the town) had turned one night a donkey on to the grass-plot in his mother's garden, and he led it away next morning right through the gypsy camp to the pound. They gnashed their teeth at him, but seemed cowed by the young fellow's hardihood. On another occasion when he had been bathing with some of his school-fellows in a mill-pond, one of them "dared" him to attempt to swim across the mill-race just then running furiously, and without a moment's hesitation, he jumped in and was immediately swept away by the current. For another moment he gave himself up for lost, and then calculating at what angle he must strike out for the opposite bank to reach it lower down, he landed in safety. A little

later, when he was an undergraduate at Cambridge and was spending his holiday at Clifton, where his mother and sisters were then residing, he found that it made him very giddy to walk on the edge of St. Vincent's rocks; whereupon, unconsciously imitating Goethe on the top of Strasburg Cathedral, he compelled himself to walk backwards and forwards on the edge of the precipice, until by sheer force of resolute will he had conquered his bodily weakness. The most striking instance, however, of the strength of mind which he manifested, came to my knowledge many years afterwards, when he told me of the way in which he had once conquered a far more dangerous mental trouble, manifesting thereby an amount of courage, strength of will, and religious trust which can be called nothing less than magnificent. That brave, strong-willed author of "The Will—Divine and Human," was the right champion for the doctrine of human Free-will; and if ever man proved its truth it was he.

While I was at the Baptist Academy, my friend and fellow-student, Francis Bishop, who was filled with the "Enthusiasm of Humanity," excited my interest in the great "Anti-Slavery Convention" which was being held in London that summer. It was a grand assemblage, and the holding it was a noble blow struck for the abolition of the crime and curse of slavery. But it was sadly marred at the commencement of its sittings by the senseless and perverse opposition of many of its members to the admission of the high-hearted American women who had come over among the delegates from the United States. Mr. Bishop also did me the great service of getting me into Exeter Hall when that building was crowded from floor to ceiling for the final meeting of the Convention, and where I had the good fortune to hear Daniel O'Connell make a splendid speech, full of impassioned fervour and truth, on behalf of the slaves. His closing appeal to the women of

England to help on the abolition cause, I could never forget. Hearing that speech was an era in my life as regarded public oratory. Would that I had more thoroughly laid to heart the lesson which such an opportunity of learning the inner secret of the oratory which really moves the heart and soul should have given me.

Francis Bishop did me another service at that time by taking me to a small meeting, after the sittings of the Convention were over, held at William Lloyd Garrison's rooms in Queen Street, by Southwark Bridge, when I had the great privilege of being introduced to that illustrious champion of the slave. I remember conversing with him on the subject of "Non-resistance;" and was so completely carried away by the earnestness and force of his appeals, which came with indescribable power from a man who had so grandly lived up to his principles in the face of cruel and deadly violence, that for a considerable time I believed in, preached, and practised those principles with my whole heart and soul. After some years I admit that I abjured the extremes to which Garrison, Adin Ballou, and Henry Wright pushed the doctrine. But at the time it was a wholesome corrective of the pugnacious influences, under which, in boyhood and youth, I had lived.

While I was at Mr. Mardon's house, Dr. Hutton and another minister came to tea one evening, for ministerial chat, in accordance with a custom some of the London ministers had of meeting periodically at each other's house for reading a paper and conversing on theological topics. The subject that night was the Messianic prophecies of the Old Testament, and I was struck by the earnestness with which Mr. Mardon appealed to Dr. Hutton to admit the application of at least some of those passages to Jesus Christ, and the reluctant but finally decisive objection the Doctor made to agreeing with him. On another occasion, we three students were invited by

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tagart to a pleasant little evening party at which, to my surprise and delight, a lady was present whom I had long regarded, afar off, with immense admiration and gratitude for her singularly beautiful "Characteristics of Women"—Mrs. Jamieson. That book had been a very great favourite at Leyton, especially with my youngest sister and myself, so that, when in the course of the evening Mrs. Tagart introduced me personally to the distinguished authoress, I could not help saying I was proud and glad to touch the hand which had written the "Characteristics of Women." I saw that instead of being merely amused she looked really pleased, for which I was thankful. But not until many years later when, in reading the life of George Eliot, I came on that gifted woman's description of the pleasure she had received one evening from the expression by a young man (previously, I think, unknown to her), of the happiness and benefit her works had given him, had I any idea that my little tribute of gratitude might have been a source of real and lasting pleasure to the lady to whom I had impulsively offered it; I hope it was so, for her book is almost unique in its beauty, and its delicate delineations of the characters of Shakspeare's heroines.

Near the close of my term of residence at Mr. Mardon's, F. Bishop took me with him to a meeting of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association held in Essex Street Chapel, where, I remember, he pointed out to me a little dark man with bright eyes and an earnest rather anxious look on his face which, together with my friend's description of the valuable work he was said to be doing at Bridgewater, rivetted my attention on him. This was the Rev. William James, whom the Rev. Samuel Martin, of Trowbridge (General Baptist Minister) had met at a small fishing village in Cornwall, when on a missionary tour; and who, as well as his companion, my old friend and

fellow student at the London University, the Rev. William Odgers (both of them being Methodists), were so impressed with Mr. Martin's preaching, that they became converts to Unitarianism, and after preparatory study, entered the Unitarian Ministry. The impression left on my mind by what Mr. Bishop said about Mr. James was that he and Mr. Odgers, then settled at Plymouth, were about the only ministers (except Samuel Martin) in the West of England who could be said to be really alive and in earnest! But he forgot the Revs. George Armstrong and Henry Acton.

Then came the last of those pulpit exercises which I had to undertake before going down to Yeovil, when the Rev. George Kenrick, minister to the old English Presbyterian Chapel and Unitarian Congregation at Hampstead, invited me to take the duty there one Sunday morning in July. My father, mother, and youngest sister came over either from Leyton or Southgate (I forget whether they had then left Leyton House); while my father's eldest sister also (a fine old widow lady of advanced years) came up from Clarges Street, to the little chapel on Rosslyn Hill, where the regular congregation had dwindled to about twenty or thirty people. (It was little thought then that my young fellow-student at the Baptist Academy, Thomas Sadler, was to raise it to an average of 500 or 600 members). But there was one among that contingent of my friends and relatives whose presence was of infinitely greater worth to me than even that of my other nearest and dearest, or even that of my venerable aunt, a lady of fortune who, I believe, was expected to be so moved by my pulpit eloquence as to contribute to the coming settlement of her nephew at Yeovil, she being a very decided Unitarian. I am thankful to know that idea never entered *my* head, nor probably my aunt's either. At all events Yeovil derived no pecuniary benefit from her attendance at the

Rosslyn Hill Chapel, and I rather think the subject and tone of my discourse on "1 John ii., 15, 17," was not quite palatable to the old lady. That it was to my own family, and especially to Miss Shaen, was, however, happiness enough. Miss S. was then in London (I think in Clarges Street), on her way to stay with a married cousin at Lobbendsdorf, on the Weser, in Germany. A few days after the service at Hampstead, I accompanied her one beautiful summer evening on board a steamer lying in the Thames which was to sail for Hamburg that night, and was to land her and a younger brother (afterwards the Rev. R. Shaen), at Bremerhaven on the way. Her brother, who had been studying for the ministry at Glasgow (where he had taken his M.A. degree) and at Manchester New College, was going on to Berlin after escorting his sister to Dr. and Mrs. Horn's, at Lobbendsdorf. His sister and I sat together on the deck in the gloaming till a late hour, conversing with mingled sadness at parting, and hope for a happy re-union some day in the little Somersetshire town for which I started early the next morning, *via* Southampton by the new London and South-Western Railway, and thence by the Taunton coach which passed through Yeovil on its way. On reaching my destination late on the Saturday evening, I was met at the inn, where the coach changed horses, by the man-servant of a kind old lady, Mrs. Fawcett, widow of a former minister of the old English Presbyterian Congregation in Yeovil,* and aunt of the wealthy Banker and Solicitor who was the head and chief supporter of the congregation there. Mrs. Fawcett received me most cordially at her beautiful residence, called "Hollands," on the outskirts of the small town, and gave me some information at supper-time concerning the

* Founded by one of the Ejected Ministers of 1662, who was hauled from his pulpit in the Parish Church, and finished his sermon on a tombstone.

congregation and state of the "cause," informing me, among other facts, that she had an insane niece living with her, at whose vagaries I must not be disturbed. I was out of sorts, very tired and sad before, but this last announcement finished me off, and I was ill enough in the night for the doctor to be sent for in the morning; while the old chapel-keeper was sent round to the congregation to say there would be no services conducted in Vicarage Street Chapel that day. But I remember waking on the Sunday afternoon with a sense of peace and joy which it was long since I had felt. The sun was shining through the rich foliage round my bedroom window, the birds singing, and everything seemed to speak of the happiness of heaven. From that time, though occasionally very miserable, I went on my way, mentally and morally, richer and stronger, on the whole, than perhaps ever in my life before; and if I could only have got rid of chronic infirmities, and have seen the folly of this continued and excessive "mortification of the flesh," I believe I should have "conquered a peace," and gained that moral and mental soundness, also, ("not the spirit of fear, but of power, of love, and of a sound mind,") as a *permanent* possession, which was too often, for many a year, wrenched from me at intervals. However, as regards that first little upset, I was all right in a day or two (though my first sermon was dismal enough), and remained the dear old lady's guest for a week, at the end of which time I moved into a pretty cottage, where dwelt a shoemaker and his wife, nearly opposite the gate leading into Mrs. Fawcett's grounds. One large comfortable and pretty room on the ground floor, with a sofa bedstead in it, constituted my home for the next few months, and I got to work among my people with a will.

CHAPTER X.

Experiences at Yeovil.

The congregation, I found, was very small—most of the "well-to-do" carriage families having died out or removed, except the one or two whom I have mentioned. The wealthy banker, who was the treasurer of the congregation, was a widower, with three sons, two of them and a daughter living at home, besides whom there was a kindly pleasant wine merchant (Mr. Male), and a still more pleasant genial tailor and draper (Mr. Samuel Rolls), in a good business; also an intelligent small builder and carpenter, Mr. Hurlstone. But the bulk of the congregation, fortunately for me, were an exceptionally fine set of working-men—some of them glove-cutters (the glove manufacture being the staple trade of the town), others working for a large furniture establishment, which had the custom of the gentry for many miles round. Some of the best of these men were teachers in an excellent little Sunday School, which was held twice a day in the chapel —the aforesaid draper being one of the number. The superintendent was a very clever journeyman upholsterer, in the big furniture establishment of the name of Bainbridge, whom to have known I have ever since regarded as one of the greatest privileges of my life, and whose friendship I valued as one of my greatest blessings. He was a Yorkshireman by birth, with all the sturdy "grit" and backbone which is characteristic of his race, but with an amount of quiet enthusiasm, public spirit, and "go" in him, which savoured also of the Lancashire breed. There was, of course, in John Bainbridge, the element of "temper" and *brusquerie* generally found in such natures, but usually held in complete restraint by the genuine native gentlemanliness of the man. Another very superior workman, of the name of Stevens, a house decorator and

painter, was a man of singular refinement and delicate feeling, a born gentleman, with a touch of genius for colour and form which, had he been educated as an artist, would have borne rich fruit. But there were several others among these, my new friends and fellow-workers, well deserving of honour, though it would occupy more time and space to describe them all than I can here afford.

The annual meeting of the Western Unitarian Society had been held at Yeovil, in the June preceding my arrival, when the Rev. James Martineau had preached that noble sermon which is found at the beginning of the 1st volume of his "Endeavours after the Christian Life"—and, in the course of one of my early and interesting conversations with Bainbridge, he told me how, previously, he had for some time been sliding away from his early Christian faith, but that Mr. Martineau's sermon had removed his growing doubts, and firmly re-established his religious convictions. I need not say this was very good news to me. Altogether I soon warmed towards the Yeovil working men; though a few days after I had arrived I was a little taken a-back when, in the course of a stroll, meeting a man who looked like a glove-cutter, I asked if the staple manufacture of the town was tolerably flourishing. "No," he answered, gloomily, "and you don't seem to be doing much to help it." Then I became guiltily conscious that I was wearing cotton gloves, and was too poor to buy kid! Mrs. Fawcett afterwards told me that, some years previously, a lady visiting Yeovil was nearly being mobbed when it was discovered that she was wearing silk or cotton gloves.

As the one family in the congregation which might have given me a little of that social intercourse to which I had once been accustomed, but of late years had been without, were not of a sociable disposition. The whole time I was their minister at Yeovil they never but once

while I was alone in lodgings, and once when married, invited me to their house. They did not mean to be uncivil or unkind: in fact, meant to be, and really were, as friendly as it was in their nature to be; but their range of sympathies, and consideration for anybody but themselves, was not large. Nobody else in the congregation, except Mrs. Fawcett, had the means of affording social pleasantries, and she was sadly hampered by the circumstance mentioned above. Her nephew and his family had a pleasant mansion in the town, and a beautiful country residence, in a little wood on a hill, about half a mile from the town. I was rather amused on perceiving how much I had grown in their good graces when they happened to discover that I was connected, by my eldest brother's marriage, with one of the old Dorset county families; but Mr. Aspland had previously prepared them for the astounding fact that their minister (whom they looked upon much as a private chaplain was regarded by a nobleman a hundred years ago), could by any possibility be by birth a gentleman. Apparently they were unaware of the fact that the Head of the Church was once a Galilean peasant, and that many of His noblest ministers, including St. Paul, had worked like Himself at a trade. As nominal Dissenters and Unitarians, they were in rather an uncomfortable position with regard to their friends and neighbours, who were all "church people," and I had learned, when much younger, what that meant. The one invitation they gave me, by-the-by, and which was attended with curiously tantalizing circumstances, was to dinner, when the rare event of a concert was to be given at the principal inn in the town, and the county families and genteel folks generally, were to muster in force as well as the respectable townsfolk who might be gifted with musical tastes. After dinner, the young gentlemen and their sister, a handsome

pleasant girl, retired to dress for the entertainment, leaving me with their father, walnuts, and wine. Before departing, the younger son, while drawing on his gloves, quietly and pleasantly asked me "if I was going to the concert," which I could have afforded to do about as easily as to take a box at the Opera. It would have been pleasant, no doubt, to have tasted once more, for a single evening, the delights of social intercourse and concerted music; and I rather wondered why these genteel members of my flock had selected that particular evening to ask me to dinner, when the poverty and privations of a poor parson would be, by him, most vividly realized.

Outside the congregation neither gentlefolks, nor tradesmen, Churchmen or Dissenters would, of course, desire my company or offer me theirs. I found, in short, that I was regarded as a sort of theological leper, to be feared and shunned. Hence it can be well believed that the companionship (when I could get it), and the conversation of these superior, unsophisticated, earnest, and altogether interesting working-men, was unspeakably refreshing and health-giving.

Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that the congregation was very small; and, when I first came, there seemed a probability not only of its becoming smaller, but of there being no musical accompaniment in the Sunday services. For the organist, a small glovingmaster and workman who, I believe, gave his services gratuitously, and who had a good deal both of taste and execution, as well as temper, had lately got into some legal difficulties with the treasurer of the congregation; and the eldest son of that gentleman, who was in his father's office, had gone down, shortly before I came, to the offending organist's workshop with wood, hammer, and nails, and summarily nailed up the doors thereof. Great resentment on the part of the organist naturally

resulted, and there was a vacant seat in the little organ gallery. Chiefly, however, I believe, by the mediation of good Mrs. Fawcett, some compromise was arrived at, and the musical department was once more on a normal footing, though even then the choir was not strong, consisting, as it did, of one female singer, the hapless wife of an incorrigibly drunken tailor, who occasionally varied his other amusements by beating her when drunk; though, when not "in liquor," he was a most affectionate husband. She had a singularly sweet voice, and perhaps the Psalmody was all the better (in conjunction with the organ), with her alone to lead it than if, under the circumstances, she had had any colleagues.

If, however, the company and conversation of these working-men was so healthful and cheering in consequence of the dearth of the society I had enjoyed previously to leaving London, it was far more valuable and valued, from the contrast it offered to the general run of my old acquaintances. For, in spite of those capital "Academic" debates, and the occasional expressions of hearty Liberal principles here and there, I could not help being impressed with its prevailing frivolity, quasi-selfishness, heartlessness, and among young men with the habitual licentiousness of both conversation and conduct. Whereas, among my new acquaintances, I could almost fancy I had come to a different planet. There was the same sturdy manliness I had noticed in the engineering workmen at the Rotherhithe wharf; but these Yeovil men appeared to me to be of a superior kind altogether. Instead of that supercilious self-satisfied indifferentism which characterized the former, there was a simplicity and self-respect, combined with an habitual rugged courtesy, and a deep-set earnestness of thought and life, a self-restraint, and a comparative purity of heart and of habitual conduct, which made me glad and thankful to be among them. Of course, it will be

said that if these men cared at all for a minister of religion, who had come to settle among them, they would certainly show him the best side of their character, and keep what was evil in them out of sight. But one of their most striking characteristics seemed to me their transparent sincerity and simplicity—the utter absence of anything approaching to hypocrisy or shams of any kind. At all events, the lasting impression left on my mind by "fore-gathering" with those Yeovil workmen was what I have now said, and which remains as fresh in my memory, after fifty years, as ever. My intercourse with them, especially with Bainbridge and Stevens, was a turning-point in my pilgrimage, and it has influenced deeply the whole of my subsequent life.

The nearest of my brother ministers in the West of England was the Rev. Thomas Teggin, of Crewkerne, nine miles off, who had lately removed thither from Dorchester, and who, with his amiable and cheerful-hearted wife, speedily showed me what kindness was in their power. Mrs. Fawcett drove me over there one day in her phaeton, and we also called on the Misses Blake, daughters of a former minister, pleasant, lady-like, cultivated women. Soon after Mr. and Mrs. Teggin invited me to come and spend a day or two at their house, and on the evening of the second day we went to an agreeable little party at Miss Blake's. The whole visit was very refreshing, reminding me that social happiness had not quite fled from mortal life, that there was peace somewhere left in the world, and might even be regained one day by myself. Especially that evening party with its brightness and music, its conversation and friendliness, brought forcibly before me the enjoyments of former days. But in the midst of it all, my thoughts wandered back to my working-men friends at Yeovil; and I thought with sharp regret of how utterly they were debarred by their circumstances from any

approach to such enjoyments, except what they could get at the public-house, where the surroundings were sordid and demoralising. Then, silently and solemnly, I vowed, that night, that if ever I got back to those enjoyments of rational recreation and cultivated social life, I would try my best to help working men to share them also. Thank God, I have been instrumental, to some small extent, in carrying out that purpose; and in numbers of Working Men's Clubs and Institutes throughout the kingdom, and far beyond it, there are, at this very time, hundreds of thousands of hard-working faithful toilers who can have pleasant company and social intercourse, rational recreation, their accustomed refreshments, and opportunities for conducting their various business societies, without being dependent on the public-house for accommodation, or having to pay for that accommodation by wasting their well-earned wages in drink.

While several of those Yeovil workmen were regular members of my congregation, and others occasionally joined us, I was sorry to find how very few of the congregation, and none of the working men, remained on the occasion of the first Communion-service I conducted. Mr. Ralls had told me such would be the case, and somehow his warning fell painfully on my ear. I had been reading with new interest Christ's discourses with his disciples at the Last Supper, and was especially impressed with what he then said about the branch abiding in the vine, or being withered and cut off, and took for my text that Sunday, John xv., 4, 5. From all I heard and saw of the old Presbyterian Chapels in the West of England,* with their decaying or extinct congregations, and from my experience of the old Walthamstow meeting, and some of the London Churches, I could not help asking myself, Must there not be something amiss with the inner life, the

* See the Rev. Jerom Murch's valuable history of those Churches.

faith, and doctrine of these Churches? My own personal trials, the deep need I felt for something more than Carlyle, or Fox, or even Channing had afforded me, made me "search and look" to see if I could not find what I felt I so much wanted in the words and teaching of the Carpenter of Nazareth, the Deliverer, who, I believed, was also the Son of God. Although I went about my work, day-by-day, with tolerable equanimity, and enjoyed daily walks in the pretty country round about, yet the many lonely hours I had to spend when I could neither read, write, walk, or work, sometimes in waking hours of darkness, were unspeakably sad, and, had it not been for my engagement to Miss Shaen, almost enough to drive one to suicide. I know that my friend, Mr. W. H. Channing, had he lived to read all these confessions would have said, "You were thoroughly in earnest in your desire to enter the Christian Ministry. You loved the work of the ministry with your whole heart. Why did you not find in it the abiding comfort and refreshment of which you were so much in want?" But I should have answered that not only was the want of health and bodily strength working injuriously on my nerves and disabling me from exertion, but it was thereby causing my ministerial work to weigh me down with a peculiarly painful and morbid sense of responsibility and anxiety. A picture of the past comes up very vividly out of that gloomy time as I think it over, scarcely worth recalling. But I had picked up somewhere a very interesting Life of Luther, and remember lighting a candle one night when I couldn't sleep, to read, and find some small comfort from, the account of that great prophet's sufferings, and the consolatory thoughts with which he sought to realise the sustaining love and providence of God. Still it was but of little avail, and the burden seemed to be growing too heavy to bear. All that, of course, interfered with the due performance of my duties.

Then one morning came a letter from my dear old friend and confidant, Tom Solly, to tell me that he was going down to Plymouth with his brother Ben, who was about to sail for Hobart Town, probably to remain there for life, and that on his way back to London he proposed calling on me for a day or two's visit. This was a ray of blessed light in the midst of darkness. Mrs. Fawcett, on hearing of my cousin's intention, said he must be her guest as there was no room for him in my cottage, and being so near he could be with me as much as he liked. So he came, and a mighty good time we had of it. It is impossible for me to describe, and would be out of place, the effect on me of that visit. It was a satisfaction to me then, and still more since, to know that he thought it always did *him* good to talk with me, at least when I was not too foolish and irritating; but the good he did me many a time, and especially during that visit, is not a thing to be set down here. I opened my whole heart to him, and the devil fled before us. His hearty, healthy, and inspiring talk did him all the more honour, and I suppose had all the more beneficial influence on me, because he had had his own troubles since we last met, in the shape of a severe disappointment in a love affair. He was also beginning to feel the strain of reading for the bar, in the ardent exhausting way in which he had read mathematics and metaphysics at Cambridge (the only way, in fact, which he ever studied in anything), was telling on his health, never robust, in a way that made him doubt if it would stand the strain necessary for attaining any eminence at the bar.

He stayed over the following Sunday, and not the least useful thing, perhaps, which he said to me was that my sermon was not up to the mark of those London compositions which had pleased him somewhat. "But then," he added, "a man can't always keep up to his highest level." The hint was useful, because it helped to prevent me from

being too easily satisfied. But without the "*Mens sana in corpore sano*," how can a minister or any living mortal give out the best which both Nature and Grace may have fitted him to produce. Yet I had determined to guard against the too common error of young ministers; and when the congregation asked me to make my engagement with them of a permanent character, I had agreed on condition that they did not require two original sermons from me each Sunday, but would allow me to read the best I could find from other writers.

One of the subjects of conversation with my cousin was Garrison's doctrine of non-resistance, which, with his usual piercing common sense, he could not accept. I did not, however, then yield to his arguments, though I felt their force. Not long after he had left me, and I was going on my way in a far stronger, healthier, happier spirit for that brief "time of refreshing" and his caustic good-humoured "chaff," I was startled by another of those lessons which leave their mark on us for the rest of our days. In the course of some conversation I was having with Bainbridge, he turned upon me, in that bluff earnest manner which marked him when specially excited, and said, "Mr. Solly, I cannot think how you can go into that pulpit Sunday after Sunday, preach about Christ and Christianity, and yet do nothing to help us to get rid of these infamous burdens of class legislation which are crushing the poor of this country." I was greatly astonished, asked him what burdens he referred to, what I could do to help remove them, and what Christianity had to do with them? During the next half-hour, as he replied to my questions, a wholly new view both of the duty of Christian ministers, and of the meaning of the religion they profess, came before me, and yet it was little more than an application of the first two grand petitions in a prayer which I had offered up every day, I suppose, from childhood, "Thy kingdom

come, Thy will be *done on earth* as it is done in Heaven." Could that mean, then, that Christianity was to be applied to politics, to all kinds of social reforms? Certainly Bainbridge and his friends were profoundly convinced that was so, and most earnestly he endeavoured to bring me to a similar conclusion. It was not difficult for him to do this. At first it seemed almost like a moral earthquake in my settled religious views; but before long I felt as strongly as he did on the subject; for Channing and Fox had prepared me, unconsciously, in some respects for views of this nature, and all my experiences since I had come to Yeovil had done a good deal more to make them a living reality when once such an appeal as Bainbridge's was made to my conscience. But I was soon to encounter a much greater and more startling shock to preconceived notions and prejudices.

One evening, I had gone to call on Mr. and Mrs. Bainbridge. The latter (a comely, pleasant Yorkshire woman, with a good deal of character) was stitching away at her fireside, and, after giving me her usual kind welcome, said that her husband was in the room called the Mechanics' Institute (of which she was caretaker), having a meeting, and she was sure he would be glad to see me there if I liked to go down. To understand what followed it is necessary to recall the panic caused by the Chartist agitation, which began in 1837, and led to the rising of the Welsh miners, headed by Frost, Williams, and Jones, in 1839. The wide-spread fears and deadly wrath excited, some years ago, by Fenian conspiracies, and at the present time by dynamiting Anarchists, are as nothing to the alarm and indignation caused by the movement among the working-classes, more than half-a-century since, for the People's Charter; and those who, like myself, have lived to see four of its six points wholly or virtually carried, and the fifth ("Payment of Members") within measurable distance—while the sixth (for shortening Parliaments) is

sure, in some modified form to triumph, before very long, over Septennial Parliaments—must smile incredulously at the description of those alarms if they have forgotten, or were too young to know, the state of feeling in the British public at that time. I remember the day in 1838—9, when a vast procession of the industrial classes carried their enormous petition to the door of the House of Commons, where the strength of six M.P.'s was required to carry it into the House. The matter interested me very little then. I thought it was a mere vulgar whim of "the common people," and it was not till the Newport insurrection, of which I heard when at Chelmsford, that I began to be infected with the prevalent horror and disgust attaching to the name of Chartist. But when I went to Yeovil I was entirely ignorant of the principles of those who bore it, and certainly never supposed that anyone for whom I had the slightest regard or respect would be among them. Neither had I the faintest idea of there being a vast Chartist organization whose ramifications extended, in that year of grace 1840, to every part of the United Kingdom and, amongst other places, to the little town in which I had come to reside. So in unsuspecting innocence I went to the "Mechanics' Institute" room, where I found my friend sitting at the head of the table, with about a dozen or fifteen working-men, some in their shirt-sleeves, seated round it. Bainbridge looked pleased to see me, gave me a cordial welcome, explained that they were having "a bit of discussion," and asked me to take a seat by the fire and listen to it. This I willingly did until, before very long, a brawny, black-bearded, very dirty operative, thumped the table in the course of his remarks, exclaiming: "Mr. Chairman!—Though I'm as good a Chartist as any of you . . . " I remember no more, and doubt if I heard anything more, for that was enough to fill me with intense alarm and disgust. It was clear to me that

I had fallen among a band of those desperate and violent men, as I supposed them to be, who were engaged in their nefarious conspiracy, and as soon as I could I left the room, grievously distressed. Nevertheless, I had great confidence in Bainbridge himself, and in one or two more of my Sunday School teachers whom I recognized at the meeting. But how they could be mixed up with the rest perplexed and greatly disturbed me. Of course, a series of agitating conversations with Bainbridge chiefly, also with Stevens, ensued; but I soon began to see several things in a very different light from that in which I had before regarded them. Scales fell from my eyes. I was speedily enlightened as to the difference between "Moral-force" Chartists and "Physical-force" Chartists—between William Lovett and Feargus O'Connor, and was proportionately relieved and rejoiced to learn that Bainbridge, and most of his fellow Chartists, were staunch advocates of the former policy, and strongly opposed to O'Connor and his party. Then, also, I was shown that Lovett, and all who believed in him, were strenuously bent on promoting the education of those whom the Charter was to invest with political power; thereby helping to fit them, both morally and intellectually, for the responsible duties of citizens. Still, I could not discern either the right of the unenfranchised to the suffrage or the expediency of bestowing it upon them. As to the other five points of the Charter (the Ballot, Payment of Members, Equal Electoral Districts, Abolition of the Property Qualification for M.P.'s, and Annual Parliaments,) I could see no great objection to any of them except the last, which I have always thought much too short a period. True, there was some force in the reply of the great Radical reformer, Henry Hunt, to the argument against Annual Parliaments, as to the disturbance caused by an Election once in seven years, and what would it be to have that bother every year. For he

remarked that "he knew a boy who combed his hair only once a year, and that boy could not imagine how anybody could bear the nuisance of having to do it every day!" At last, however, I accepted an invitation from the Chartist Committee to a full and fair discussion of the whole question—and for three weeks, every Monday evening, I battled with them over the six points, but mainly in regard to Universal Suffrage. (The exceptions, I may remark in passing, to this proviso in the People's Charter, brought their proposals very nearly to the limits and extension of the suffrage decreed by the Act of Parliament, which received Her Majesty's sanction on the 6th December, 1884).

At the end of these discussions, which were conducted by Bainbridge, Stevens, and their brother Chartists with remarkable intelligence and perfect courtesy, I felt thoroughly satisfied of the justice of their claims, and therefore of the duty and expediency of their agitating to obtain the enactment of their "Bill of Rights"—the conversion to their views of the minister of the Vicarage Street Chapel, being hailed with more delight than I thought it was worth. To Bainbridge himself it was a source of much gratification, not merely, or I think chiefly, on account of any help he expected I could give to the movement, but mainly because he thought I was now approaching that position which he believed every Christian minister of religion ought to occupy. For myself, I was well pleased to find myself at one with a man whom I so highly esteemed, in a matter which he deemed of such transcendant importance. But I was not prepared for the startling statements and reasoning with which he now followed up his advocacy of the Charter. To my amazement, when Bainbridge had set before me the terrible sufferings which, undoubtedly, were then being endured by the poor and by the industrial classes generally;

the cruel injustice with which they were often treated alike by Courts of Justice, magistrates, employers, and legislators, he proceeded to trace all these wrongs to the defenceless position of the working-classes in being deprived of the franchise, and therefore of the means of securing fair representation for themselves in the House of Commons. Nothing short of fair political power, he maintained, as proposed to be given them by the People's Charter, would ever right the grievous wrongs under which they suffered, or give to the nation generally that peace and happiness which God designed them to enjoy, but of which the selfishness and injustice of men so shamefully deprived them. The conclusion, therefore, he maintained, to be drawn from all this was plain, viz., that I and every faithful Christian minister was bound, by the most sacred obligations, to raise our voices on behalf of Chartists and Chartism, and never rest till the People's Charter was made the law of the land. Startling as were these claims then, Bainbridge and his friends were anticipating, by a few years only, the conclusions to which Mr. Holyoake and the Secularists were consciously or blindly leading Christian-minded people "in a way they knew not;" one in which Christian ministers of all denominations, headed or followed by Canon Fremantle, in his admirable Bampton Lectures, for 1883, and in his "Gospel of the Secular Life," have been strenuously walking for some years past. The "trend" is so decisively and beneficently now in that direction that some earnest and devout Christian ministers, like Dr. Maclaren, of Manchester, who fully recognise its unspeakable value, feel the need of reminding the Christian Church that we have to minister to the spiritual life of man, as well as to his social and political wants or material sufferings.

One of the first fruits of my friend's representations was that I began to meditate the preparation of a pamphlet

on the whole question, and which (swelling in bulk as I warmed to my subject) was published about a year afterwards, under the title of "What says Christianity to the present distress?" I think it was also about this time that, at the pressing invitation of Bainbridge and his friends, I attended a meeting, whereat he presided, to welcome a Chartist prisoner of the name of Bartlett, on his release from Ilchester gaol, where he had been confined during six or twelve months for some remarks in a public speech, which were construed to mean sedition. The meeting was held in the large room of a small Yeovil inn, and the chairman made an excellent address, but the poor released prisoner seemed to have suffered too much to have enough spirit left in him to speak at all effectively.

Another scene in connection with the Chartists' movement in the town was on the occasion of rejoicings for the Queen's first-born in the early part of 1841. In accordance with proceedings taken all over the kingdom, a general holiday was proclaimed in the town; religious services were held in the churches and chapels in the morning, also a public meeting, called by the Vicar, to vote an address of congratulation; and a grand supper, for which a bullock was roasted whole in the Market Place, was given to the poorer classes. Early on the auspicious day, Bainbridge came to my lodgings, in great excitement, to tell me it had been resolved by the Chartist committee to propose an amendment to the address of congratulation, and that he was deputed to ask me to move or second it. With some diffidence and searchings of heart I agreed to second it if he moved it. It was well and reasonably worded; and while joining in the general congratulations, it prayed her Majesty to remember the thousands of poor women in her realm to whom, in consequence of unjust and cruel legislation, the birth of their

children brought bitter sorrow, not joy. Of course, it was rather a formidable thing to be heading a local insurrection of this nature against the Vicar and the county "swells," especially as I had never spoken in public before. But when, with palpitating heart, I had listened to Bainbridge's touching and manly address, and had got out a few sentences of my own, and then heard the ringing cheers of my Chartist friends behind me as I proceeded to inform the Vicar and his friends that "an ounce of justice was worth a ton of charity," I was encouraged in the matter of public speaking for the rest of my days. Not that I got over the painful nervous apprehensions (so common even to practised orators) for many a year. But I had survived *le premier pas*. (Practice at the "Academic" was coming in very usefully now). Two or three other of Bainbridge's party spoke well and earnestly, and as the great folks were taken by surprise (for the Chartists had kept their secret well), we thought at one time that our amendment would be actually carried, unless the chairman should unrighteously refuse to put it. But his friends, in much alarm, had sent out emissaries in all directions, when danger was scented, and they brought in so many frightened "respectable" parishioners that eventually it was lost by a large majority. Chartism, however, had ventilated its grievances and claims, and its adherents were, on the whole, considerably elated. The love of the "ruling family" in my little congregation, however, for their minister was not increased by these proceedings, and the displeasure they felt, especially at my attending the "welcome meeting" to the "discharged prisoner," was more forcibly than agreeably expressed to me shortly afterwards by one of the young men of that family, who, in the course of conversation, expressed a wish that I "had been in bed and asleep instead of at that Chartist meeting!" The dismay and indignation of the whole family, in fact, at my taking part

with the Chartists was great, though except in that little explosion, it manifested itself without discourtesy. Of course, I could not wonder at their displeasure, but I could do no otherwise ; and I scrupulously abstained from enrolling myself in the Chartists' Association, which, as long as I was the minister of a congregation in which political parties were so much divided, I felt I had no right to do. For the one "genteel family" of my flock were not the only members of it who disapproved strongly of the Chartist agitation. Besides, Mr. Samuel Ralls, I remember the respectable wine-merchant, Mr. Male, also the small builder and carpenter, mentioned above, Mr. Hurlstone (a superior thoughtful man), and a journeyman glove-cutter, Mr. Tomkins, who was also a very intelligent and respectable man, one of the best and most regular teachers in the Sunday School, besides one or two others who all looked askance at Chartists and abjured all their ways. But I was bound to defend these followers of Lovett, and vindicate the justice of their principles. So I began to prepare the pamphlet above mentioned, my little "Defensio Populi Anglicani Chartistici." It was about this time that I received from William Lovett the interesting and noble-spirited letter which is printed in the Appendix to "James Woodford, Carpenter and Chartist." (Sampson, Low & Co.)

Previous to all this engrossing Christian political business, and in fact while it was in progress, I was much engaged in organising Congregational Committees for Tract Distributing, District Visiting, Chapel Library, &c. Among other plans suggested for a revival of religious life and Christian fellowship in the Congregation was the holding of a grand tea-meeting, to which the neighbouring Unitarian ministers and congregations at Crewkerne and Ilminster were to be invited. Nearly all my flock entered cordially into the proposal, and I wrote so urgently to the

Rev. E. Whitfield of the latter town, after his first refusal, that he and his people reconsidered their answer, and came over in goodly numbers. The dear old lady, Mrs. Fawcett, who had been immensely interested in the project, and I have no doubt gave away a number of tea-tickets, sat in her large square pew in a corner of the chapel, watching, with beaming and delighted eyes, the people streaming in and gradually filling up the seats. I think two of her nephew's sons were there, for either then or on some other occasion they took part in the musical performances; while the organist, who had been completely reconciled to resuming his seat at the organ, gave us a fine performance of the magnificent cantata, "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting doors," from Psalm xxiv. The whole proceedings passed off most satisfactorily, and it seemed to be generally considered that a new era of religious life and usefulness for Vicarage Street Chapel had commenced. This reminds me that the good woman in whose cottage I lodged, and who was a staunch Church woman of the rigid Calvinistic type, like her Vicar, came one night in fear and trembling, lest the roof of our chapel should fall on her, to our service, when my text happened to be from 1 John iv., 10, "Herein is love—not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His son to be the propitiation for our sins." Next day she told me that when she heard them singing her favourite hymn, "My God, my Father, blissful name! Oh, may I call Thee mine," and then listened to my sermon, she sat there crying to think how much she had wronged Unitarians.

Another festive tea-meeting on a much smaller scale was held at Christmas-tide in the rooms of Mr. and Mrs. Barrett, respected members of the congregation, with whom I went to lodge the following spring. Mrs. Fawcett, with her usual kindness, came to the meeting, though very reluctantly, because Mr. Barrett had previously been ill

for some time of typhus fever and its consequences, though quite convalescent then. She had done what she could to cheer me up in my solitary life, had taken me three or four delightful drives in her phaeton (on one occasion to dine with a pleasant family at Ilminster, of the name of Collins), and had two or three little dinner parties at her own house. My predecessor, the Rev. John Robberds, B.A., had come to stay with her a few days before Christmas, and our little tea-party was to be an occasion for his old friends to welcome him. It was a great pleasure to me to have his genial company, and to talk over ministerial affairs.

We had a very pleasant evening, with some excellent songs and speeches, from two or three of our Chartist workmen, and the old lady went home quite happy. But life to her must long have been very trying. One day when walking in her beautiful garden, she told me how she remembered her deceased husband having once said to her when life was bright and joyous, "Ah, dear, we are very happy now, but the days will come when the clods of the valley will be sweet unto you." Then, turning to me with her eyes full of tears, she added, "Yet I little thought then how very sweet they, one day, would be to me." Her intense longing to depart was soon to be satisfied. The day after the tea meeting she sickened of typhus fever, and never left her bed till her spirit returned to the God who gave it, only a fortnight after she was taken ill. That dread of infection which was so curiously strong, considering how she had desired to leave this world and meet her beloved ones again, had undoubtedly predisposed to the attack of disease. No one else suffered in consequence of the meeting, and the doctor had pronounced the apartments quite free from any danger of infection.

Mr. and Mrs. Teggin came over to the funeral (the

interment took place in the chapel); there was a very large attendance of mourners, idlers, and friends, and as it was my first experience in a matter of this sort, I was not a little nervous in my anxiety to "do all things decently and in order," so that his experience and counsels were very helpful. When the service was over and the large crowd had dispersed, he kindly came and assured me that all had gone off well, which was a great relief. But on the following Sunday evening I had to preach the funeral sermon, and the chapel again was crammed. The most absurd and even shameful stories had been circulated about our venerable friend by some of the *unco guid*, who regarded themselves as sound in the faith and Mrs. Fawcett as a wicked Unitarian heretic. Among other pleasant stories it was asserted and (quite possibly) by some believed, that on the night of her death the devil had been seen sitting on the outside of her bedroom window, ready to fly away with her soul to the infernal regions. And because she differed from them on doctrinal points where she thought they differed from Christ, this was said of a woman, who with rare christian self-sacrificing love, had burdened her declining years with the daily care of an afflicted orphan niece, rather than send her to an asylum.

Excited by such conduct and by the sight of the unwonted crowd before me, I remember contrasting, in my discourse, with all the energy I could command, the repulsive views of the Atonement, then so prevalent, with those grand conceptions of the meaning of the Cross of Christ, of His sublime self-sacrifice, which I learnt from Channing and Fox, Noah Worcester, and Archdeacon Hare, and wound up by exclaiming ("with clasped and uplifted hands" as somebody declared), "When I think of these glorious truths, brethren, I thank God that I am a Unitarian."

The effect of the whole service seems to have been considerable; for, being pressed to deliver the sermon the

following Sunday evening, I complied, and the chapel was as full as before. But, after the service the first night, Mr. Teggin (who had again driven over, and came down to the chapel with the treasurer and his family,) took me aside and almost passionately remonstrated with me for having so violated the decencies of a funeral sermon as to introduce theological controversy into it and to make use of the word Unitarian. "Your address at the funeral service," he went on, "was admirable, but to-night, when Mr. ——— was surrounded with his church friends, who had come to show their respect and sympathy, it really was too bad." I was thunderstruck and indignant; but, in later years, I understood the expostulation, and the anger at what was regarded, though not intended, as a controversial outburst, on such an occasion. When my friend and I had recovered our equanimity, as we walked together to the inn where he had left his horse and gig, he asked me what fee Mr. ——— had given me for the funeral service, and was immensely astonished when I answered "None at all." Then I learned, for the first time, that it was generally considered, by laity and clergy, right and proper for a fee to be given to a minister conducting a funeral, a marriage, or a christening, as much as a lawyer or a doctor to be paid a fee for their respective professional services. This lesson made rather a lasting impression on me on account of the painful effect (since intensified by a few subsequent experiences) produced by discovering that some well-to-do, and even wealthy laymen, are not always ready to do towards their ministers what it appears that justice, or at least immemorial usage requires, and do not *always* rejoice in the opportunity such occasions afford of adding a trifling contribution to the often scanty resources of their minister.

The mention of Mrs. Fawcett's interment in the chapel, by the side of her deceased husband's remains,

reminds me that on some occasion, when she had come down to arrange for a meeting there, I noticed that, instead of coming along a cross aisle near the pulpit, she waited till the chapel-keeper opened the organ gallery-door, and came round that way instead—and afterwards learnt this was to avoid walking over the spot where his bones were interred. But when the leading medical practitioner of the town was reported to her as having said that the little conventicle in Vicarage Street would soon be shut up, and that then it could be turned into a pretty little theatre, or be utilized by the Vicar, she sent him word, in high wrath, that she was sure her late husband would far rather have Shakspeare's plays, or even an amusing farce, performed over his bones "than that the church parson should have it for the purpose of uttering the nonsense of Athanasius or the blasphemies of Calvin." She told me this anecdote herself. She was devotedly attached both to the chapel and to the doctrinal views preached there; and it was generally understood that she intended to leave a considerable sum towards its endowment. But no will was found after her decease, nor did any benefit accrue to the chapel funds. Several years previously, the wealthy members of the then flourishing congregation had subscribed to buy a field, and build a manse for the minister, the rent of which, in my time, with that from another field, brought in £38 a year, and the remainder of my stipend of £65 was subscribed by the treasurer and congregation. I do not recollect ever being surprised that they did not contribute more, and I was very grateful for an extra £5, which good Dr. Hutton got for me annually, from the "Presbyterian Board" in London. But, in after years, I have wondered that greater liberality was not shown by those who could so well afford it.

During my first year at Yeovil, the pulpit of the Bridport congregation was temporarily occupied by a

worthy and kind-hearted, but eccentric bachelor, who was not gaining that place in the affections and esteem of the congregation requisite for his remaining among them longer than the year for which he was then engaged. For some reason I was asked, on one occasion, to go over to Bridport, and occupy Mr. W———'s pulpit—(perhaps he had proposed an exchange—I remember only the fact)—when I was the guest of a truly excellent and large-hearted gentleman, Mr. Joseph Hounsell, one of the principal members of the congregation. In the morning, I preached on John xii., 24, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but, if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." The sermon had been inspired by a fine passage in that noble discourse of Archdeacon Hare's, "The Law of Self-sacrifice," mentioned above; and the congregation, I suppose, were interested in my services (not a little imperfect and "raw" as they used to seem to me), for somehow the report, from a trust-worthy source, reached me, soon after, that one of the most influential members (Mr. Colfox), having been asked what they were going to do when Mr. ——— left them, answered: "Oh, we mean to have young Solly, from Yeovil"—an announcement which naturally filled me with joy. For the lady who was "the ocean to the river of my thoughts" in all things but the highest, had promised to come and share my very humble home at Yeovil, in the spring of 1841; and it was with pardonable exultation that I contemplated the probability of being able to offer her a home among very pleasant cultivated, friendly people, and with myself in receipt of a salary of £200, instead of £65, a year. It so happened, however, that at the expiration of Mr. W———'s term of office, an amiable and eloquent Irish Unitarian minister, the Rev. R. B. Maclellan, who had just resigned his charge at Edinburgh, came southwards, preaching in several chapels, and delighting his hearers

wherever he went. Among other places, he was invited to take one or two Sundays' services at Bridport, and "Young Solly" was soon set aside in favour of the eloquent Irishman. But I retained the friendship of Mr. and Mrs. Colfox and of good Mr. Joseph Hounsell to their deaths.

Several of the most earnest and active members of my little flock, including Bainbridge and Stevens, seeing the interest awakened in the services of our chapel by the funeral service and sermon for Mrs. Fawcett, pressed me to give a course of four Sunday evening lectures on the doctrinal views of Unitarians, which accordingly I did. Printed hand bills were widely distributed, and comparatively large congregations attended to hear them. By adopting the advice of my old friend and former fellow-student at the London University, the Rev. Joseph Crompton, and leaving the last page or two of my sermons unwritten, with only a "catch-word" here and there to keep up the train of thought, I had learnt to preach *extempore*, and found the result very helpful with my small stock of sermons. There is no doubt that, at this time, there was that "tide in the affairs" of the Unitarian cause in Yeovil "which, taken at its flood," would have materially enlarged its borders; and, considering the gloomy and dreadful Calvinistic doctrines constantly then preached under the name of Christianity at the parish church, and the indifference of a large proportion of the working-men of the town to religious services of any kind, there was great room for regret that the tide was not taken at the flood. But I had been suffering more than usual in health under the strain of all these labours and my solitary life—while I had been more than ordinarily depressed by learning that Miss Shaen had been very ill, and that I must not think of our marriage taking place as we had hoped it would, early in the year. On her return from Germany, in

November, 1840, she had gone to keep house for her eldest brother, who was commencing business as a solicitor, at Leeds; and it was while residing with him that she had become seriously ill. All danger was over at the time of which I am speaking, and, with good Dr. Hutton's kind offices (he being much esteemed by the family), parental consent was then given to our marriage. But it was considered best, on the whole that, when my course of doctrinal lectures was finished, I should take a parson's week, and go up to London for a ten or twelve days' holiday, which I spent chiefly at Southgate, where my eldest brother had made a home for my father, mother, and youngest sister, and his own children. He had been living with them at Leyton previously, but the estate had, at length, been sold, and "the last links were broken that bound" us all to that most beloved and beautiful home. So with a comparatively light heart I went and stayed at the new home in the pretty Southgate village. Mr. Teggin kindly undertook to come over to Yeovil to take the Sunday evening service during my absence, and the congregation amiably dispensed with a morning service for that day. The visit was very pleasant and refreshing, and it was delightful to see how interested both my father and mother were in all I could tell them about my ministerial charge and my doings at Yeovil. My dear sister Lavinia, the only one now living at home, was always sympathetic like my mother, and my father had become so, heartily; but of my eldest sister, who had married again (a leading City solicitor), and was living at Tottenham, I saw but little; while my sister Charlotte, and her husband, lived much in Scotland, near his early home. I also had some very happy and profitable hours with my cousin, T. Solly, and some medical talk with my brother Samuel, though talk with medical men, however needful for the body, is not, in general, helpful if "the

mind's diseased." But it was most gratifying to receive, as I always did, much brotherly sympathy and kindness from him and his handsome amiable wife. Pleasant, too, to hear them speak of my service at Carter Lane Chapel, on the Sunday, for Dr. Hutton had asked me to take his morning service there, where my brother and his family attended, which, though with some anxiety, I gladly did. I was thoroughly in earnest, and my text was from Matthew xvi., 26, "For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own life?" My cousin, T. Solly, told me afterwards that several young people of the congregation had said that my preaching had made all the deeper impression because they had known me in former days only as a young man moving in society just like other young men; while I found, in conversation with my brother, that the sermon seemed to have awakened in him more serious and earnest thoughts with regard to religion than he had ever had before. For this I was deeply thankful. He had done me great services in my past life; but he had also, in former days, like almost all other medical men, made a degrading idol of health; and he let me know, a few years later, that my influence had been beneficial.

Then a day or two after came an invitation from Mr. Madge, the eloquent preacher at Essex Street Chapel, (who attracted a large and fashionable congregation every Sunday morning) to occupy his pulpit on the following Sunday. This invitation caused great discussion and anxiety. For on the one hand, as my cousin, T. S., truly represented, it was considered a great honour for Mr. Madge (a Unitarian Bishop as it were) to invite any minister to fill his pulpit, especially one so young in the work as myself, adding that I should be mad to refuse it. On the other hand, I had leave of absence for only one Sunday; if I stayed away for another I must get

Mr. Teggin to come over again for the evening service, and it seemed a pity to be absent even one Sunday, much more two, from my own pulpit just when a lively interest was being taken in my work there. I did not, however, half realise then the force of the latter reason for returning. The Rev. E. Tagart (who had removed from York Street Chapel, St. James' Square, to the new chapel built for him in Little Portland Street), sent me a kind request to take his evening service if I could stay over another Sunday, and I yielded to the representations and recommendations of my friends. Whether it was right to do so I rather doubt, though it seemed the right thing at the time.

I had gone up from Southgate on the Saturday to my cousin's lodgings (then in Claremont Square, Pentonville) to be ready for my duties on the Sunday morning, and my brother had promised to send my carpet bag after me by his groom. The man, however, missed his way, and the bag did not arrive that night, and as I had incautiously left both my sermons in it, my cousin and myself were alike rather nervous. Still we expected the groom and bag to appear the first thing on Sunday morning, and when he did not come, my cousin chivalrously chartered a hansom cab and rattled away post-haste to Southgate. About 10 o'clock a.m., however, on looking out at the window, I saw the missing groom on horseback with the precious bag, and I breathed freely once more. For I had by no means then become independent of my written discourse, especially in the morning service, when I scarcely ever felt really fit to go into the pulpit; while on this particular morning I was all the more *below par*, owing to the anxiety and distress caused by the non-appearance of my belongings. Hence I went into that great man's pulpit in Essex Street nervous and abashed, and I believe Mr. Madge rather distressed some of his congregation by inflicting my services upon them. Even my dear friends,

T. Solly, W. Oke Manning, and W. Wansey, who came exultingly, went away slightly dejected, though one of them was much pleased by hearing some worthy old lady say to another as she was going away, "Do you like such sermons as that?" "No," replied the other, "Not at all. It makes one so uncomfortable." My friend thought this clear proof that my discourse (which was the one on "Love not the World," which my venerable Aunt had not appeared to relish greatly, at Hampstead), had gone home to their conscience. However, in the evening at Little Portland Street, I believe I got on rather better; and Mr. Tagart told me afterwards in the vestry, that he was very glad I had remained in town and preached for him. But it was not till some years later that I learnt he was then desirous of associating a young man with himself as a colleague, and that after that Sunday he had conferred with my father and mother as to inviting me to fill that post. Their judgment, however, and that of my sister Charlotte and Dr. Speir, were decidedly unfavourable to my being brought up to London, and placed in such a prominent position, so early in my ministerial labours, and with my uncertain health. Hence Mr. Tagart did not follow up his proposal, which was fortunate, no doubt, for me, though it might have been useful had I been told of his wishes; for though it might have slightly unsettled me, I laboured (like some other young ministers) under so depressing a sense of spiritual as well as bodily weakness, that a little encouragement would have done me good. Many years later, when the Rev. Charles Wicksteed was living in Croydon, he told me he well remembered the sensation created by those crude sermons of mine when on a visit, about that time, to London. I mention all this because I know it would have been an infinite blessing to me and help in my work had I known it then, for the diffidence and despondency under which I laboured as to

my power of attaining ministerial usefulness, somewhat impeded that usefulness. Of course, I ought not to have thought about myself and my powers at all, and only have done my best, trusting in God to give or withhold "the increase," as seemed right and best to Him. But we learn only by degrees; and grow up to "the perfect man in Christ" very slowly indeed.

After my return to Yeovil, things went on much as usual. But it was evident that the "flood-tide" had, for the most part, ceased. For the two successive Sundays during which I was absent after my doctrinal lectures, several strangers, I was told, had continued to come to our chapel in the evening. But finding the minister, who had interested them by his funeral sermon and subsequent lectures, absent, few if any of them came again.

One other visit, about this time, to Bridport comes vividly before me. The genial temporary occupant of the Unitarian pulpit there invited several neighbouring ministers to come over to Bridport on the Thursday before Good Friday and remain till the Saturday following. To me, in my isolation at Yeovil, the invitation was most tempting. Though still much out of health, the gloom and depression I had long been suffering from, were lost in the happiness of looking forward, with intense gratitude and hope, to the event soon now to take place; and being informed that divine service was never held in our Chapel on Good Friday, I accepted this kind proposal, and went over to Bridport.

On reaching Mr. W———'s apartments, however, and being ushered into a lively company of ministerial brethren, I was not prepared for the noisy welcome with which I was met, nor for the hearty slap on the back with which our host greeted me, assuring me with almost boisterous mirth, that they were all very sorry the coach (from Crewkerne, the only one in the day) had not brought me in

time for the dinner which they had just despatched. The next day a couple of carriages were hired, and we were driven over to Dorchester to see the interesting remains of the Roman encampment there, where I roamed about on the wide chalk downs with much delight. It was all very pleasant in its way; and nothing could have been kinder than the treatment we received. But I could not help wishing that some other day than this Thursday evening and Good Friday had been chosen for the invitation, and that the jokes were less frequent and once or twice more refined. Somehow the impression left on my mind by that Good Friday, the first spent by me in the West of England, and since I had undertaken ministerial duty, was not altogether pleasant, though I was very thankful for the little change and "outing."

About a month later came the day to which I had looked forward, year after year, with that "hope deferred" which it is said, with truth, "maketh the heart sick," and to which I had but little right, considering my worldly circumstances, to look forward to at all. There being no Unitarian chapel within twenty miles of Crix, and for other sufficient reasons, it was arranged that our marriage should take place from the house of Miss Shaen's dearest friend and cousin, Mrs. Crompton, then living at Stourbridge, who, with her husband, had most kindly invited us to make use of it for the auspicious occasion. The congregation at Lewin's Mead, Bristol, were then seeking for a colleague to their minister, the Rev. George Armstrong, late rector of Bangor, in Ireland, who had given up his living from conscientious motives, and like Theophilus Lindsey, had become a Unitarian minister. Learned, eloquent, high-principled and devout, he was beloved and honoured in no slight degree. He had married a daughter of Mrs. Acland, one of the principal members of the Lewin's Mead congregation, a most amiable widow lady of property,

and mother of my valued friend, William Acland, mentioned heretofore. Acland had introduced me to his mother and his brother-in-law, and so it came about that I was invited by the committee to preach in their pulpit as a candidate, on my way to Stourbridge. I was warmly welcomed as a guest by Mrs. Acland and by Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, but, at the morning service, felt myself quite unequal to the task of adequately impressing my hearers in that great building, and I was sure that Mr. Armstrong was disappointed. In the evening, I had gained strength and confidence, but half the morning congregation were absent; and, when Mr. A. said to me, in the vestry, "Ah, I wish you had preached like that in the morning!" I understood that I was not likely to be invited to be his colleague. A considerable and agreeable surprise, however, followed before I left the vestry, for, to my astonishment, never having heard before of the custom of paying an *honorarium* for "supplies," the treasurer, a pleasant gentlemanly man, Mr. Wm. Browne, put four guineas into my hand which, as I considered myself the obliged party in having had the honour of being invited to occupy the pulpit of the late venerated Dr. Carpenter, I declined to accept. But the treasurer would not hear of such scruples, and made me at once feel it would be an act of rudeness and unpardonable pride to refuse the fee; so, with a suppressed sigh of gratitude (for, of course, I was desperately in want of funds), I gladly pocketed the money, and went, next day, on my way to Stourbridge, with a lighter heart for having a heavier purse.

After our marriage (22nd April, 1841,) we spent two or three weeks visiting friends at Brighton, Southgate, and Crix (for alas, we could not afford a proper honeymoon trip), and then came down to Yeovil, where we had a cordial welcome, and took up our abode, at first, at my lodgings in Vicarage Street. Soon after, we moved into

a very pretty little cottage, in a garden well stocked with flowers and vegetables, and with a lovely view of Alden (hill and wood) on the other side of the little valley where our cottage stood. My wife had brought with her a beautiful harp—a present from her parents a few years before—and we bought all the furniture in the cottage for £25! I had made my wife two promises when she consented to leave a home of luxury to share my very humble fortunes—1st, that I never would get into debt; and 2nd, that as she was accustomed to house-keeping, and was a good financier, which I was not (though I always lived within my income after once being thrown on my own resources), she should keep the accounts and the cash, and be Chancellor of the Exchequer, in fact. My salary was certainly very small, and our united incomes left it no slight risk for her to come at all. By this arrangement, she would always know exactly what we could afford to spend, and so be enabled to cut our coat according to our cloth. These promises I have faithfully kept, though the necessity for looking at every pound, and for many years at every 1s., before I spent it, and the constant pressure through life of this necessity as regarded the saving her as much as possible from suffering pecuniarily, has been a heavy burden, and must sometimes, I fear, have made my conduct in money matters seem to others stingy or grasping. For, on the one hand, I was always trying to take as little as possible from our common stock, even when I contributed the larger part of our income by my own earnings, while, on the other hand, I was always anxious to earn as much as I possibly could, that she and our children should not be chiefly dependent either on her property or her earnings. This last word refers to the untiring energy with which my wife supplemented my salary by taking pupils for several years, until our resources coming from bequests and contributions, as well as from my larger salary,

released her from the need of such exertions. Having had an excellent education herself, and having taken part in the education of three younger sisters, she was well able to add to our income, if necessary, by teaching, and this helped, happily, her resolve to share my fortunes, in spite of family warnings as to the peril of such an heroic and dangerous proceeding. However, as she had enough money of her own to bring in about as much as my own salary, and things were all marvellously cheap, we got along very comfortably, with plenty to eat and drink, and with one little servant; though a report, comically incorrect, did get about among our friends, at a distance, that we could have meat only once a week! It arose from Mrs. Solly happening to mention to some one that the principal butcher in the little town, from whom we got our supply, killed only once a week. But, though we fared well enough, of course our proceedings must have seemed to most of our friends the height of rashness. Once, indeed, my heart failed me when, on going into our little scullery for hot water, I found my wife washing up the dishes; and, like Darius coming to the den of lions, and crying unto Daniel, "with a lamentable voice," I exclaimed: "Oh, Becca! I never thought I should bring you to this." "Then it is a good thing," she answered cheerily, "that I did!" Certainly she gave me no reason to doubt but that, on the whole, she enjoyed the situation. The one rich family of my flock were polite and courteous in their way, and more I had not led her to expect; while, with the rest of the congregation, she soon became very popular.

It is not necessary to say much more of the great change which her presence in my little Yeovil home and world wrought for me, than that it made existence possible and often beautiful, enabling me to live and work on at a time when I doubt if otherwise I could have lived or

worked much longer at all. Life continued to be very difficult for, both within and around me, were disorder and suffering, hard to endure or explain, harder still to conquer and replace by the coming of "the Kingdom of God." The condition of the working classes, especially in the great manufacturing districts and in the agricultural counties, was terrible, while the cruel and selfish profligacy of small employers, especially in little manufacturing towns like Yeovil, in the West of England, was even a sadder sight. It must have often been rather hard lines for my wife in the midst of all this state of things; for she said at a little later period that my talk was then chiefly about "sin and misery, and 'great importance'"! But her spirit of buoyant cheerfulness and devout trust in Supreme Benevolence, Wisdom, and Power was an unfailing resource to herself, and a wonderful help to me.

Years before we were married I had been delighted with papers she had written, and which were printed in the *Christian Teacher*, one on "Vain Imaginations," and another, which was specially helpful to me, called "Thoughts on the Development of Character," in which was a sentence, I remember, that always struck me as singularly fruitful of valuable reflection. "God teaches us by facts," and which is certainly a key that unlocks many of the treasure-chambers both of the Bible histories, and in the "Story of the Nations" and "Religions" of the World. There is a sentence in one of Bacon's Essays to the same effect. My wife had also written a translation of a beautiful paper on "Las Casas," which appeared in the *Christian Teacher*, and concerning which, a few years afterwards, the Rev. J. Hamilton Thom, of Liverpool (one of the editors), wrote to me in terms of enthusiastic approval when I happened, accidentally, to have mentioned in a letter by whom the translation had been made. On one occasion, in our early married days, after a conversation

on the prevailing evil that was in the world, she read me a striking little paper she had written in her maiden days, in which she contended forcibly for the view that there is no *real* evil in the world; and though it was far from permanently satisfying my moral and spiritual needs, I can never forget, nor remember without gratitude, the immense relief it afforded me at the time, and its healing tendency for long after. There was still misery enough in life and in my own heart; but I could battle against it and work on with gradually increasing success. And in life's journey thenceforward, compared with my previous experience, there was all the difference between a pilgrim or knight-errant of the Middle Ages wandering through a dark and demon-haunted forest alone, and continuing the same journey with a brave, bright, and beautiful companion by his side.

For some weeks previous to this period the Anti-Corn Law League had been making great preparations for a Conference of Christian ministers of all denominations to be held in Manchester that summer, with a view of urging their united protest against the cruel and unjust laws which were causing such indescribable misery and privation throughout the country. Now the attitude of the Chartists towards the agitation commenced by Mr. C. P. Villiers, M.P., Colonel (afterwards General) Thompson, M.P., W. J. Fox, M.P., George Thompson, &c., and afterwards taken up so successfully by Cobden and Bright, was naturally as much misunderstood as it was condemned by the leaders of the Anti-Corn Law League. For these "Chartist firebrands," as they were opprobiously termed, contended that to attack these oppressive laws while the great trunk of iniquitous legislation was left standing, was merely attempting to lop off a branch instead of uprooting the Upas-tree itself. So they made a practice of attending the Anti-Corn Law meetings,

which were then being frequently held, and moving an amendment (when the League orators and lecturers had said their say), not indeed hostile to the object of the meeting, for they knew, more or less, the mischief and ruin which the corn-laws were producing, but affirming that a prior and more important duty than repealing those laws was to give the people the power of repealing *all* unjust and oppressive laws, and of securing them against future mischievous and tyrannical Government. Bainbridge had described to me, when first explaining the nature and meaning of the Chartist movement, how he and several of his colleagues had gone to hear a lecture on the Corn-laws at the principal inn in Yeovil, by a well-known and clever lecturer employed by the League, a Mr. Sidney Smith, and how, towards the end of the meeting, which was not very largely attended, the audience (scattered about the benches) suddenly started up and drew together like a flock of sheep on the appearance of a dog, when he rose, and addressing the chair, moved an amendment. Hence the desire both of the Yeovil Chartists and of myself, when we heard of this proposed great Conference of ministers at Manchester, was that I should attend it as an uncompromising opponent of the Corn-laws, but also and especially to plead for a more just representation of the people in Parliament. Yet how were either they or I to provide the funds for such a long and expensive journey? My congregation certainly would do nothing of the kind; but with or without obtaining leave (I forget which, or whether anybody's leave was necessary), we held a meeting in the chapel, delivered our souls in stirring protests, and passed a high spirited resolution in which I was requested to carry the Chartist appeal to the Manchester Conference.

When I first saw the announcement of the proposed Conference, which dwelt on the general suffering of the country, and invited us to meet and consider its causes

and remedies, without making its object exclusively the repeal of the Corn-laws, it had seemed to me, amid all the gloom and misery which weighed so heavily on my mind, as if it were preparing for "a new heaven and a new earth." It was like an opening in the clouds through which light from heaven was streaming down upon us, and feeling as I and my Chartist friends did on the matter, I do not wonder at the enthusiasm with which my remarks were received, and with which the Chartist resolution was carried. But some person, who regarded Chartism "and all its works" as the diabolical device of Satan for the overthrow of civilisation and religion, was passing through Yeovil that night, came to the meeting; and fortunately went away indignant and horrified, to write a bitter and sarcastic account of what he had seen and heard to the principal Tory newspaper of the district (the *Dorset County Chronicle*). My genteel and wealthy friends at Yeovil, on seeing this one-sided diatribe were, of course, rather shocked at my depravity, but said little. Friends at Bridport also saw it, and a leading public-spirited manufacturer, a member of the Congregational Church there, Mr. John Pike Stephens, at once went among his friends, raised the requisite funds to enable me to comply, not only with the request of the Yeovil men, but also with the desire of a number of Bridport Liberals, that I should represent them also at the Manchester Conference. Accordingly, at the appointed time, my wife, who delighted in the idea, and myself set off on an expedition to the Great Northern capital, where the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Beard gave us a most kindly welcome. There was a magnificent attendance of nearly 700 ministers of religion of all denominations, all animated by the strongest determination to do the utmost in their power to get rid of the cruel and unjust landlord-made Corn Laws, which were working such untold evil and

misery among their people. The leading ministers spoke admirably—so did two or three of the principal Anti-Corn Law League laymen, including Cobden and a Mr. Gisborne, M.P. for Derbyshire, I think, and sternly-uncompromising resolutions were carried by acclamation. But I soon saw there was no intention of permitting discussion on the great thesis which I was sent there to advocate—and that it was simply and exclusively an Anti-Corn Law meeting. Moreover, I was only one out of 700 ministers at the conference, and one of the most insignificant. I pleaded hard, however, with all the influential friends to whom I happened to be known, for an opportunity of delivering my message. Dr. Beard, who had deservedly great influence in Manchester, and my valued friend and former fellow-student, the Rev. Francis Bishop (then minister of the old English Presbyterian and Unitarian congregation at Warrington), gave me effectual help; and, on the afternoon of the third day of the conference, when the members were tired, and not half of them present, I was called on to speak, and delivered my soul. True, there was not much response, and, as Mr. Bishop remarked afterwards, by way of consolation, "It was impossible to awaken any enthusiasm in such a meeting." But I had kept faith with my friends at Yeovil and Bridport, and secured half a page in the printed report of the Conference proceedings, to be a witness to future historians of the deep convictions of the English Chartists concerning the relation of their agitation to the movement for the repeal of the Corn Laws.

On our way home, we paid a day's visit to our cousins at Tividale Hall, who had shown us such genuine kindness and sympathy at the time of our wedding—also to those Miss Sollys (then residing at Malvern), at whose house in Chapel Street, Mayfair, we had often, in former days, had such happy meetings—and then journeyed to Kidder-

minster, where I had been invited to preach as a candidate for the vacant pulpit of the English Presbyterian (Unitarian) congregation once occupied by the illustrious Richard Baxter. Had my services been sufficiently acceptable there, it would have been a greater rise in ministerial dignity and emolument, and in the matter of social surroundings, than even an elevation to the Bridport pastorate. But, though I was given to believe a portion of the congregation would have liked me to be chosen as their minister, one of the sermons I preached (on the duty of Unitarians to make their religion a reality by labouring to relieve the sufferings around them, and to have justice done to the working-classes), was considered (we were told) by some of the wealthier members, who were largely engaged as employers of labour in the carpet manufacture, to be dangerously indicative of democratic (or what would now be called Socialistic) tendencies on my part, making it unsafe to invite me to be their settled minister. So we came back to our happy, humble, little home, and worked on there among our generally-attached flock with such measure of faith, hope, and love as we were privileged to possess.

On our way home, by-the-by, on arriving at Bristol, we found, to our annoyance, that the coach from Gloucester had not brought us in time to get on to Yeovil that night by the carrier's van; and, in our extremity, I bethought me of a friend whom I had met at William Wansey's house in "other days," Henry Palmer, and who had welcomed me when I preached at Bristol. He was a son of the Mr. Palmer (a leading solicitor of Bristol), whom my father, also in former times, had employed to conduct a complicated legal business for his firm in that city. Father and son were among the principal members of the Lewin's Mead Unitarian congregation, and when, on the strength of these facts, I boldly drove up, with my newly-married

wife, to the door of their mansion, in Park Row (a step the audacity of which I did not then at all fully realize), I was delighted to find we had a most kind and cordial welcome from Henry Palmer, and a thoroughly courteous and hospitable reception from the proud old gentleman and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Palmer. They made us stay the next day with them, and H. P. took us a lovely drive to the mouth of the Avon.

A similar difficulty, on some occasion, at Bridgewater (for coaching was a complicated and uncertain procedure, at that time, in reaching our home,) led to our making some very delightful Unitarian acquaintances in that town. For when I called, in our trouble, on the Rev. Wm. James, mentioned above, p. 330, he at once introduced us to Mr. and Mrs. John Browne and their large and genial family circle, including Capt. Brown, R.N., the W. Browne's, &c.

We also made very pleasant acquaintances in Bath, when the Rev. Jerom Murch (minister of the Trim Street Unitarian Chapel) and Mrs. Murch kindly invited us to come over from Yeovil to attend the annual meeting of the Western Unitarian Society. They gave us a most hospitable reception, and we had the privilege of hearing a fine sermon and eloquent speech from the Rev. George Harris, the great champion in Scotland of Unitarian truths respecting the Fatherhood and the Love of God against the hard and terrible Calvinism of the Scotch Kirk. I was requested to take the devotional service on that occasion, and was honoured with the regard of this eminent man during subsequent years. I remember another very pleasant excursion to one of these annual meetings, held at Ilminster, where I met my valued old friend, the Rev. W. J. Odgers, who was then strongly suspected of courting a remarkably nice young lady, Miss Eliza Collins, whom I had met at Mrs. Fawcett's, at Yeovil, before my marriage—a suspicion ere long most

happily confirmed the consequence, among other results being, at the present time, two excellent, earnest, and able ministers of Liberal or Unitarian Churches in this country, and that public-spirited, devout, and clever barrister, Dr. Blake Odgers.

CHAPTER XI.

YEOVIL CONTINUED—BIRMINGHAM COMPLETE SUFFRAGE CONFERENCE.

Early in the year 1842, Mr. Bainbridge showed me a copy of a new weekly newspaper, called *The Nonconformist*, edited by a Mr. Edward Miall, which was primarily established for the advocacy of the independence of the Christian Church of all State endowments and State control, but which was also warmly sympathising with the sufferings of the working classes, and with their endeavours to obtain a fair representation in Parliament. It was giving prominence to the proposals of Joseph Sturge and Sharman Crawford, M.P., for the formation of a "Complete Suffrage" League, the objects of which closely resembled those of the National Chartist Association. The three gentlemen now named, and their supporters, felt deeply both the serious condition of the Industrial classes, and the immense importance of showing them that they had earnest and devoted friends among the middle class, who would work heartily and faithfully with them, shoulder to shoulder, for conferring on them the rights and privileges of citizenship. It was with no ordinary satisfaction that Bainbridge and myself, with the best of his mates and colleagues, hailed this new movement. I had been working hard for some months at the pamphlet mentioned above; and which, in my attempt to vindicate the fitness and duty of conferring those rights as set forth in the People's Charter, had swelled to the size

of a small volume. It was nearly ready for publication, and not long after was printed and published under the title of "What Says Christianity to the Present Distress?" Hence I was thoroughly prepared to enter into this movement; and, when Joseph Sturge and his friends, a little later, resolved on holding a conference at Birmingham, to which all the Chartist Associations were to be invited to send delegates, I joined with the Yeovil Chartists in labouring to promote it, and sent Mr. Sturge and his friends a copy of my little printed appeal. Bainbridge and his colleagues wanted me to attend the conference as their representative, an invitation which I earnestly desired to accept. But then once again, the pecuniary difficulty came in the way. My printer and publisher in London had not treated me very well—sending me proofs in pages, instead of in slips, and running up the expenses in a way that began to alarm my Chancellor of the Exchequer, who had courageously and sympathetically encouraged me to print the pamphlet, but who had not counted on having to pay about £25 in consequence. But at this juncture, also, the brave friends of the working classes at Bridport again came forward. Mr. Stephens, to whom I had sent a copy of "What says Christianity," &c., wrote to me saying that if I would represent the Bridport friends of Joseph Sturge and Edward Miall, as well as the Yeovil Chartists, they would pay my travelling expenses; and early in April, 1842, I set out joyfully for Birmingham, where I was most cordially welcomed. William Lovett, John Collins, and their adherents, came in considerable force,* though in some "fear and trembling," lest they should be entrapped into

* Lovett and Collins, after the Birmingham "Bull-Ring riots," had been unjustly imprisoned in Warwick goal, on trumped-up charges, where they wrote a capital pamphlet on "Chartists and Chartism, Education, Moral Force, &c."

any compromises or concessions that might ruin their characters with those who had delegated them, even if the Chartist movement itself were not otherwise injured. But fortunately Feargus O'Connor, and therefore his party, stood aloof, not choosing to accept any offers, or a share in the leadership of any movement, which would commit them to an alliance with middle-class and moderate-minded men like Sturge and his friends. Two or three, however, able and earnest men, who had been ranked among the O'Connor party, especially Bronterre O'Brien, a remarkable and generous-hearted man, did come, and, after the first day of the conference, gave cordial and effective help. The only minister of religion, beside myself, who attended it, was the Rev. Thos. Spencer, M.A., Perpetual Curate of Hinton-Charterhouse, near Bath—an exceptionally fine specimen of a clergyman of the Established Church—a large-hearted, benevolent, and far-seeing man, whose son, Mr. Herbert Spencer, may be proud of his father, as the father, somewhere or other, must be of his son. J. Humphrey Parry (an eloquent and sympathetic friendly barrister), with Henry Vincent, Lowery, Philp, as well as many other thorough-going leading moral-force Chartists, came to the conference, and loyally supported Lovett and Collins at its meetings.

But while Messrs. Sturge, Miall, Sharman Crawford, Rev. Thomas Spencer, H. Parry, Albright, and other middle-class supporters of "Complete Suffrage," met the Chartists and conferred with them just as frankly and honestly as Lovett and his friends met themselves, a painful feeling was at first excited among the Chartists when they found that a well-to-do, energetic young Quaker "cotton-lord," had come from Rochdale to take part in the Conference as a friend of Mr. Sturge. For they were full of suspicions (for which there had often been only too much reason), and they thought this particular

specimen of the capitalist class showed dangerous symptoms of an overbearing disposition, and a desire to dominate the delegates. They little thought that in less than twenty years that young man would be looked to by the Democracy of the United Kingdom as their bravest and doughtiest champion, or that he would, therefore, be an object for the obloquy and hatred of a large proportion of the ruling classes. It was John Bright who had thus descended upon us, and it is needless to say that John Bright could hardly avoid even then being recognised in any public meeting as a man of mark, possessing an indomitable will, and of reserved, if not haughty, character. Hence the Chartist delegates were as much surprised as gratified to find that not only Mr. Sturge and his immediate coadjutors, but even this sturdy Rochdale capitalist, were willing to meet them and their demands in a friendly and conciliatory spirit. Yet how much depends in such cases on the character of the leaders. With Sturge at the head on the one side and Lovett on the other, it was not wonderful that mutual confidence was speedily established, difficulties were smoothed away, concessions, where necessary, made (chiefly, I admit, by the Sturge party), and (for the first three days of the Conference), thoroughly amicable agreements at last arrived at. But there was one great danger still a-head. On the fourth and final day the last of the six points of the People's Charter was to be discussed—Annual Parliaments—and to this, I believe, all of Sturge's friends, including myself, naturally had a strong objection. Our antipathy to it was known to the Chartist delegates, and they were in a state of great excitement and trouble. For on the one hand they felt the greatest reluctance to resist the desire of the friends who had come forward, as they thought, so manfully and generously to co-operate with them in gaining their political rights and freedom, at the cost of so much social obloquy and mis-

representation, and on the other, they knew that if they consented to have even this comparatively unimportant point removed from their Charter, and replaced by "triennial Parliaments," the whole of the O'Connor party, the *Northern Star*, and many even of their own constituents, would at once declare that they had betrayed the Chartist cause, and they would return to their homes discredited men, whose political life and labours were thenceforth ruined. While if they refused compliance, and thereby alienated their new and influential friends, they would not only be nullifying the whole labours and results of the Conference, but would probably be depriving themselves of all help from men who, in every other respect, had shown what invaluable assistance they could render to Lovett and the moral-force, educational party among the Chartist working men. It must have been a terribly anxious time for them, that Thursday night and Friday morning. They represented the matter forcibly to Mr. Sturge and the rest of us; some of them admitting that the difference between Annual and Triennial Parliaments was far too trifling to compensate for the serious evils which insistance on it would cause, but pleading for one more concession to save their political lives and future usefulness, which they had come to the Conference carrying in their hands.

Their gladness and thankfulness, therefore, was proportionately great, when it was announced at the afternoon sitting on the last day of the Conference that the "Complete Suffrage" friends had agreed to waive their objections to placing Annual Parliaments in the programme for future action (though, of course, not pledging themselves to individual advocacy of that point). I was asked to move the resolution which was drafted to give effect to this decision, and to the surprise and delight of the delegates, even John Bright abstained from opposing it, and it was carried triumphantly and unanimously. An interesting and

curious proof of the accuracy of my recollection of this business was afforded to me many years later when, in the summer of 1884, I was taken by my cousin, James Solly, into the committee-room in Colebrooke Row, Birmingham, where the leading Birmingham Liberals were assembling in preparation for the grand open-air demonstration which was to take place that day in support of the new Reform Bill. For John Bright (whom I had met occasionally in the intervening years), came there, and I referred to our having met in that town nearly forty years previously at the "Complete Suffrage" Conference, mentioning especially that closing scene. As I was reminding him of the hostility of O'Connor and the anxiety of Lovett and his friends, and was just saying how Sturge and his colleagues (including himself, Mr. Bright), had generously given way on the Annual Parliaments question, lest——he took the words from my mouth, and added "lest the Chartists delegates should be discredited." It was worth something to have those few minutes' conversation with the old patriot hero, and to see the lasting impression the circumstance had made on him, as well as the calm pleasant satisfaction with which he recalled the memory of those former days.

On the evening of that last day of the conference, a great public meeting was held in the Town Hall, which was packed to its full capacity, the body of the hall being crowded with working men, all standing, and the galleries equally full with persons admitted by ticket. Mr. Sturge filled the chair, and his supporters, with the leaders of the Chartist members of the conference, filled the great platform. The Rev. Thos. Spencer had been obliged to return home, and to my great surprise and even alarm, I was told that I was to speak to some resolution in the course of the evening. No wonder I was startled, for I had never faced such an assemblage before. But the air

was full of excitement. The meeting was enthusiastically sympathetic. Round after round of applause greeted the addresses of the chairman and William Lovett, and especially two of the most eloquent speeches I have ever heard, made by Henry Vincent (who had done "yeoman's service" at the conference), and James Lowery, a remarkably fine, high-hearted Scotchman, who made our hearts thrill with his impassioned references to the grand old Caledonian Covenanters, "hunted like the hart on the mountains," by the persecuting Jacobites, for their loyalty to God and conscience. And then came Bronterre O'Brien, who, as he leaned over the railing of the platform fairly swept the crowd of stalwart Birmingham artizans below him, into ecstacies of delight and admiration. When he was describing the surprise with which he first heard of the projected conference, and the grievous doubt and suspicion with which he came to it as a delegate from "the brave boys of Wootton-under-Edge," he added, "But, brother Chartists, there were two clergymen sent here—only two, but when I first heard them speak in the conference, I slapped my hand on my thigh (suiting the action to the word), and I said to myself, 'By George! it's all right!' One of them, I am sorry to say, has had to go home, but the other, I am glad to find, is on this platform" (and he turned round, amid cheers from his audience, and waved his hand towards astonished and anxious me,) "and he is going to address you to-night!" These words, and the renewed cheering, put a little more heart into me, and I mounted by the chairman's desk, when my turn came, with forced and desperate courage. Yet, when I started with my speech, I well remember feeling, for the moment, in spite of the kindly plaudits of the meeting, as if every thought in my head had utterly vanished. Of course, I spoke in the loudest key I could command, but for a few seconds I hadn't the remotest

idea of what I was saying. Then I recovered my breath and my senses. Thoughts and emotions, long filling my soul, came crowding up; and, though at the height of my passion, when I seemed to myself to be roaring as if through a speaking trumpet, I heard some man at the extremity of the hall cry "Speak up!" yet I saw that my words "caught hold," and that the masses were listening. When I wound up, after some twenty minutes' work, amid their cheers, and almost fell off my perch with excitement and exhaustion, I heard some brawny sympathiser, who took me down, exclaiming: "Bravo! The little 'uns are the best, after all!" No wonder I was considerably surprised, for I had feared a failure.

The Unitarian minister of the "Old Meeting," Birmingham, the Rev. Hugh Hutton, who, in the days of the great Reform Bill agitation, of 1830—32, had been asked by Mr. Attwood, M.P., to offer prayer at the commencement of the vast gathering of Political Unions on Newhall Hill (no other clergymen came on to the platform), having hospitably entertained me at his house during the conference, asked me to stay over the Sunday and take his two services. As kind Mr. Teggin had undertaken my evening service at Yeovil, this I was glad to be able to do. It so happened that among the Chartist delegates I had noticed a particularly thoughtful and refined-looking young man, of the name of Arthur O'Neill (a journeyman printer, I think,) who seemed drawn to me, as I was to him. He told me, in the course of conversation, that he and a few like-minded Chartists in Birmingham, had formed what they called a Christian Chartist Church, an account of which I wrote recently, at the Rev. John Trevor's request, and which he inserted in the organ of his excellent "Labour Church" movement, the *Labour Prophet*. [See Appendix.] He pressed me so cordially to come and address his Christian Chartist friends on the

Sunday afternoon (as I had to be at the "Old Meeting" in the morning and evening), that I could not refuse, though being still much under par in point of health, I had my doubts. However, I believe I got through the service without great difficulty, for my heart warmed towards these men and their admirable leader, Arthur O'Neill, feeling, as I did, the deepest sympathy with them, both for their Chartism and still more for their Christianity. In the strength of the latter they had lived down the obloquy and the dread excited by their Chartism.

It was a very interesting meeting, on my return home, when I recounted to the Yeovil Chartists all that had passed at the Birmingham Conference, and their hopes were raised high, for they (like most of the "Moral-Force" Chartists when the results of the conference were clearly understood), thought they must now be within measurable distance of success. That, of course, was a great mistake, but they would have made a considerable and very real advance on the way to success had it not been for the fatal and overwhelming influence possessed by O'Connor in the control of the *Northern Star* (the only organ of the Chartist movement), and a little later, by the extraordinary and lamentable error committed by the leaders of the Complete Suffrage party. Of this, I shall have to speak presently—also of a serious calamity which befel the Yeovil Chartist Society in the course of the summer. One very interesting event must be mentioned here, though I am not quite sure whether it occurred after or before the Birmingham Conference. One day, Mr. Bainbridge, who lived near us, came across the road to tell me that a young man, possessed of rather remarkable powers of speaking and lecturing, one of the leaders of the Bath Chartists, was coming to Yeovil to give an address at a meeting, which he thought I should like to hear, and which the Yeovil men would be glad if I could attend.

A great Protectionist open-air meeting, in defence of the cruel Corn Laws, had recently been held in Wiltshire, at which this unknown young fellow had had the pluck and hardihood to climb up a pole in front of the platform (not being able to get on it in any other way), and endeavour to address the large crowd in front of him on behalf of the People's Charter, as a more urgently needed reform than even the repeal of the Corn Laws. Of course, the aristocratic and tenant-farmer occupants of the great platform were fiercely indignant at this interruption; but young Clarke's bold attempt was vehemently applauded by a large number of the crowd. He was clearly within his rights, according to the terms in which the meeting was summoned, in endeavouring to address it: and there were two high-hearted noblemen present, Earl Ducie and Earl Radnor, who, besides being zealous opponents of the Corn Laws (in spite of owning much landed property), had also strong sympathies with popular rights and liberties. So, in the midst of the hubbub raised by the intruder, Lord Ducie came to the front, and claimed for him the right of being heard, whereupon he was permitted to make a stirring appeal to the assembled multitude, which, I believe, rang in the ears of the Wiltshire farmers and labourers for many a day.

When Bainbridge called to say that Mr. Clarke had arrived, and was at his house, I went at once and shook hands with a rather tall, slim, dark-haired young fellow who greeted me shyly, yet with a pleasant smile on his face and in his piercing black eyes. My wife said she would like to accompany me to the meeting which was held in a sort of a cock-loft at the top of a public-house. Our coming appeared to create a bit of a sensation among the assembled Chartist patriots, and Clarke told me afterwards, when we had become intimate, that the presence of the minister and his wife, just in front of him,

added greatly to his difficulties in giving his address. For he was only about eighteen, and had not long begun to address meetings of any kind. Nevertheless, he made a capital speech with which my companion and myself were much pleased; and I recollect our looking at each other with great satisfaction when, after describing the way in which the ruling and wealthy classes had tyrannised over the industrious masses, the lecturer added, "But then, my friends, we should have done the same if we had been in their places." I was so carried away at the end of his address by his stirring appeals and by my own sympathies that I believe I should then and there have mounted the little ricketty platform and given in my name as a member of the National Chartist Association (which, on principle, I had hitherto refrained from doing), had not my wife demurred. And she was right for the reason I have given before, and I was soon thankful for her restraining influence. In the ministerial and representative position I held, I had no right thus to identify myself with a political party organisation. But I moved or seconded a hearty vote of thanks to the lecturer, and the next day he dined with us, when we had much interesting conversation. He was at that time apprenticed to an ironmonger in Bath, and was a colleague of Henry Vincent, W. P. Roberts, and another able man whose name I have forgotten, in the leadership of the Chartist movement in Bath. Among other circumstances which interested me greatly in him, was the discovery that, when opportunity served in the course of his Chartist lecturing rambles in the rural districts and small towns of Gloucestershire and Somersetshire, he used to hold short religious services, and preach a stirring little sermon, in which religion and politics found a most unusual but also a most righteous and fitting union. I also learned that he had been brought up in the usual orthodox views of religion, but having been not a little

disgusted with the discrepancy he perceived between his employer's professions and practice since he had been in Bath, he had gradually drifted into scepticism whence he had been working his way back to a basis of Christian faith, which my wife and I informed him was exactly the view taken by ourselves and the Unitarians generally.

My own understanding of the meaning of St. Paul's epistles and of the new Testament generally was being greatly assisted since my marriage by the help my wife gave me in reading, in the original, a remarkably interesting work of Herder's, entitled "Erläuterungen zum Neuen Testament aus einer neueröffneten Morgenländischen Quelle, 1775," in which he begins by expounding the proem of St. John's Gospel, and continues by a similar exposition of portions of that Gospel, and of St. Paul's Epistles, especially of the first chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians. The grand far-reaching thoughts I found in this book opened up to me glimpses into a world of theological truth in some respects different from anything I had learned even from the best of Unitarian divines, and I think nearer to Scriptural truth. But they were by no means incompatible with, still less contradictory to, the views I had learnt from those great teachers, but which were nobly supplemented by Herder, and they materially helped to lead me on to the faith in which I have rested for many years. That faith, I believe, affords the point of view from which we discern most clearly the true meaning of divine revelation—the unveiling of God and of His Son Jesus Christ, of the nature and purpose of the Kingdom of Christ—and therefore the point of view in which the diverging views of Trinitarian and Unitarian, Arian, and Humanitarian, Calvinist, and Theist are reconciled and brought into harmony with higher and diviner realities. It should never be forgotten, I suppose, that the views and creeds of no single individual, nor of any Church which

pins its faith on one particular creed or symbol of doctrine, can give adequate expression to great spiritual and eternal truths. It takes at least three men, sometimes a dozen, to comprehend one such truth; and we can arrive at a full perception of those truths only in proportion as we draw light and wisdom from the teachings of many earnest, devout, far-seeing inquirers and prophets, who have given their lives to meditating on the teachings of God. But I must leave the further statement of my experience in this direction to later stages in my story. Coleridge has been truly described as the founder of the "Broad Church" in England; but how much he owed to the great evangelical German divines and philosophers of the last century has not, I think, been so adequately made known.

I had by this time acquired sufficient facility in extempore preaching to provide my flock with such spiritual nourishment as I had it in my heart and mind to give, without often reading other men's sermons, or undergoing the exhausting labour of writing two complete sermons every week, a labour, indeed, which very few ministers are qualified, either by bodily or intellectual power, to undertake, and which (although my health had considerably improved) I was incapable of performing, by both bodily and mental poverty. As it was, I seemed to interest and help some of my congregation at all events, and in spite of the dissatisfaction experienced by the good folks whose dislike of my Chartist sympathies I have already mentioned, we all moved along in tolerable harmony. My wife had become somewhat well-pleasing even to the family above referred to. She had, of course, brought to our pretty little home her beautiful harp, and this was an object of great interest and curiosity to some of their genteel and orthodox friends, as well as a constant source of enjoyment and refreshment to me. But we made no progress beyond one or two evening parties in the way of such social

intercourse as I had once been used to and still sighed for. We were shunned as infidels or emissaries of the Prince of Darkness, whose existence and labours were permitted for a time by an all-wise Providence, only like other sad and grievous forms of Evil. Yet the godly and orthodox people, both clergy and laity, who thus regarded us, lived on with serene equanimity in the midst of the moral evil and shameful profligacy which shamed and cursed that little manufacturing town to an extent unusual, I believe, even in those days in the West of England, There was no ban, no excommunication, as it seemed, for sinners of the vilest and most heartless character, whatever there might be for truth-seeking heretics.

The mention of Earl Ducie's name, above, reminds me of an incident which was often useful to me in after years. Travelling on some occasion about this time, by the Bridport coach to Taunton, a man in front of me on the box seat, was talking to the coachman in the most bumptious and conceited fashion I had ever heard. At last he said, "Well now, look here, I came down from London the other day by the Great Western Railway in the same carriage with my Lord Ducie. I looked at him, don't you see, from head to foot, and I said to myself, well, if you *are* a lord, I don't see that you are any better man than myself. But then, you know, coachman," he added, "I never did see a better man than myself." Whereupon I remarked, "Allow me then to say, sir, I think you are the most unfortunate man I ever met." He made no reply, and never said another word till we reached Taunton; whether because he was offended or was ruminating on the value of meeting with better men than himself, I don't know. But his remark has more than once helped me to enlarge on the blessing of knowing persons better than ourselves, and the terrible curse of being jealous of them.

After the Complete Suffrage Conference, at Birmingham, Mr. Sturge and his friends raised a fund for paying the travelling expenses of any friends of their movement who might be willing to lecture on the subject, and the cost of holding meetings for the purpose. I was heartily willing to do a little work of that kind, and forthwith prepared notes for a lecture on "Rights and Duties," which I first gave *extempore* in my chapel. It was well attended; and I next repeated it in Bridport to a public meeting, when my much-esteemed friend, Joseph Hounsell, took the chair at the meeting. There was a public-spirited, wealthy farmer, of the name of Brown, from Burton Bradstock, present, who, when the six Dorchester labourers were arrested, tried, and transported, for combining to get the miserable wages of agricultural labourers in the district raised, had hired a post-chaise and four, and hurried up to London to procure the ablest counsel to defend them, and to arouse public opinion in their defence. The London Trade Unionists had convened a great meeting on the same occasion, in Copenhagen Fields, to adopt a memorial to the Government for the reversal of this cruel and unjust sentence, and marched down to Whitehall, 30,000 strong, to present it to the Home Secretary, on April 21st, 1834. Being in the neighbourhood that day, I well remember seeing, with much curiosity, though I fear without much real sympathy, the procession defiling along Tottenham Court Road. Great preparations of both military and police were made in apprehension of a riot, but the meeting passed off quietly, although Lord Melbourne "declined," says Washington Wilks, in his excellent "Half-Century," &c., "to receive a deputation, thus attended, as an attempt to intimidate him." A free pardon was, however, before very long, sent out to these poor Dorchester martyrs, who had been nominally tried and sentenced for administering secret oaths, while in

reality the blow was unrighteously struck at Trades' Unionism. Mr. Francis Place, in 1825, had succeeded in gallantly getting a repeal of the shameful Anti-Combination Laws; and hence the action of the labourers would not have been illegal had it not been for an obsolete statute against administering oaths to the members of a Secret Society.

I was curiously nervous at the prospect of addressing that Bridport public meeting, but gained confidence as I went on. After the meeting, Mr. Brown, who had been present, came to see me at Mr. Hounsell's house, told me he had been much pleased with my little book on "What says Christianity," &c., wished me great success in my Complete Suffrage and Chartist labours, and ended by thrusting a £5 note into my hand towards the expense of the said publication. In the course of the next fortnight or three weeks, I addressed two meetings at Exeter (where I was placarded all through the town as the "Rev. H. Sally"), and others at Crediton (where the squire of the parish entertained me, and attended my open-air meeting on horseback,)—at Tiverton (where Lord Palmerston's supporters were friendly, though rather shy), Wellington, Taunton (where an influential and very pleasant Liberal, Mr. Beadon, J.P., entertained me, and took the chair at my meeting), Bridgewater, and Bristol—returning of course, each week, for my Sunday duty. At all these places there was a certain amount of sympathy evoked for our movement; and at Exeter, Mr. Latimer, the editor and proprietor of the then celebrated *Western Times* (which stood up in splendid style for the Liberal cause amid a host of gainsayers), gave me a very kind and generous support, and remained my good friend for the rest of his career. But such lectures, though they are no doubt useful, need following up by local organizations to be of much permanent value. And that was not done. At Bristol, I

remember we had a bit of a disappointment. Mr. Sturge's friends, anticipating a large attendance, had taken the biggest room for public meetings in the city—the Broadmead Rooms—and either from want of due advertisement, or from want of interest in the subject, neither middle-class folk, or even the working men, came in numbers sufficient to fill one-third of the great hall. However, those who did come, were in earnest. The chairman introduced me with great cordiality, holding up my little book as a full and sufficient guarantee for the truth and value of what I might have to advocate. On that occasion, I began to learn the value of being able to speak with equal animation to a small as to a large audience. But I have never been quite able to understand why so many ministers of religion, including myself (at all events in the Unitarian denomination and among the Episcopalians), seem to speak with more energy and eloquence from the platform, and to a public meeting, than they do from the pulpit. Of course, the inspiring effect of a large audience, which Unitarian ministers do not often get, except on special occasions (or, as I have heard it said, when they preach on the existence of the devil!) is very great. But something more is needed to account for the fact mentioned. And then, again, it is curious to note how frequently Unitarian ministers have thrown themselves into Social, Educational, Literary, Municipal, and Civic work generally, with greater ardour than into what is considered the more appropriate labours of disciples of Christ. This, however, can perhaps be explained by reflecting on the reaction they have experienced from ceremonialism and their dread of cant, as well as from their strong desire to apply their religion practically to the wants and woes of this present world—in a word, from their deep convictions as to the duty of helping to cause the will of God to be "done on earth as it is in heaven,"

and not merely to "save men's souls." For this, in orthodox circles, has too often only meant helping them to escape from the fire and brimstone torments of a future hell, and disporting themselves in the luxurious enjoyments of an imaginary Paradise. I may the more permissibly venture to speak on this tendency to turn aside from the usual groove of ministerial duty, because I have largely yielded to it myself. I cannot say how it may have been with my brethren in the ministry; but I know that in these deviations I believed I was labouring in the service of my Master, the Lord of the Churches, just as decidedly as when I was preparing pulpit compositions, engaging in prayer, or visiting the sick and the troubled in heart. The words which Bainbridge used to me, on the occasion which I have referred to above, have sounded in my ears, and in the depths of my heart, for more than fifty years.

But, like all our other glimpses at spiritual, no less than material truths, this view has to be supplemented by another—and I doubt if those of us who have laid it deeply to heart, have always sufficiently considered the infinite value of awakening, unfolding, enriching men's spiritual nature, nor the extent to which material improvement, and social and political progress *are* promoted by the growth and Christian development of our spiritual life. Moreover, I have lived to see that there is nothing for which persons are so deeply and permanently grateful as when they feel that this life has really been awakened and cherished within them. The reason why there is not a far larger amount evinced of that gratitude and personal devotion to the man or woman who has awakened it, is because of the comparatively small extent to which the blessing has been conferred. Yet every great religious revival, every successful ministry, in all ages, has given ample evidence of the truth of what has just been said.

From the days when Jesus walked in Palestine, and the elders of Ephesus fell on Paul's neck, sorrowing because they should see his face no more, to the work of the Salvation Army at the present day, not only have sincere and devout "preachers of righteousness," and saviours of the soul, wrought immense moral and material good for their disciples, but they have won an amount of personal loyalty and love which has made them "princes," having "power with God and men." I doubt whether either I, or others of my ministerial brethren who have been "zealous for good works," have always adequately realized this.

The remark just made respecting the results of preaching on the existence of the devil in regard to attendance at Unitarian chapels, reminds me of a different result when in the course of a series of lectures which I had been delivering at the Vicarage Street Chapel, I gave one which was a much more vigorous denial of the existence of such a being than I could honestly deliver now. For since and before that time I have seen and known of so much devilry among human beings, that I find it difficult to doubt the existence of evil spirits in our midst, invisible to the bodily eye, but making their presence very palpably felt by *our* spirits. But this is too large a question to be discussed here. What I was going to mention was the curious effect of my lecture on a worthy member of my flock—a poor widow whom it led to leave us altogether —for when I conversed with her as to her reason for thus separating from us, she answered, "Well, Sir, you have been declaring there is no such person as Satan; and if there really is, he will be so very angry with me for continuing to go to your chapel, that I think I had better stop away." Which accordingly she did; and I remember being told that other persons had been earnestly warned against attending my services because "those Unitarians believe in neither God nor devil!"

But those of us who were then united in the bonds of Christian fellowship, had a great deal of brotherly affection for each other, and my wife and myself have always looked back lovingly to the memories of the warm hearts who then surrounded us. One little scene comes before me as I write, illustrating the footing on which we were with them. It was a miniature ball given by the Chartists and their wives and daughters at Mr. and Mrs. Bainbridge's cottage home, to which my wife and I were invited, and where Mr. B. and my wife led off a country-dance together to the great delight of the sturdy supporters of the Charter and their feminine relations. We were struck with the refinement of manners and good taste which pervaded the assembly, where we spent a very pleasant evening.

It was about this time, I think, that Bainbridge, Stevens, and myself drafted an appeal to the public, which the Chartist Committee printed, and widely circulated. It was headed "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." Of course we had no means of knowing what effect this handbill may have produced. But we did know that the employer of my two much-valued and esteemed friends was informed by several of his most influential customers that if he did not discharge these "ringleaders of sedition," they should at once withdraw their patronage; and our friends called on us one night to tell us they had "got the sack." We were, of course, much disturbed by this news, but the Chartists generally were first fiercely indignant and then almost in despair. Yet what could be done? Bainbridge, they determined must at all costs be kept in the town, as the head of the movement, and a small fund was raised (to which he himself was the largest contributor), to enable him to open a little grocer's shop. To this fund, as my generous friend the Burton Bradstock farmer, had on three subsequent occasions asked me to accept a £5 note till he had thus nearly cleared off the whole sum

I had spent on my little book, my wife and I contributed £5 by way of loan (every shilling of which, in after and prosperous years, Mr. Bainbridge repaid). We lent Stevens the same amount to enable him to emigrate to the United States, where he had a great desire to settle, and where he lived to become a prosperous and influential citizen. I ought to add in reference to Mr. Brown's most welcome subventions, that when they had amounted to within £5 of the expense of printing my book, and it might have been embarrassing had they continued much longer, he was much annoyed, on the last occasion when I met him, by my out-spoken denunciations of Feargus O'Connor and the sad injury he was inflicting on the Chartist cause, by his persecution of Lovett and the Moral-Force Chartists. Mr. Brown thoroughly believed in O'Connor, and I never saw or heard from him again.

Bainbridge's little venture, though he was well seconded in his endeavours by his excellent, high-spirited wife, ended disastrously. He was a first-rate workman in his own trade, but he had had no experience either in the grocery or any other kind of business, and it would not have been surprising if he had been unable to make his shop pay, even without the help which some of his old friends gave him by being good customers, but neglecting to pay their bills! The capital system of selling only for ready money had, unfortunately, not then been introduced by the "Rochdale Pioneers." He had to give up the attempt before very long, and take a situation in one of the best furniture shops (Morant and Boyd) in London, where his abilities were well known and duly appreciated. He was welcomed heartily by the London Chartists, and of course by Lovett, who was then trying to make a living by keeping a small bookseller's shop, in Tottenham Court Road, and doing excellent educational work, both for juveniles and adults, in a hall which he had hired in High

Holborn. Bainbridge was soon hard at work with him there in the educational line, doing a lot of good; and, before long, getting a "Marylebone Public Free Library" started by public subscriptions. But alas, our little Sunday School at Yeovil, and the new "Mutual Improvement Society" we had formed, suffered irreparably from the unworthy fears and selfish tyranny of the upper classes in and about the town, which drove from among us two such men as Bainbridge and Stevens. The short-sightedness, also, of such conduct was manifest from the fact that if there had been, in reality, any danger from seditious proceedings or violent outbreaks among the people, at that time, in the West of England, the very men thus cruelly and mischievously driven away, and men like them, would have been the most effective mediators between the upper and working classes—the most powerful to prevent or allay disturbance.

Of this, however, there was no danger in our district, nor I believe anywhere in the South and West of England. The people suffered and starved in silence, enduring, with pathetic and almost sublime patience, both their physical privations and, what has been well described as the bitterest drop in the cup of suffering, a corroding sense of the injustice (and selfishness), which is the cause of it. But in the North of England, at this time, the long smouldering fires of discontent and misery, had at length broken into flame, and, day by day, tidings reached our little quiet town of terrible doings in Lancashire, Cheshire, Leicestershire, and Derbyshire, which made my Chartist friends prick up their ears and say: "Well, if relief is ever to come to the people by violence, it is coming now." Thomas Cooper, the famous Leicester Chartist, author of "The Purgatory of Suicides" (written in prison), and a passionate admirer of Feargus O'Connor, has given a graphic account of these disastrous outbreaks

in his autobiography; Gammage also has described them faithfully in his "History of Chartism." Of course, the arm of the law, in the shape of the military, as well as police force, was too strong for the aimless, unorganized rioters, but there is no doubt that their blind fury, ruinous as it was to many of themselves, gave a strong impulse to the forces then engaged in promoting a repeal of the oppressive and tyrannical Corn Laws.

During this summer, we had the great pleasure of a little visit of two or three days from my attached and valued old friend, William Wansey. Since I left London, he had married a very clever, delightful young lady, a Miss Allsop, an heiress, and was shortly going abroad with her for a splendid tour in Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, where his remarkable gift of sketching, as an amateur artist, had full play.

In narrating the discharge of Bainbridge and Stevens, I ought not to have omitted mentioning a fact which I shall always gratefully remember, viz., that in consequence of a letter respecting it, which I sent to the *Somerset County Gazette* (the first I ever contrived to write to a public journal), the editor, with a courage and public spirit which did him infinite credit (for it was at the risk of considerably injuring the circulation of his paper), not only inserted my letter, but followed it up by a manly leader, denouncing this gross act of oppression. I have since wished, more than once, that I had endeavoured, some time when in Taunton, to make that editor's personal acquaintance, and given him my hearty thanks.

But, though we had lost the two best men in our ranks, we were not going to throw up the game in despair; but, hiring a big hay-loft over a large barn, in a back lane of the town, and collecting subscriptions and donations (chiefly from and by the working men), we pushed on our operations for adapting our new premises to the purposes

of our Mutual Improvement Society. The members gave their time and skill freely, and worked with a will, fitting up the old loft very nicely. We started lectures, concerts, readings, and recitations, with something like classes, and were certainly thereby doing some little good in the town.

But both our work and aims were misunderstood and misrepresented; and the whole affair, and my ministerial career in Yeovil, before long, were summarily knocked on the head by a letter I received from the Treasurer of my congregation informing me that he could no longer be responsible for my salary. He said that he deeply regretted I had thought fit to take such a part in political agitation, that if I had confined myself to what he termed ministerial work and continued as I had begun, he was satisfied I should have done much good. Now as this letter meant that he could no longer contribute the £20 he had been in the habit of giving towards the minister's salary and chapel expenses, while all the other contributions amounted to only about £10, and the endowment brought up that salary to only £65 per annum, it was evident that I must look out for another congregation. The Mutual Improvement Society had been represented to the Treasurer and his sons as a very hot-bed of mischief; and no doubt we should sometimes have had political meetings and lectures in our "Hall," though no sedition would have been promulgated there. But our primary object was Educational in the best and widest sense of the word. It was a *bonâ fide* attempt to work out Lovett's aims and principles by trying to educate those for whom we were striving to obtain the franchise, combined with the additional purpose of affording our members a pleasant and comfortable room for reading, games, conversation, and entertainments. All this reminds me of a striking illustration of the difference between Lovett's and O'Connor's leadership which Charles Clarke mentioned to me when conversing with him on the

Chartist movement. He said they were once going to hold a great Chartist meeting in Bath, at which O'Connor was to give an address. Henry Vincent, Mr. Roberts, himself (Clarke), and others were assembled in the Committee-room, previous to going on the platform, and Clarke said he was watching his opportunity for telling O'Connor what they were doing in that city towards educating the people. But he had no sooner begun, and uttered the words "education of the people," when the burly agitator turned on him, fiercely exclaiming "D——n their education!" and swung himself round on his heel away from my indignant young friend, who did not forget his behaviour.

The grief and dismay of the members of our little society when they heard that my wife and I would have to leave the town, was very genuine. They said the society would be broken up, but, of course, I urged them to be more independent, and they promised to try. They got up a capital farewell tea-meeting in our Workmen's Hall, which was prettily decorated for the occasion, and presented me with a gratifying address engrossed on parchment. My wife's youngest brother, William Shaen (afterwards so widely and honourably known in many a noble and philanthropic cause), who was returning from Cornwall to London, stopped with us on his way, and made his first public speech at this little tea-meeting. It was a very interesting but sorrowful occasion, for we were all sincerely attached to one another; and I felt, as I said, that I should care very much to the end of my days for all working men from what I had seen and learnt of, and from, some of them, while living and working among them in Yeovil.

The congregation, or rather most of them, also seemed very sorry to part from us, and they, too, had a little farewell tea-party and presented us with an address. But the world is not quite perfect yet, and there were

shadows even in our recollections of these last days. One remarkably nice fellow, a very steady and useful teacher in our Sunday school, an operative glove-cutter, but not a Chartist, was so excited by the praise I gave him at one meeting, and by the number of visits his admiring companions, therefore, made him pay to divers public-houses on his way to another farewell meeting, that to my distress he had to be taken away by them from the second meeting prematurely. That scene naturally did its part in contributing to my love for public-houses and the drinking customs of the working classes generally.

As regarded the Mutual Improvement Society, there was also a gloom thrown on it after we left. I believe it would have been carried on successfully, had not the proverbial "black sheep" to be found in every flock, got admission to it, gained the confidence of the members, started a "Boot and Shoe Club," and decamped in due course with the funds, consisting of the hard-earned savings of the members.

CHAPTER XII.

Life at Tavistock.

How ministers in search of pastorates, and congregations in want of a minister, managed to make their wants mutually known in print before the era of the *Inquirer*, *Unitarian Herald*, and *Christian Life*, I do not distinctly remember, but I suppose it was from the *Christian Reformer* (monthly), edited by my former pastor, the Rev. Robert Aspland, of Hackney, that I learned there were vacant pulpits at Tavistock and Mansfield, desiring to be filled; and, in the autumn of 1842, I went to each of them in succession, by invitation, as a candidate. At Tavistock, I had a very cordial welcome from a kind-hearted, cultivated little congregation, consisting

pretty equally of middle and working class members. The borough, though small, possessed many advantages in the shape of an excellent Literary and Scientific Institution, a Public Library, two Liberal Members (one of them, Mr. Rundle, the managing partner of a large Foundry and local Bank, and President of the Institution—the other a scion of the House of Russell), a good and well-attended Mechanics' Institute, a capital Temperance organization, lovely scenery, proximity to the grand "Tors" of Dartmoor, with a population largely composed of intelligent Methodist miners, and generally distinguished for alert, intelligent, and inquiring minds. But I was especially charmed with the warmth and friendliness, as well as culture, of the congregation I was visiting, forming such a marked contrast to the character and disposition of the middle class element at Yeovil. My first experience in approaching them, however, was more precipitate than agreeable; as, in company with the driver, I was pitched headlong from the box of the omnibus which brought me from Exeter, *viâ* Okehampton to Tavistock. But the delightful Devonshire air, and especially the kindness of my reception by Mr. and Mrs. Cumming, with a slight amount of tender coddling from that excellent and most motherly lady, enabled me to appear in the Abbey Chapel pulpit, next morning, in fairly respectable form.

That Abbey Chapel had formerly been the Refectory of the Roman Catholic Abbey, of Tavistock, which, with all its large estates, was handed over by Henry VIII. and his parasites to Mr. Russell, about the time when Woburn Abbey and other property, now of enormous value, was also bestowed on that fortunate founder of the House of Russell. The Earl of Bedford, who represented that house in 1662, when, on St. Bartholomew's day of infamous memory, two thousand clergymen were driven from the Church of England by the Act of Uniformity, bestowed

this refectory (in conformity with the liberal and generous instincts which have characterised his family), on the ejected clergyman of the Parish Church of Tavistock, together with a small endowment. Like so many other congregations which have owed their origin to the faithfulness to conscience of those ejected ministers, the Abbey Chapel flock now hold what are called Unitarian views, but they occupied a very different position in the town, socially, to that of my previous charge in Yeovil. Several of the leading townsmen, both in the professional and mercantile line, and a small landed proprietor of ancient Devon family, as well as several well-to-do, respectable, and influential tradesmen, belonged to it, with a number of intelligent and public-spirited artizans and miners. The liking I took to these worthy and interesting folks appeared to be mutual, and I received an invitation at once to become their settled minister. But previously to going as a candidate to Tavistock, I had accepted an invitation to do the same at Mansfield, Notts, where the salary was £100 a year, while at Tavistock it was only £70. However, I was not half so much attracted by the appearance of the people and their surroundings at the latter place as at Tavistock; and, on my return home from the West, and after my wife and I had weighed the *pros* and *cons*, I wrote to Mr. Cummings to accept the Abbey Chapel pastorate without waiting to see if I was to be invited to Mansfield—a fortunate step, not only because we were far more useful and happy there than I believe we should have been at Mansfield, but also because I was *not* invited by the elders of the latter congregation. Two or three years later, I had a touching and gratifying letter from one of its principal and worthiest members (Mr. Brodhurst), regretting that I had not been chosen as their minister; but even if his counsels had prevailed, it was far better I should be settled at Tavistock.

Gladly as I should linger over further descriptions of my new congregation and the surrounding circumstances, scenery, &c., I must confine myself to a very few incidents which occurred during our residence in that charming little town and its romantic neighbourhood, and will, therefore, only say that, much as we regretted having to leave Yeovil, the social position and happiness of my wife and myself were greatly improved by the change. We found ourselves not only in the midst of a very kind, simple-hearted, and cultivated circle of friends in my own congregation, interested in literary and philosophical as well as in religious, social, and political topics, but surrounded also by a number of thoughtful, intelligent acquaintances among Churchmen and Dissenters, middle-class folk and operatives. Any allusion, however, to these excellent Tavistock friends, without special mention of the Rev. J. R. McKee, would be very incomplete. This gentleman, trained for the ministry at Belfast, and for some years minister of the old Presbyterian Chapel in Shrewsbury, had recently left Manchester (where he was Dr. Beard's colleague in the mastership of that gentleman's well-known private school), in order to take the head mastership of a new proprietary school at Tavistock, established for the sons of the gentry and tradesmen of the town and neighbourhood. With Mr. McKee, and afterwards with his wife (the Miss Jeffrey, who accompanied Miss Martineau in her American tour), when he married and settled at Shrewsbury, my wife and I formed a friendship which lasted till their deaths. It was a considerable addition to our happiness at Tavistock having such a cultivated, genial, friendly member of our congregation.

At the Literary and Scientific Institution able and interesting lectures on a great variety of subjects, given by local talent, and followed by discussions which were among the best I have ever attended, were delivered all through the

winter, the chair being occupied by Mr. Rundle, M.P., when not obliged to be at St. Stephen's, and on whom, as a live member of Parliament, I looked with vast respect.

A main cause, I must remark, of the marvellous difference between the intellectual and social life of this little Devonshire borough, with its 5,000 citizens, and that of the larger and probably wealthier town from which I came, with its 7,000 inhabitants, was, I believe, its possession of the Parliamentary Franchise, and also in some degree the almost imperceptible but very real, and, on the whole, elevating influence through many generations of the House of Russell. But the Parliamentary Franchise was the chief factor, for this evoked an interest in national affairs and political questions, cherished an amount of political and corporate life, which was almost entirely wanting in Yeovil except among the despised and hated Chartists. The periodical elections, the recurring speeches, visits, and the mere presence, of its M.P.'s, as well as its connection with the old Whig aristocracy, all acted and reacted on the population, tending to produce the favourable results mentioned; and then there was the fervent and very genuine, if often narrow and one-sided, devotion of the Methodist mining population which exerted an elevating influence, the nature of which could be well understood only by those who have lived among the Cornish and Devon miners.

Of course, there was a lively little Chartist Association in the town, and my first appearance on a public platform there, was when I had to address a crowded meeting on the question of appointing a delegate to the second "Complete Suffrage" Conference which, at the conclusion of the last, it was arranged should be held at the close of the year in Birmingham to complete the work of the first, and to start the new organisation which was to unite all Radical reformers, alike of the middle and working

classes, in one compact organisation for obtaining the enactment of the People's Charter. But, unfortunately, the leading Chartists at Tavistock, unlike those of Yeovil, were violent partisans of O'Connor, and had too large an admixture of his tone and spirit. This feature of their society was forcibly manifested by their principal spokesman after I had concluded the address which they had invited me to give. He said, indeed, he had "never heard the points of the Charter better expounded," but he repudiated with warmth the distinction I drew between William Lovett's Moral-Force Educational party, and Feargus O'Connor's physical-force and bluster. He and his little party were led away like so many other sincere and earnest Chartists by the unfortunate influence of the *Northern Star*, and were even more afraid of Joseph Sturge's machinations than of William Lovett's and Henry Vincent's. Hence the proposal to send a delegate to the "Complete Suffrage" Conference to be held the last week in the following December (1842) was rejected, and I left the meeting disappointed and rather disheartened. A young shoemaker, however, who, later in life, became a tower of strength to the working classes in the cause of Trade Unions and Liberal reform, and to the Radical party of the United Kingdom generally, walked over from Plymouth (15 miles) to attend the meeting; and one night, more than twenty years afterwards, at an important meeting of London Trades' Delegates, held in the Old Bailey, this same young man, then in middle-life, and known far and wide as George Odger, rose to defend me from an attack made by a dissatisfied Trade Unionist, told the meeting that he had heard me advocating the rights of the people at Tavistock years before many of them had gone to school, and declared me to be worthy of their confidence.

After that meeting, of course, I gave up all idea of

attending the Birmingham Conference; and was not a little surprised when a letter came from the Conference Committee in Birmingham, to say that I had been appointed by a Scotch burgh (Stirling, I think), to represent them at the Conference, and that they, the committee, would pay my travelling expenses. Accordingly I set off at the appointed time with a joyful heart for the Midland capital. It was a desperately tedious journey of two days and in the depth of winter, by an omnibus to Exeter, then by coach to Taunton, rail to Bristol, coach to Gloucester, rail to Birmingham. When I got there and met my friends, I was sorry to learn that Feargus O'Connor had come to the Conference with a large following, and this boded mischief. On the other hand Lovett and his supporters were in full force also. All went smoothly at first, in spite of the election battles fought in various places between the Chartists generally and the "Complete Suffrage" party, to get their respective candidates elected as delegates to the Conference. Between 400 and 500 men were assembled, and Mr. Sturge was chosen chairman without opposition. One of his friends moved that the "Bill of Rights," drafted by the Council of the "Complete Suffrage" Union, and which contained the Six Points of the Charter, as we had agreed to them in April, should form the basis of discussion. Now this, as the Union had been formed to obtain for the people those political rights and franchises, freed from the fatal odium attaching to the name of the Charter and the Chartists, was a natural and apparently expedient course for the Council to take. The misfortune was that this step was like a strategical manœuvre made during a battle in ignorance of the forces and disposition of the enemy. Mr. Sturge and his friends were, seemingly, not aware of the depth and intensity of the attachment which the Chartists (Lovett and his supporters, as well as the rest of them) felt

for the name they and their document bore, and for which they had suffered so cruelly. I was not, myself, aware of the course they were going to adopt. The fatal error into which the Council of the "Complete Suffrage" Union had been betrayed was that of not consulting sufficiently with Lovett and his immediate friends, with the view of ascertaining what course those men were prepared to adopt at the Conference, as they might be certain that it would be impossible to carry any proposal, if the Lovett and O'Connor parties were united in opposing it.

Lovett, as the father of the Charter, who had suffered an unjust and cruel imprisonment, which brought him to death's door and permanently injured his constitution, was inevitably much surprised and distressed at the determination of the Council of the Union to shelve the Charter, and substitute for it another document, embodying his own views, but baptised with another name. Amid the frantic joy and cheering of the Chartist delegates, he said he felt compelled, though with deep regret, to oppose the resolution, and to move, as an amendment, that the discussions of the conference should take place not exclusively on the Bill of Rights, but also on the People's Charter. This, again, was a mistake, because we had fully discussed the Charter at the previous conference. The question now was in what form, and under what name, a Bill should be introduced into Parliament for securing the enactment of the Six Points. The Chartists knew, or ought to have known, that they would gain immensely in their chances of obtaining success if they now went to Parliament with the aid, and under the sanction of, middle-class men like Sturge, Miall, Sharman Crawford, John Bright, Serjeant Parry, and others; and to throw these chances away merely for the sake of retaining a name so justly dear to them, was sacrificing the reality of a great political reform to the shadow represented

by a sentiment. One young man, of the name of Somers, a delegate from a Scotch burgh, saw the right course to be adopted, at all events for the present, and he moved, as an amendment, that the two documents should be discussed, *pari passu*, first a clause of the Bill of Rights, and at the same time the corresponding clause of the Charter. Mr. Williams, of Sunderland (afterwards Alderman Williams), who had long been known to me by name as an honoured friend of Bainbridge and Lovett, I think seconded Somers' proposal, and if the Sturge party generally had supported this fair and reasonable course, the subsequent split might have been avoided, for I believe Lovett and his friends would have consented to this compromise. But, unhappily, the amendment was refused by the Complete Suffrage party, and was lost by a large majority, for now the party spirit on both sides ran high. Then, as the name of each delegate was called out, he had to stand up, and simply say on which side he voted, without adding another word. It was an intensely painful moment for me, brought to the meeting as I had been by the influence and at the expense of my Complete Suffrage friends, yet feeling fully convinced that they were taking a wrong and fatal step, unjust to Lovett and all who had worked and suffered with him, and a death-blow to all hopes of effectual union in this important movement between the middle and working classes. When my name was called, it was with great effort I answered: "I voted with Somers, but I must vote with Lovett," and the cheers which greeted me were but a poor compensation for the pain of feeling that ties of friendship were being broken and that a great cause was being wrecked.*

Lovett's motion, after a rapturous eulogium passed on

* See Gammage's "History of Chartism," p. 262; and "The Life of Thomas Cooper, by himself," chap. xxi., p. 226. Mr. Pierce from the Isle of Wight, and Arthur O'Neill also remained with Lovett.

him by the man who, through the *Northern Star*, had so long vilified him, and spared no pains to destroy his influence in the movement, was carried by a considerable majority, whereupon Mr. Sturge and his friends, with two or three of the rank and file of the Chartists, including Henry Vincent, left the conference and continued their consideration of the Bill of Rights in a separate building. Of course, I could not go with them. I remember getting leave to give an address after the sittings of the conference to such of the delegates as liked to stay and hear it, on the methods which seemed to me necessary, or at all events desirable, to be taken for the enfranchisement and elevation of the working classes, and several members of the conference remained to hear and discuss what I had to discourse about, because they thought, or at least said, that I had given up party for principle. I don't remember anything else except that I left the conference on the Friday evening much depressed, but with warm expressions of regard from Lovett and other Chartists. In order to reach Exeter in time for the omnibus to Tavistock, on Saturday night, I ought to have left Birmingham by a very early train on Saturday morning, but was precluded from doing so in consequence of having to go all across Birmingham to Edgbaston, to get my travelling expenses, without which I had not money enough to return home. This brought me into much trouble and extra expense, for I felt it was absolutely necessary to reach Tavistock in time, at least, for the evening service on Sunday. It was also, of course, important to return as quickly as possible, for there was then no telegraph wire to let my expectant wife know the reason of my not returning on Saturday night.

One advantage, indeed, came from the delay. On the railway platform at Birmingham, I saw a young man bound, like myself, for Bristol, to whom I had listened with much interest and pleasure at the Conference, and

was sorry when I found we could not travel in the same compartment as he had to follow a companion. However, at Gloucester, where the journey had to be continued by coach, we mounted the back seat together, while my friend's companion perched himself on the roof with his face to us. Then the Chartist delegate explained to me that as soon as he had come down to breakfast that morning at the Temperance Hotel where he was staying, this man had come to him with a letter directed to himself, but, on opening it, he found only a blank, and the bearer of the missive then informed him that he was a police-officer sent by the Bristol magistrates on the chance of his being at the Conference, with a warrant for his apprehension, and this blank letter being the approved method for identifying the person against whom the officer had a warrant. In the course of our conversation, he told me that he was going to be tried for what was termed a seditious speech some months before at Bristol, and for which I am sorry to say he subsequently got six months' imprisonment. I have quite forgotten his name, and regret that I never saw him again. But I do not forget, and never shall, the combined simplicity and earnestness with which he gave me his views as to the elevation of the working classes, the great ends of life, and the means of attaining them. I was so struck with the high principle and largeness of thought, as well as insight into the needs and wants of his class, which all he said (both at the Conference and on our journey) manifested, that at last I could not help asking him to what source he chiefly attributed his possessing the views and convictions he had been expressing. "Well," he answered, "I owe them chiefly to Dr. Channing." These were the kind of working men whom, at that time, an oppressive Government and unjust laws were driving into so-called sedition and then breaking both their spirit and their health in gaol.

I came on by the night mail from Bristol to Exeter, arriving there about midnight, and next morning hired a gig to take me on to Moretonhampstead, and then another to bring me the thirty miles over Dartmoor to Tavistock, where, on arriving about four or five p.m., I saw my wife standing at the door of our temporary lodgings, looking down the hilly street as she heard the noise of wheels. It was an expensive as well as fatiguing journey (though the Birmingham friends, grieved as they were at my secession, honourably paid the greater part of it); but I have seldom felt more thankful for being led to do a troublesome duty than I did for coming across Dartmoor that Sunday, and arriving in time to take the evening service. For it was the last night of the old year. All the circumstances of the previous few days, the ride through the darkness of the night, and over the glorious breezy moor on the winter's day, had each lent their inspiration, and I poured out my whole soul to my people in thoughts on the close of the year, suggested by the words of Christ, "Be ye therefore ready also, for ye know neither the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh." It so happened that there was one of the worthiest, kindest-hearted men in my congregation, a respectable well-to-do tradesman, who seemed to have but one fault, and that only occasionally, but it was one that might have ruined him for life. He had been tempted by Christmas festivities and the prevailing habits round him, as I afterwards heard, to fall into excess that week, and the inevitable attendant disgrace. As he left the Abbey Chapel that evening he vowed never to touch another drop of intoxicating drink as long as he lived, and he kept his word, living and dying respected and loved by all who knew him.

Early in the following spring, my wife received the infinite blessing of motherhood, by the birth of our first-born, a very lovely little baby-girl, and was happy with

great unutterable joy. I had never had younger brothers or sisters, being the youngest myself, to love and pet, nor cared a bit about babies, or the blessing of parental privilege. It was a matter of far deeper anxiety than joy this arrival. Yet even now I remember the new and blessed emotion with which, after a little while, and when the mother's safety was assured, I repeated in my evening prayers the words "Our Father who art in Heaven."

Being asked to read a paper at the Literary and Scientific Institution, I gave one on Fourier's "Phalasterium," a copy of which a friend had given me, and which (like the schemes of St. Simon and Robert Owen that had previously fascinated me) seemed to me to contain elements of social progress of great value; but I was well "heckled" in the discussion that followed by a shrewd clever member of the institute, who stood at the head of the tradesmen or middle-class of the town, and was a chief pillar of the Congregational Church there. I was a little taken aback by his caustic and rather acrid criticisms, but it was a useful discipline. I only wish the light of the great Co-operative movement had then dawned on me, instead of the impracticable dreams and specious fallacies of St. Simon, Robert Owen, and Fourier.

Early in this year (1843) a curious event grew out of a lecture I gave one Sunday evening, on "The Atonement," at the end of which I gave the usual notice of my Wednesday evening Bible-reading and prayer meeting. An earnest and devout, but rather scatter-brained Methodist local preacher, who had come to hear me, forthwith went among his brother miners and told them that he was going to have a grand discussion with the Unitarian parson on the doctrine of the Atonement on the following Wednesday evening, so that when I came to my Bible meeting, which was always held in the vestry, I found the chapel-yard, a

part of the chapel and the vestry, so crowded with swart Methodist miners, that I could not reach the chapel. The man who had brought them together soon came up to me, and explained the scene, whereupon I told him that I should be quite ready to discuss the subject of the Atonement with him in public, at a proper time and place, but I could not consent to have our quiet prayer and Scripture meeting turned thus suddenly and irregularly into a heated wrangle. I asked him if he would agree to an arrangement for a public discussion, to which he replied that he would not undertake the discussion himself, but that one of his brethren, a local preacher of the name of Brown, then up in the vestry, would certainly do so. Mr. Brown was accordingly brought down, through the dense throng, face to face with me, and we soon agreed to terms. All but himself and two or three companions thereupon retired, and in the vestry he drew up the following question for the proposed discussion:—"Whether the blood of Christ is the full and sufficient consideration, in consequence of which the wrath of God is turned away from guilty man when he repents and believes in the efficacy of that consideration?" The largest hall in the town was engaged—a chairman, whom both parties regarded as thoroughly impartial, was invited to preside—the allotted time for the discussion (two hours) was divided equally between the two champions—500 tickets, at 2d. each, were issued to defray the cost of the meeting, each of us having 250 to distribute among our respective friends, and, on the appointed night, we mounted the platform, and contended, in turn, for our cherished convictions. I had previously studied the Unitarian view very closely, for I thought English Unitarians had not dealt with that subject as clearly and convincingly as they had with the other articles of the Orthodox creeds. The late Dr. Lant Carpenter's excellent lectures on the Atonement had not

then been published. But in the Rev. Noah Worcester's admirable and exhaustive work on the Atonement, to which my wife had introduced me, and in the admirable work of a Scotch divine, "Nicol on Scripture Sacrifices," which the Rev. Jerom Murch had kindly lent me, as well as in a very careful study of the Scriptures, I had found ample grounds for rejecting not only the extraordinary and repulsive view presented in my opponent's question, but also the ordinary orthodox contention for the necessity of Christ's sufferings as a satisfaction to Divine justice. The audience were most orderly and attentive, the chairman having wisely checked the encouraging cries of the partizans of my opponent (who led off the battle), and recommended total abstinence from all favourable or hostile demonstrations. The discussion was conducted with good temper on both sides; and I suppose Mr. Brown's friends were as well satisfied with the part he played in it, as my friends declared themselves to be with mine. We certainly lost none of our members and attendants in consequence of the discussion, while three Methodist local preachers, one after another, joined us, and I had no more invitations to public controversy. In the course of that year, I wrote and printed a pamphlet on the Atonement, called "Walter Bernard," in which a Methodist local preacher is supposed to give an account of his conversion from the orthodox creed (regarding that doctrine) to the views I had endeavoured to expound. Among other matters introduced there, I had a quotation from Luther's Commentary on Paul's "Epistle to the Galatians,"* in which the great German Reformer's grand imagination was running wild on that hateful corruption of the Christian doctrine of the "At-onement"—the supposed imputation of all human wickedness by the

* Translated by the Rev. E. Middleton, B.D., Lond., 1810.

Father to the Son. This led him, when commenting on the 3rd chapter, v. 13, to affirm that Christ was filled with all possible sin, "and thereby justly liable to infinite torments"—so that the justice of God, in pardoning men, was vindicated by exposing His Son to those torments. "And this, no doubt," says Luther, "all the Prophets did foresee in spirit that Christ should become the greatest transgressor, murderer, adulterer, thief, rebel, and blasphemer, that ever was or could be in this world." "And so," continues Walter Bernard, "he [Luther] proceeds, showing that Christ, being made a sacrifice for our sins, 'is not now an innocent person, nor without sins, &c.,' which," says Bernard, "is all very shocking," but he admits that it is the only logical way of saving God's justice if He punished Christ for our sins.

This little story was published without my name (which, I think, was a mistake), and the whole of the edition of 500 copies was soon sold—the late Rev. Franklin Baker, of Bolton, taking a hundred of them for his Sunday School teachers and elder scholars, as he told me many years afterwards, when I was on a tour among "Our Sunday Schools." But there were no Unitarian laymen in those days both wealthy and liberal, and no enterprising Unitarian publishers; and I could not myself afford to lose more money on the book than it had already cost me (owing to mismanagement), and another edition was not issued.

While, however, I believe that real good was done by this controversy in helping to clear away views of our Heavenly Father's dealings with His children on earth, derogatory to His character, and destructive of the true influence which our Saviour's glorious sacrifice ought to exert, I cannot say that the results, as regarded all our converts, were equally satisfactory. But I shall have more to say, by-and-by, on this subject of converting people

from religious error to Scripture truth, and therefore I leave it for the present.

In the spring or early summer of this year Mr. Rundle retired from Parliament and John Salisbury Trelawney, son of Sir William Trelawney, a well-known and esteemed old Cornish family, was accepted as the Liberal candidate. When he came to address the electors, I was asked with one or two others, to cross-question him on behalf of the Radical and Chartist parties. We did not consider his answers sufficiently satisfactory, and he offended many of the staunch Dissenters, by inadvertently using the word "Toleration," in his address, with regard to them. So my proposal to invite Mr. Sturge to contest the borough was cordially approved of; and though he replied regretting much that he could not accept the invitation, he sent Henry Vincent to advocate "Complete Suffrage" and to stand for the vacant seat if invited to do so. Vincent arrived at my house on the Saturday evening before the polling day, to my great delight, and I at once secured the hall at the Mechanics' Institute for a public meeting that night, got him a good chairman, and sent the Town Crier round. But I did not accompany him on to the platform, fearing I might diminish his chances of success, if I gave his enemies the opportunity of saying that he was the Unitarian candidate. The hall was crammed, and Vincent gave a splendid address which carried his hearers by storm, and sent them away resolving to have him put in nomination the following Monday. On every succeeding night, till the polling-day, he continued to address the people with the same impassioned eloquence, mingling pathos and humour, facts, figures, and fierce invective with extraordinary power. On one of these nights, my wife, who was very desirous of hearing the great orator, was able to accompany me; but when at the close of his speech, she was anxious to return home at once on account of her

baby, the crowd in the hall of the Bedford Hotel (the largest in the town) was so great that it was impossible for her to get away in the ordinary fashion, and some kind friends, with the help of a chair and a ladder, enabled her to retreat through a window.

On the day of election Vincent was soon heading the poll, when Trelawney's friends, consisting almost entirely of the middle-class, becoming greatly alarmed at the thought of such an eminent "Chartist demagogue," as they called him, becoming member for the borough, went, in a fatal hour, to the Duke of Bedford's steward and got him to send out messengers on horseback to all the Bedford tenant-farmers urging them to come in, and give their votes to Trelawney. This was a breach of faith, violating the honourable understanding which had subsisted for centuries, that the Bedford family should have one representative, but that they should not interfere with the election of another member by the townspeople. The result was that Vincent lost his election by a small majority to the intense indignation and disgust of the Radical party, and to the irreparable loss of both the Liberal and Radical party in the House of Commons. For Henry Vincent was a man whose intellectual gifts and moral character would have made him a power in the House for every kind of good cause. He would have been, far away, the most eloquent speaker, and one of the best debaters on the Liberal benches, and yet with all his ardour and impassioned force, he possessed a remarkable amount of sagacity and common sense. He said to me once in the course of conversation, when he was expecting to become an M.P., "The secret of gaining the ear of the House is to treat them with great deference and respect." But, unhappily, when the next chance of contesting Tavistock came (which was at the succeeding General Election, and when, as events proved, he would certainly have won the seat), he

was solicited so strongly to contest Ipswich that, unfortunately, he accepted the more dazzling, but less certain, proposal, and lost his election. Then he hurried down to Tavistock, where the polling had not taken place. But it was then too late. The Radical party there, when he declined, invited a young barrister, Mr. Richard Carter, son of a wealthy tanner, residing in Tavistock, to be their candidate, and as he had at the outset waived his own pretensions in favour of Vincent, and agreed to stand for the borough only when Vincent was drawn off to Ipswich, he very naturally declined to retire now in Vincent's favour. He headed the poll by a considerable majority, and Vincent either never had another chance of entering Parliament, or did not choose to avail himself of it, but devoted his splendid powers, and the rest of his public life, to lecturing at Literary and Mechanics' Institutes on various interesting topics—notably, on Cromwell. In this career his great oratorical powers earned him, I believe, a considerable income, and enabled him, no doubt, to do unquestionable good. But good not to be compared, I imagine, with what he might have done had his eloquence been devoted to securing the adoption of important legislative measures in Parliament, or to the advocacy of great social reforms outside the House. But in neither of these lines of work would he have been secure of any reasonable subsistence for his family and himself. On the whole, I cannot but feel that there were noble and unusual powers, not indeed wasted, but the results of which were largely lost to his country.

For as a Tribune of the People in Parliament, from 1842 to 1880, yet acting as a mediator and interpreter between them and the ruling classes, standing shoulder to shoulder with John Bright, in those days when they sorely needed such champions, he would have been simply invaluable. I do not under-rate the usefulness of his lecturing

career, which must have been great, like the results of George Dawson's remarkable lectures, so far as these are to be seen by a more piercing eye than man's, in the influence they have exerted on the lives and characters of his hearers. And what other results are to be seen from most *pulpit* addresses? But other men can lecture. No man could then do what Vincent might have done. His oratorical powers, every now and then, however, were called into play on behalf of the great principles which he cherished so highly, as when the statue to Cobden in the Hampstead Road, Camden Town, was unveiled, and he was called on to deliver the open-air address; and I remember that when I saw him last, it was in the Crystal Palace on a "Fourth of July," when he told me he was going to speak that evening at the annual banquet, given by American citizens in England, on the anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence. I wish I could have heard his speech that night, and at least a few of his lectures. But Vincent was a man who cared little to put himself *en evidence*, and one heard very little about him as a public man or even as a gifted lecturer after those Chartist days.

One reason, I think, why he did not follow up political life or public social movements more persistently, was that by leaving Lovett and the Chartist party at the last Birmingham Conference to attach himself to Sturge's party, he lost caste to a great extent among the working classes generally, and found himself discredited among the men who had first raised him on their shields to leadership and fame. That, however, was a circumstance which could not have troubled him much.

Before leaving the subject, I must mention a most remarkable address I had the privilege of hearing from Vincent, when, after the Election first described above, Mr. Carter drove him and me over to Launceston, to a great public meeting called in that borough to hear the

Radical orator. It was altogether a most delightful expedition. For considerably more than two hours this young man kept that crowded meeting spell-bound, and certainly I never heard any oratorical effort surpass it—hardly any to equal it. From his small stature, he might have looked insignificant to a careless beholder; but no one who ever saw him on the platform, and caught a glimpse of his kindling eye, and handsome expressive countenance, as he rose to speak like one inspired with great and burning thoughts, and extraordinary force of will flashing from every glance he gave, and from every word he uttered, would ever doubt that there was a man before him filled with a grand reservoir of life and power. And again the thought is brought painfully home to us of the "incompleteness" of the best of human endowments and endeavours.

It was in this summer of 1843 that Mr. John Pearce, senior deacon of the Congregational Church at Tavistock (brother of the Dr. Pearce who was one of the leading physicians of the district and a principal member of my congregation), a prosperous ironmonger, made two or three very earnest appeals to me to take the Total Abstinence pledge, and become a member of the local Temperance Association. Now, I had tried that method two or three times during the previous few years, and abandoned it because my medical brother was sure, like most of his professional brethren in those days, that Teetotalism was injurious to health, and especially to my health. Yet I felt strongly the force of Mr. Pearce's arguments – and there was one argument in a little book he lent me—Mrs. Ellis' "Voice from the Vintage"—which struck me so forcibly, that I told him I would rigidly abstain from all alcoholic drinks for six months, and if at the end of that time my health had not suffered, and I was able to discharge my ministerial duties faithfully, I would

then sign the pledge. The view Mrs. Ellis put clearly and forcibly before her readers was that, though there were many people who could take intoxicating drinks without going to excess, there were also a great many others who could not, and for whom there was no safety from occasional or habitual intemperance except in signing and keeping the Total Abstinence pledge. But if persons of this character, only, took the pledge, it would become disreputable; and, to be a Teetotaller, would be equivalent to a confession of being in danger of becoming intemperate, perhaps of having been a drunken reprobate. When, however, persons whose character in such respects was above suspicion, who had never been "the worse for drink" in their lives, and when ministers of religion especially, trusted and valued by their congregations and in their respective neighbourhoods, took the pledge not for their own need, but for the sake of others, anybody could join the society without discredit—might practise total abstinence either to give the force of example, to use the powerful influence of sympathy, or to protect oneself from terrible temptations—perhaps from all these motives combined—without raising a suspicion as to his antecedents or compromising his character. I have always felt, as I did then, the overwhelming force of this argument, and it was with great satisfaction that by the following Christmas I found myself in decidedly better health, especially as regarded digestion, than when I took a daily glass of beer at dinner or supper. Hence I was then able to announce to my good friend, Mr. Pearce, that I was prepared to sign the pledge. That good and earnest man was overjoyed at my conversion to views which he deemed of the highest importance, and introduced me at a Christmas tea party to his teetotal brethren as a recent convert. The Temperance movement stands on two legs—physical and moral. I have been deeply grateful, ever since that

day, on both grounds that, with two short intervals, urged on me by medical advice (but when the fallacy of that advice became more evident than ever), I shall have been fifty years in 1893 a teetotaller. This advocacy of the Temperance cause, however, unfortunately was displeasing to the gentleman mentioned above as a leading member of the Abbey Chapel congregation, and a small landed proprietor; for he was also a partner in a malting business and brewery. That did not prevent his attendance at chapel, nor place us in hostile relations, but it somewhat diminished the cordiality of our acquaintanceship and pastoral relationship.

Mr. Pearce drove me out to several Temperance meetings in the neighbourhood of Tavistock, during the rest of my residence in that town, and of course I took part, on various occasions, in the regular meetings of the society.

In the summer of 1843 a World's Peace Convention was held in London, which I was very desirous of attending, and my wife thought we might pay a visit to her relatives at Crix, where they all wanted to see her and her baby, and my relatives at Southgate, where an equally hearty welcome was awaiting us. So we went over to Plymouth, and thence by steamer to Southampton. We were kindly entertained for a few days at our aunt Anthony's house, in Great Ormond Street, during the Peace Convention, the sittings of which were ably presided over by Lord Robert Grosvenor, afterwards Lord Ebury, and at which, by the friendly intervention of an influential and benevolent Quaker (whom I subsequently learned was Mr. Samuel Bowly, of Gloucester), I was permitted, rather against the will of the committee, to contend for that doctrine of "Non-resistance," with which W. L. Garrison had inoculated me three years before.

But as the Conference was, in reality, convened to

promote International Peace principles, my contention was rather misplaced. At the public meeting in Exeter Hall, with which the proceedings of the Convention were closed, and when Joseph Sturge occupied the chair, I was glad to take an opportunity of pointing attention to the influence which such generous efforts as he had been making, for the enfranchisement and elevation of the working classes, exerted in the promotion of peace.

Having a Sunday in London during this holiday, I went to the morning service at the "Weigh House Chapel" and heard from Mr. Binney one of the most powerful sermons I ever listened to, on the death of that munificent upholder of Congregational Nonconformity, JoshuaWilson, of Highbury. Mr. Binney told me, in later years, when I mentioned my having heard it, that he had afterwards expanded it into the volume entitled "Money," of which he kindly gave me a copy. But it was not merely the force and striking illustrations in that discourse (quite an hour long) which impressed me so deeply; it was the ease and conversational *extempore* style with which it was delivered which made that service an era in my ministerial life, and gave me a lesson in the art of pulpit delivery never to be forgotten.

Our visits to our respective family circles were very pleasant, and I remember well the happiness of reading Carlyle's "Past and Present," then just published, as I sat on lovely summer days in the beautiful grounds of my wife's early and much loved home.

I must not omit, by-the-by, mentioning one incident which occurred in the early summer of this same year, when my old friend and fellow-student, the Rev. W. J. Odgers, came over from Plymouth, to spend a day with us at Tavistock. For as we sate talking on a grassy slope, I propounded sundry ideas as to the value and importance of uniting the various Unitarian Churches of the West of

England in sŏme such brotherly and fruitful organisation as I saw the same denomination possessed in the United States. As I was urging the benefits derived from the meetings held across the Atlantic, my friend answered rather pensively, "Ah, they might be as useful here if we had such ministers and laymen as they have there." The remark struck me both rather forcibly and painfully, coming from such a thoughtful, cautious, and earnest minister as Mr. Odgers. But I got him to agree to considering what could be done, and to correspond with the Rev. William James, who had now succeeded the deceased Rev. Lant Carpenter as colleague to the Rev. George Armstrong in the joint pastorate of Lewin's Mead Chapel, Bristol. This correspondence ultimately led to what was known as "The Taunton Conference," held under the presidency of the Rev. Henry Acton, of Exeter, in the summer of 1843, and which was then followed by an informal meeting the next year, when the Western Unitarian Society met at Moreton Hampstead.

I had been appointed to preach the annual sermon that year, and my subject was "The Resurrection of Christ," taking as my text Luke xxiv., 26. "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to have entered into His glory?" "Yes," I answered, "*if thereby* He did enter into His glory," not otherwise. His death on the Cross explains and glorifies all such suffering if it was followed by the Resurrection. If not, it was only the worst and most hellish of an infinite number of dismal and terrible tragedies. Could I have been thinking, among other things, that it was time the decline and apparent death of Unitarian Christianity in the West of England were also followed by a Resurrection? Possibly, but I did not think it was, then, the time to say so. That came later.

But the outbreak of misunderstanding and opposition

arising the year before from the Taunton Conference was rather remarkable, and I had great difficulty, after the business meeting of the Western Unitarian Society, in persuading the few ministers and laymen assembled on the said occasion, to carry on the consideration of the movement I had proposed. At last, however, the Rev. E. Whitefield, of Ilminster, agreed to take the chair at a meeting which Mr. White, of Moreton Hampstead, kindly allowed us to hold at his house, and the result was the formation, ultimately, of the society now known as the Western Unitarian Christian Union. The other society, at whose annual meeting we agreed to form the new organisation, was formed solely for the diffusion of Unitarian literature. What I wanted to see was a society for promoting Home Missionary work, for assisting poor and struggling congregations, as well as for establishing new centres of Christian activity and spiritual life, also for promoting useful and quickening interchange of views among the ministers and lay representatives of our various Churches. The new society has done some good work in one or two of these directions during the five and forty years since its formation, but nothing to be compared with what other similar societies, especially among the Methodist, Congregational, and Baptist bodies have done, nor, I must add, compared with what it might have done had those who had the management of it been rather more energetic in raising funds and initiating active Christian missionary effort. When Mr. James sent me a proof of the prospectus, I have since much regretted that I inserted the word "Unitarian" in the title (which it retains to this day), for a few years later I saw the serious mistake our English Presbyterian fathers made in allowing zealous converts from other churches, like Theophilus Lindsey, Priestly, Belsham, and Aspland, to fix this controversial name, *which is itself a creed*, on the free Protestant Dissenting

Churches whose only creed (and that unexpressed) had previously been the Bible. The word "Unitarian" may sometimes have been useful in denoting the important Scripture truths which orthodox bodies had too long and too sadly neglected. But a greater error, I have long been convinced, could scarcely have been made than when that name was fastened on our denomination, and gradually substituted for the one they had inherited with the freedom into which they were born. My eyes were first opened to the mischievous nature of this error, and the false position in which it placed us, when I found, two or three years after the new society was formed, an earnest excellent minister of one of our Western Churches, Mr. Squire, refusing to undertake the missionary work in Devon and Cornwall which I had been urging them to institute, and which he was otherwise quite willing to accept, and for which, on all other grounds, he was deemed by the committee well qualified, because he conscientiously declined being labelled with a doctrinal and controversial, instead of with a simply Christian name. But when this circumstance had once led me to consider the subject, I soon saw abundant reason to convince me of the fatal error which had been made. And among other things I remembered how some ten years previously—when, in the celebrated "Lady Hewley" case, judgment had been given against our churches, and they were threatened with deprivation of all their endowments,—Mr. Aspland, himself, who had been a principal leader in fastening the name of "Unitarian" upon them, telling my father, when dining one day at Leyton House, that he then saw how great the mistake had been.

The Dissenters' Chapels' Bill was indeed triumphantly passed in 1844, through both Houses of Parliament, thanks to the eminent men on both sides, who saw that it was needful to prevent a grievous wrong being perpetrated.

But when once the danger was averted, and our churches were guaranteed the secure possession of the buildings and property handed down to them by their forefathers under free theological trusts, they, for the most part, reverted to the practice of labelling themselves and their institutions with the controversial name which was naturally so dear to men who had experienced the unspeakable blessing of being delivered from Calvinistic and other unscriptural errors; and who, in their gratitude and joy for that deliverance, forgot the obligations they owed to the sacred principles of Christian freedom which their forefathers had fought and suffered to maintain. The men who, of all others on this side of the Atlantic, modern so-called Unitarians are justly proud, Dr. Martineau and John James Tayler, strenuously and consistently opposed the tendency now condemned, as it regarded churches and organizations, although Dr. Martineau emphatically contends for the duty, as he conceives it, of individuals who hold certain doctrinal views to describe themselves as Unitarians. Of course, we are bound to respect the determination both of individuals and of churches to adopt any name by which they desire to be called. But, inasmuch as I have never found three persons, however zealous for the name, agree as to what it means, and as it necessarily conveys most misleading notions to nine people out of ten who belong to other denominations, partly because it is used to cover such great diversities of belief in regard to Scripture doctrines, I, for one, have long refused to be thus designated myself, and am glad to observe that many, both of churches and individual Christians, are declining to use it at all, and substitute the name "Free Christian" or "Christian Disciples" in its place.

In 1844, my old friend and fellow-student, the Rev. Francis Bishop, came from Warrington to settle at Exeter,

as one of the ministers of what was called by the uncouth name of George's Chapel, one of the oldest English Presbyterian places of worship. He invited me to take part in his settlement services and tea-meeting there, which I accomplished by hiring a horse, and having two delightful rides across Dartmoor. He afterwards returned my visit when my youngest sister (who some few years before had felt it needful to terminate her engagement with the young medical man mentioned above) was staying with us at Tavistock. To my great satisfaction and that of my wife, who was much attached to her, this visit ultimately led to my sister becoming my friend's wife, and the mother of my dear niece, Miss Bishop, well known and honoured in connection with Kinder-garten schools.

The Anti-Surplice agitation was at its height in Exeter about this time, and remembering, as I do, the fierce opposition which was being made, not in Exeter only but in various parts of England, to the custom then being introduced by sundry clergymen of preaching, as well as reading prayers, in their surplices, it is somewhat curious to observe how almost universal that custom has since become. It was condemned as claiming for the teachings contained in the clergyman's sermon the same sacred and priestly authority as that which appertained to his office when engaged in conducting the devotions of the congregation, or when celebrating the Communion. But the assumption of priestly authority may be manifested by the Nonconformist minister as well as by the Episcopal priest, though in a milder form, and under more stringent checks ; and I remember some subdued complaints of this nature being made against the Rev. Henry Acton, who was then the eloquent and much-respected, though rather indolent, senior Unitarian minister of George's Chapel, in Exeter. I remember, also, Mr. Bishop telling me that

when he became Mr. Acton's successor he was amused to find some of the leading members of the tradesmen portion of his flock cherishing, with satisfaction, a recollection of my having ventured to withstand the great man who was a sort of Unitarian Bishop in the West of England, at an anniversary meeting of the Western Unitarian Society. But it seems I was less in danger of being summarily extinguished by him on that occasion, in consequence of his having been, for a short time, minister of our Walthamstow meeting when a young man. Some years afterwards, when the Rev. William James was engaged in editing a volume of Mr. Acton's sermons for the press, he told me that he found written at the head of some of them "Walthamstow—Mr. Solly not present"—"from which," added Mr. James with suppressed excitement, "I presume your father must have been a person of great importance in the congregation." It was not till long afterwards, however, that I had the remotest idea of the vantage ground which is said to be occupied by a Dissenting minister whose family ranked among the "upper ten" of the middle class. Certainly these distinctions seem strangely out of place in the Christian Church; but, no doubt, "there is a great deal of human nature" in the Church, as well as in the World.

During the spring of 1844, our second little daughter came to gladden our hearts, and to give promise, even in her childhood, of rather exceptional qualities which, thank God, are bearing precious fruit to this day: when she is the wife of the Rev. P. H. Wicksteed, and the mother of our eight grandchildren. But I may not venture to say more about these dear souls than that I think they have all wonderful cause to be grateful for the respective positions and relationships which have been assigned to them by the loving Father in Heaven.

The sacrifices my wife had to make in coming to

share my lot, and the privations which inevitably arise from the "genteel poverty" of a minister of religion's life, threatened to be greatly increased towards the end of this year in consequence of her acting trustee losing nearly all her little property (about £1,200), by making unfortunate investments and loans. Happily for us just at this juncture, the pulpit of the Shepton Mallet congregation, on the slope of the Mendips, in Somerset, became vacant, and I was invited, through the Rev. William James' recommendation, to fill it. The salary was considerably larger than what was given at Tavistock (£125), in consequence of an endowment, and of richer members belonging to it —so that, greatly as we regretted leaving our attached friends there, we had no alternative but to go. As I was not to leave, however, for three months, I advised Mr. Cooper, the acting trustee and treasurer at Shepton Mallet, to invite a very thoughtful and earnest young man, my friend, Charles Clarke, to give them his temporary services there until I could enter on my duties as their settled minister.

Ever since the breakdown of the "Complete Suffrage" movement, he had been lecturing professionally, on various subjects, at institutions in the West of England, sometimes preaching, and occasionally reading with me on theology. He was accepted and much liked as my *locum tenens* at Shepton Mallet, and afterwards as the settled minister at Canterbury, from which place I had received an invitation after I had accepted Shepton Mallet, and therefore advised the friends at Canterbury to ask Mr. Clarke. There he read and studied with extraordinary diligence, and his services were much valued. When a year or two later, the Rev. George Harris, of Glasgow, repeated a request he had once before sent me to accept an invitation to become his successor in that town (and which, on both occasions, I had reluctantly to decline, as

both my wife and myself feared the climate), I had strongly recommended Mr. Clarke to the attention of the congregation of St. Mungo Street. They accordingly received him as a candidate, cordially invited him to be their minister, and rejoiced in his services for several years, until he was invited to become the minister of the "Old Meeting," Birmingham, the pastorate of which he held with great acceptance for thirty years.

During the Rev. F. Bishop's ministry at Exeter he was most earnest in promoting good Sunday School work, as he was in every congregation with which he was ever connected; and on one occasion when I took his Sunday services there, I was much struck with the excellent condition in which his Sunday schools appeared to be. That great element of success in such enterprises, personal influence, was conspicuously present in his case. And all this reminds me of a strange and touching little incident which I may mention here, though it occurred some years after I had left Tavistock, and he had removed from Exeter to take charge of the Liverpool Domestic Mission, where he did a remarkable work of no common value in the dismal slums of that vast City. He was taking a few weeks' holiday one summer on the coast of North Devon, and was returning with a companion from "Waters Meet" up the long steep incline to Lynton. The road there runs along the edge of the precipitous cliff, and as the two friends were gradually mounting the hill they heard noises a-head of them at some distance proceeding from a man and woman, who were evidently quarrelling violently. Suddenly they saw the man strike his companion a violent blow, who, uttering a fearful shriek, threw herself over the precipice. Hurrying up, Mr. Bishop and his friend saw that the poor creature had been saved from being dashed to pieces by a small tree against which she had fallen about twenty yards below. The man, who

had evidently been drinking hard, seemed completely sobered now, and he and Mr. Bishop creeping cautiously down the face of the cliff, were able to bring the poor girl, who was quite insensible, to the top. Some water being thrown on her face, she opened her eyes, and on seeing my brother-in-law, faintly exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Bishop, is that you!" His astonishment may be imagined. But it appeared that this poor victim of her own folly and a man's deceit and cruelty, had been a scholar in his Exeter Sunday School when he was minister there. He accompanied them to a poor lodging-house in Lynton, and afterwards had some earnest serious talk with them, in the course of which the man promised to marry the poor girl, and also, I think, took the Temperance pledge. But they went on their way, and Mr. Bishop saw them no more.

Before leaving the subject of Tavistock, I ought to refer to the good work done by my successor, the Rev. J. K. Montgomery, and other public-spirited gentlemen there, in remedying a most deplorable state of things in the little town, which, in one respect, degraded it far below Yeovil, but which, somehow or other, had never attracted my notice, nor that of anybody else apparently. The shamefully limited house accommodation for the working-classes had been a terrible and grievous evil for many years. The population had been steadily increasing, but no new houses had been built for forty years. The then Duke of Bedford, though a kind-hearted man, I believe, and sometimes generous in dealing with tenants, from whom he drew a large revenue, left such matters, like his predecessors, chiefly to his steward who, like himself, never seems to have bestowed a thought on the sufferings of the poorer inhabitants in being thus crowded and crushed together. But how rarely do the great London landlords and other owners of urban house

property appear to trouble themselves about the frightful evils caused by this want of proper house accommodation. This Duke of Bedford, however, did trouble himself, and to good purpose, when his attention was once aroused to the facts. Mr. Montgomery, with three or four colleagues, made a house-to-house visitation, and, introduced by the steward, went with the sad and disgraceful results of their inquiries, straight to His Grace, who was then on a visit to his beautiful summer residence, Endsleigh Cottage, on the lovely banks of the Tamar. They had a most courteous reception, but the facts and statistics laid before him were so distressing, and indeed disgusting, that the Duke, they were told, hardly slept a wink the following night, and next day gave orders for the immediate erection of between fifty and a hundred commodious cottages, each with a bit of garden, on meadows adjacent to the town. There could scarcely be a better illustration of the truth of the motto I gave to "The Common Good" many years later, viz., "Sympathy depends on Knowledge." When will London landlords, who have abundance of facts and statistics before them, and draw enormous wealth from their property, do something more than is now being done to lessen the misery, vice, and disease thus revealed?

We left Tavistock in the latter part of 1844 with no little regret, for it was hard to part from friends whom we so highly valued, with whom we had had such pleasant and elevating intercourse, and who seemed as sorry to part with us as we were to say good-bye to them. My last few weeks' services were conducted, not in the Abbey Chapel, but in the Literary Institution, for I had set on foot a plan for re-seating the chapel with modern comfortable benches instead of the old-fashioned square pews, and for erecting a new and handsome front wall as the existing one was shaky. The Duke of Bedford had contributed liberally to the latter piece of "restoration," and when I came the following

year to visit my former flock, the old "Refectory" presented a charming appearance. This great improvement to the chapel was always associated in my mind with the valuable help given me, in collecting contributions from other quarters towards it, by the generous notice which the then Editor and Proprietor of the *Inquirer*, the Rev. William Hincks, B.A., took of the work I had been instrumental in doing while at Tavistock. Mr. Hincks had recently started that Journal, which has rendered such remarkable service during its fifty years of existence, not only to the cause of Liberal Christianity, but to numerous philanthropic, social, and political movements of primary importance for establishing the Kingdom of God on earth. It came into existence, certainly, just at the right time for me and the worshippers in the old Abbey Chapel, Tavistock, on whose behalf I was pleading.

But I did not like taking farewell of my people in a lecture theatre instead of a place of worship, and the memory of my services there is connected with a recollection of the pain I gave to some of my working-class friends by a sermon I preached on the brutal wrestling and kicking matches then still prevalent in Devon and Cornwall. I was, of course, greatly in favour of athletic sports and anniversary festivals; but the cruel kicking and maiming practised at these matches, roused both my own wrath and that of the non-operative members of my congregation. I preached on the words "If the light that is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness!" and the wrestlers did not like it. But, I think, they forgave me afterwards.

As I was riding outside the omnibus from Tavistock to Exeter, on my way to Shepton Mallet, I found myself sitting beside a sergeant of one of the regiments of the line, lately returned from the recent wicked "opium war" in China; and was painfully struck with an answer he

made, in the course of conversation, to some question I put to him about the fighting there: "Well, Sir," he said, "I didn't like it. It was a deal too much like just driving a lot of sheep before you, and butchering them. I didn't like it at all." A vile and cruel piece of business, from beginning to end.

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"Whatever may be thought of the wisdom or unwisdom of some of Mr. SOLLY'S views, or the volubility with which they are presented, it is impossible to refrain from hearty admiration of the spirit that runs through them all. The true meaning of the 'Dionysiac song' may remain a mystery to many of Mr. SOLLY'S readers in spite of the

length and fervour with which it is expounded; but there can be no mistake about the unaffected enthusiasm of the writer, his even passionate sympathy with all that seem oppressed or sorrowful or any way troubled or distressed, his intense longing to draw others to accept that interpretation of Christianity in which he has himself found rest as the true solution of the mystery of the Gospel. There are very many really true and beautiful thoughts and sayings in these pages which may be helpful to the class which Mr. SOLLY has in mind, to those wearied with endeavouring to reconcile the claims of intellect with those of revelation, or bewildered by the fascinations of 'eminent scientists' or the study of 'the latest works of theological criticism.' The account of the intercourse of Dayrell with the little helpless children on the island, and the way in which he himself is led by it to a clearer perception of the highest truth, is cleverly conceived and told; there are passages of great beauty and of even high eloquence." —*Guardian.*

". . . . Yet Wilfred Dayrell's life is an able exposition of that of a sincere Christian. There is much food for thought, and a great deal to be learnt from the pages in which he relates the mental struggles that assail him during his lonely exile on the Coral Island. Mr. SOLLY is hardly a novelist in the usual acceptation of the word, but he is a writer with generous inspirations and lofty aims." —*Morning Post.*

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festation of pure and holy triumph in the blameless possession of a free, healthy, and innocently sportive life. We fear that Mr. SOLLY, though he is an excellent Christian preacher of the present age would have been torn to pieces, like Orpheus, by the Thracian Bacchanals, if he had ventured among those ecstatic Mænads.. . . . In the second volume of 'Lady Stella,' a narative of adventures in the South Sea Islands is told very well indeed. The situation, the scenery, and the hero's lonely life there, are described with a vivid fancy, and with a freshness of effect that is remarkable after so many narratives that have been invented, besides a few real histories, of the same kind. . . . The record of the hero's solitary thoughts, much connected with religion, is also touching and impressive. . . . In the didactic parts of 'Lady Stella,' there is much noble sentiment and sound Christian teaching."—*Illustrated London News.*

"JAMES WOODFORD,"

Carpenter and Chartist.

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"This work is calculated to have a vast influence for good among working men, both in the building and kindred trades, and in other industries; and employers may certainly benefit by the good lesson it teaches."—*Illustrated Carpenter and Builder.*

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". . . . There is, no doubt, a very great deal of truth in the author's observation that, 'weekly-wage artisans live under conditions and influences so peculiar to themselves, that persons in other ranks of society, as a general rule, are as unable adequately to understand and describe them, as the most gifted Englishmen to accurately comprehend and describe North-American Indians or the Japanese, without having resided among them.' . . . . There is much in the book which will undoubtedly help to give its readers a proper impression of the aims as well as the struggles of the mechanic and artisan class."—*Literary World.*

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